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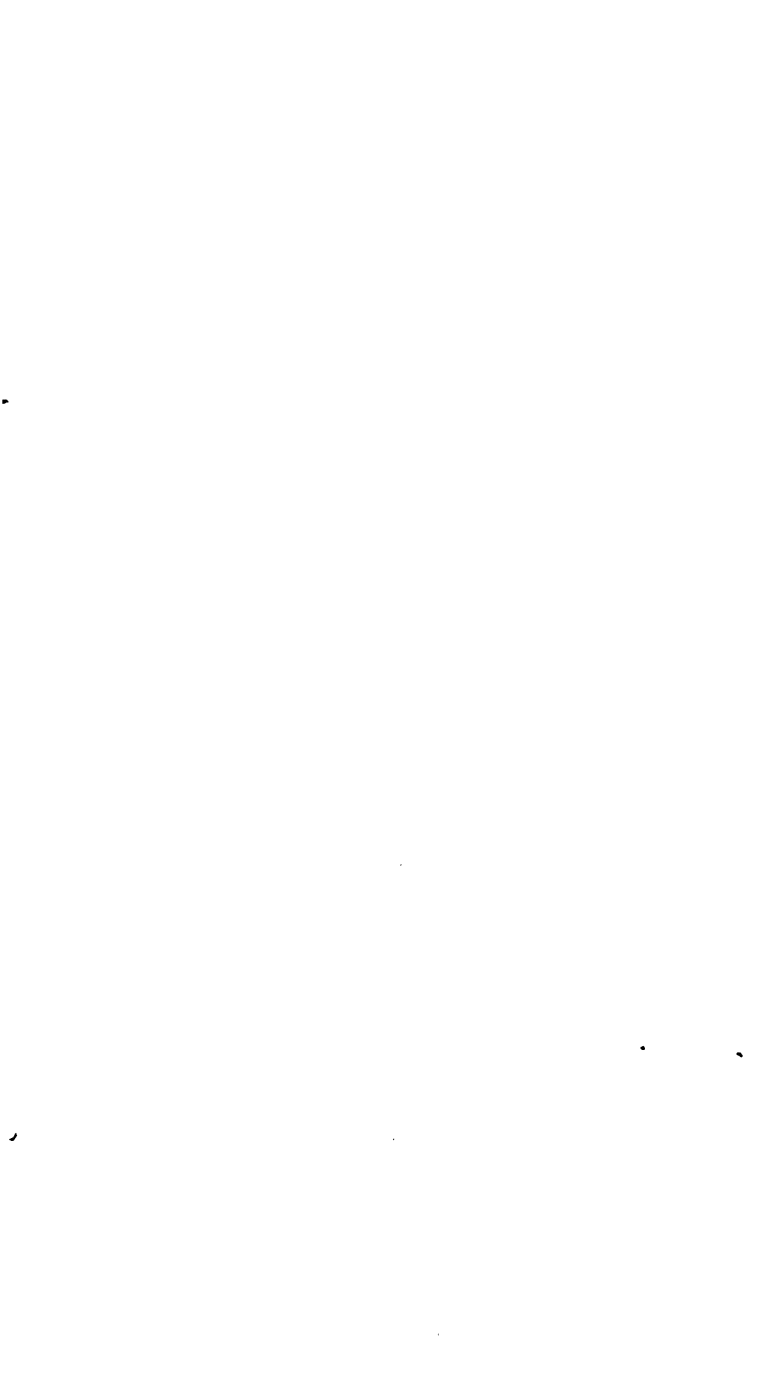
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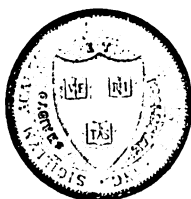
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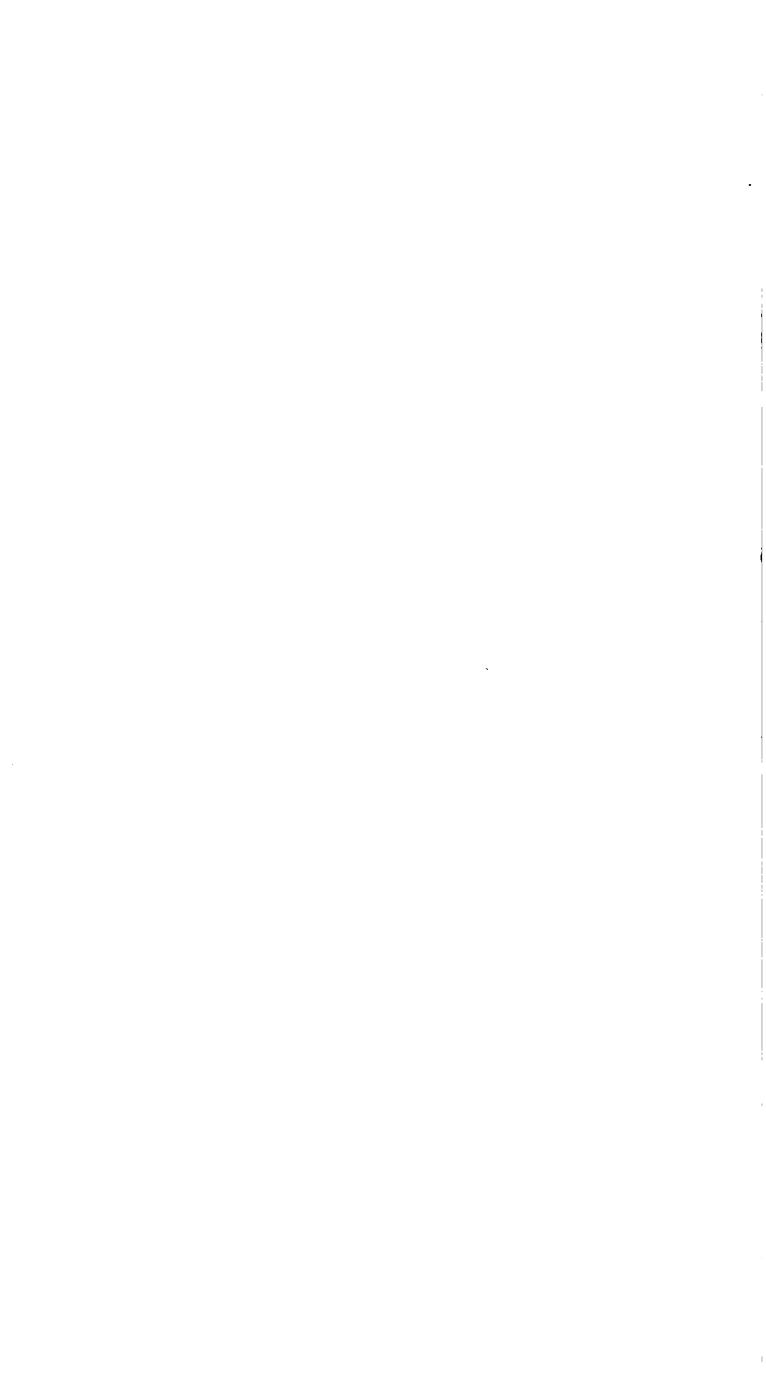
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LIFE AND LABOURS
OF THE
REV. W. E. BOARDMAN.



LIFE AND LABOURS

OF THE

REV. W. E. BOARDMAN //

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MRS. BOARDMAN
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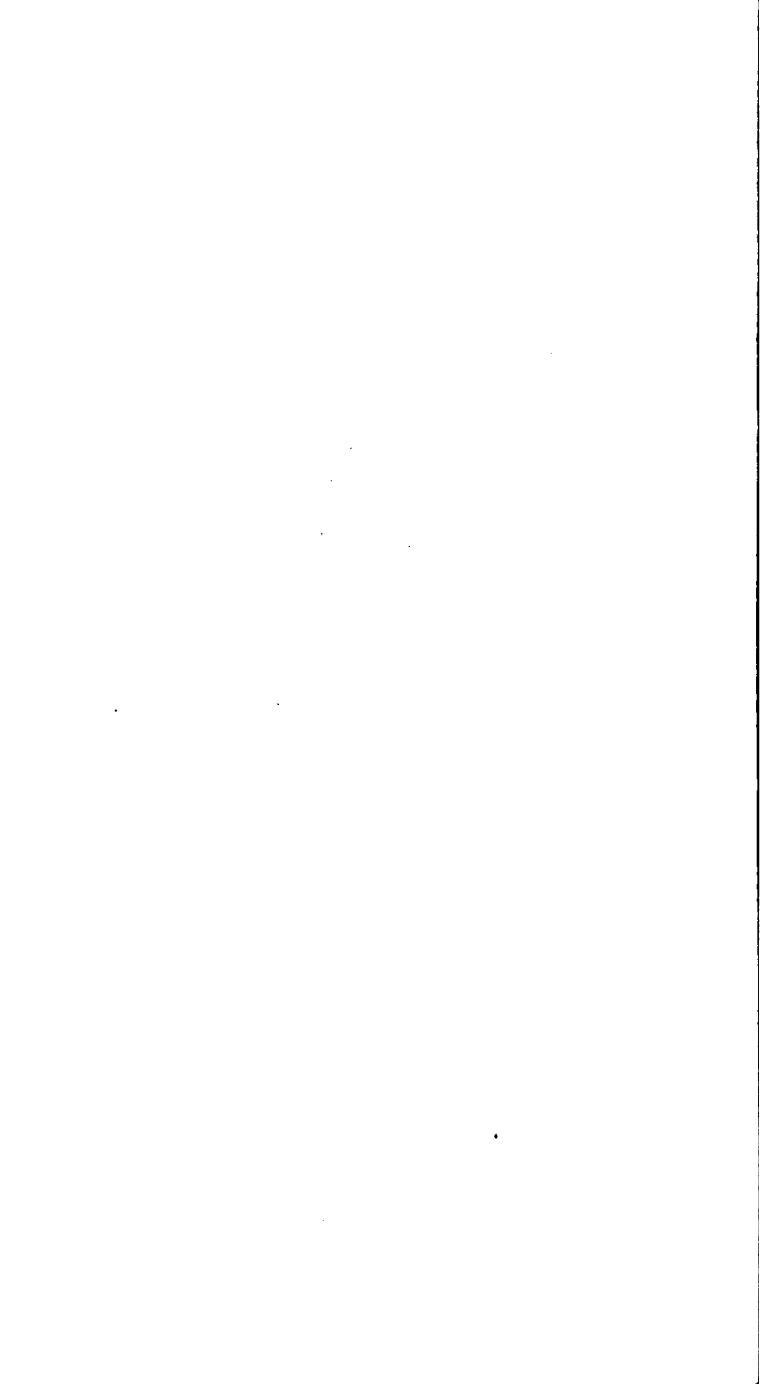
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REV. MARK GUY PEARSE

"Christ in you the hope of glory."—Col. i. 27

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

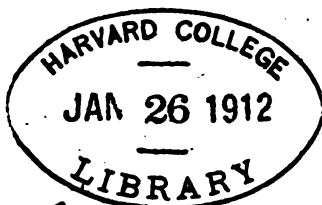
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PREFACE.

MRS. BOARDMAN has asked me to write a few words as preface to the very interesting story of Mr. Boardman's life and work. My own indebtedness to his influence and teaching makes it impossible for me to do other than readily accede to such a request, conscious though I certainly am that I can add nothing to the story told so well within these pages.

Of all the signs of our times there is certainly none more marked, and in every way more full of promise, than the fact that the great doctrine of Holiness unto the Lord should have come to hold so prominent a place in the religious teaching of the day. Whatever slight differences of opinion there may be on this subject, yet surely it cannot but be a matter of great thankfulness that the Churches of the land have been so generally stirred to earnest enquiry about our fuller privileges in Christ Jesus. The despised doctrine of

the early Methodists has become the glorious heritage of all denominations.

In connection with this great work, there is no man whose influence has been more deeply and widely felt than the subject of these memoirs. For more than forty years his life was at once a constant advocacy and a beautiful illustration of entire consecration to God, amidst circumstances more varied and thrilling than it is given to many men to know. Amongst all classes he triumphantly tested the glorious truth of a full salvation by faith in Jesus Christ—now amidst the rough miners and settlers of Snake Hollow, “so called from the fact that a colony of rattle snakes had taken possession of a cavern at the head of a ravine ;”—and then amidst the tutors and students of the Lane Seminary, and later at orthodox “Old Yale ;”—again, as the travelling organizer of Sunday Schools amongst the scattered settlers of the far west ;—then further west still, in California, with its strange population of Spaniards, Indians, gambling Saxons, and Chinese ;—then rendering splendid service amongst the wounded soldiers of the Civil War, as Secretary of the Christian Commission ;—later in England and Sweden ;—and, in the last years of his life, amidst the quiet and hallowed services of Highbury Place. Such a life could not fail to be brimful of stirring incident. How these opportunities were turned to account can never be fully told on earth,—that record is on high.

Mr. Boardman's temperament had come to be one peculiarly fitted for the advocacy of this great truth—intense and ardent, yet with a calmness and simplicity that seemed never to be ruffled; the spirit of a little child enabled him at once to make the doctrine of this blessed life clear to the understanding, and yet within the reach of those who thought they could never attain to that which was high. His exposition of scripture was rich and beautiful; yet made homely and real, a thing for rough wear and common daily use, by the illustrations drawn from life. His varied experience gave him the opportunity of testing the truth in all sorts and conditions of men, and showed him thus its many-sidedness. His very appearance gave his words an authority; one saw at a glance and felt something of the peace and light that filled his soul. His book on "The Higher Christian Life" was perhaps the first popular treatise on this subject that won its way amongst all denominations; and its vast circulation, both in America and England, not only melted the prejudices of hosts against this subject, but made it possible for other writers to follow in the paths which he had opened, and led multitudes of timid souls out of the misty dawn into the clear shining of the sun.

Even where the doctrine of holiness was received, it had come to be thought of as an experience only fitted for the very courageous and skilful amongst Christians; for those hardy mountaineers in religion, who were at once very ambitious, very resolute, and very daring,—but for common pilgrims there was nothing but the low and

dusty ways in which they were going as others went. Bright and glorious stood out memorials of this grace, yet they seemed dazzling in their splendour, a sun in the highest heavens.

Mr. Boardman's words set this great grace forth as present and within reach—an experience for common people and for common circumstances; a life, not an act; a fulness of blessing waiting for every believer in Jesus, and to be found not as the result of agonizing struggles, not to be purchased by costly sacrifices, but to be received and retained like forgiveness, *by simple faith in the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*

With thousands of others we would join in thanking God for the blessed word of His honoured servant; and earnestly pray that this record may carry like blessing to thousands more.

M. G. P.

Bristol,

September, 1886.

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CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD—CONVERSION—A SCEPTIC SAVED.

“Wherever there is a soul, there is a paradise lost or a paradise regained.”



WILLIAM EDWIN BOARDMAN was the second son of Isaac and Eliza Boardman. He was born in Smithfield, New York, on October 11th, 1810, and was one of four sons.

To this family of boys a daughter was added, who became the joy of her parents, and the pet of her brothers. She was the special charge of her second brother William, and it was one of the greatest delights of his boyhood to take his little sister out with him in a small rustic chariot of his own construction. She used to accompany him in his nutting and fishing excursions, and was evidently as happy as a bird, regarding herself as a little queen, quite worthy of all this homage and devotion from her fond brother. And when she grew up, although sometimes they were separated for years, yet the most tender affection ever subsisted between them.

In the year 1868, when in New York city, it was Mr. Boardman's privilege to be instrumental in the recovery of

this dearly-loved sister. She was very ill, too ill to eat, and her life was fast ebbing away, when her brother William succeeded in inducing her to take a little food prepared by his own hands, and administered with such skill and tender love as was quite irresistible. It was a turning point: from this moment she began to revive, and was eventually restored, after her friends had given up all hope of her recovery.

But we must not anticipate. When William was about twelve years old, a new era commenced in his life. Up to this time, he had been a slow, plodding boy, taking but little interest in any kind of study. But now he fell into the hands of a skilful teacher, who aroused all his latent energies, and stirred him up to earnest work. Often did he refer to this period of his youth, as having been a time of the utmost importance; influencing the whole future course of his life, by leading him to delight in mental application. And it was a very simple way that his teacher took to arouse him. He pointed to an uncultivated field covered with stumps of trees, logs lying about, and tangled heaps of brushwood scattered over it. "You see that waste ground, how unsightly it is? That is just like an uncultivated mind; yet nature has provided all the material for making it like yonder fertile field. Look at the difference," he continued, pointing to a cultivated spot, "you see how richly it produces, and how much can be obtained from it, besides being so very pleasant to the eye? Now the choice lies with yourself which you will resemble; which do you prefer? You have plenty of natural ability; shall your mind lie waste like that uncultivated field, or will you bend your whole will to consent to the cultivation of your intellect? I am willing, my lad, to do my part, and help you on, but I cannot force your will to choose aright."

It did not take long to decide, and from that hour young William set to work, and soon found that the very things which had been irksome to him became a delight. Nothing was now so pleasant as study, and it soon became as natural to him to master completely any subject he undertook, as it had been before to be indolent and careless over his lessons. The next episode of his life was the most important, and happily, he has left an account of the steps by which God led him to turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. This we give in his own words :—

“With the blood of a Christian ancestry, I inherited also a traditional Christian faith ; and yet my early years passed without much religious instruction. My father and mother, though traditional believers, were somewhat slow to follow the ancestral example of entering early the gate of life ; in fact, they remained unconverted until after some of their own children led the way. •

“It was a country place where we lived, and without a church. Certain zealous ministers came once a month, and held service in our little school-house ; and I remember going once a year to visit at a village not far away, where my mother’s mother dwelt in a cottage by herself, near her eldest son ; and there attending church from time to time in a larger room of the village academy. But of all these services not a vestige remains in my memory except the general fact, and some quaint peculiarities of the ministers themselves. Well may I remember those of the village pastor. Sitting one day with four or five other boys on a form directly in front of the desk, we were struck by the inevitable disjunctive, conjunctive phrase, ‘And but again,’ with which he cut off, by sledge-hammer blows, and welded again with fervent heat, the chain of his fiery logic ; and

every time the preacher in thunder-tones used these words, we, in a tittering whisper, passed them round amongst ourselves. My grandmother saw this, and when the door of her cottage closed upon herself and me, shutting us in, and shutting out all the world beside, she impressed the matter by a stinging birch lecture that, for once, made a smart lad of me, and left a tingle in my memory which has remained even until now.

“Another scarcely less impressive lecture was afterwards drawn down upon me in connection with one of our school-house services at home. One beautiful, summer Sunday morning,—and oh, how exquisite the summer mornings were in the bright climate amongst my native hills,—I obtained a somewhat reluctantly-given permission from my father to bathe in our sweet, crystal Susquehanna river, as a preparation for the clean Sunday suit and the sacred service. The deliciously cool waters, and the marvellous sport of swimming and diving with a merry company of fellow-bathers, enticed us to remain longer than we ought to have done before coming out of the water; and then, when out, the warming exercise of running and leaping soon brought a heat and perspiration which excused and induced a second bath, followed by exercise again, and this by still another bath, and so the time wore away, and the hour of service went by.

“My father was a kind man, and seldom found it necessary to use the rod; yet he had the wisdom to ‘command his children after him,’ and loved them too well to spare them when the alternative was that they must temporarily smart or be permanently spoiled. It was with more pain to himself, I am sure, than to me, that on this occasion he laid upon my back the weight of my offending; and probably I remember it all the more vividly, because it was so seldom

that my dues were received in this coin. Nevertheless, even my own sense of justice, though it heartily approved the faithfulness of my father in this instance, as it had done that of my grandmother in the other, could not increase very much my love for religious services, costing me, as they had, two of the very few experiences I had had in all my life of a striped jacket.

“MY GREAT PERIL.

“The one incident of my boyhood, however, which I remember as having a powerful bearing upon my character and destiny as a responsible, immortal being, was that of,—what shall I call it?—a spurious conversion, shall I say? Hardly that; but no matter, I will describe it. Oh, how much reason have I to bear in mind every feature of it! Many and many a time have I turned it over, and weighed it from that day to this; and at every turn, for years, I drew from it something to smooth my way into a trap set for me by the arch enemy, which, but for the grace of God, had proved my eternal ruin.

“I have been in many perils first and last—perils by land and water, in war and peace, in sickness and by violence, from carelessness and from malice, by temptation and perversion, but never in any so great as that of scepticism. Thanks be to God for the boundless grace which wrought by wonderful counsel and excellent working for my deliverance.

“MY FALSE STEP, AND HOW IT WAS TAKEN.

“The incident happened when I was about thirteen years old. A beloved schoolmate, somewhat older than myself, whilst away from home, became a very joyous Christian convert, and returned to relate the story of his happiness

to all his schoolfellows and friends. One after another gave evidence that his experience had deeply impressed them. The interest naturally grew and extended day by day, and some time passed before any extravagant demonstration appeared. At last, however, the excitement reached a stage quite remarkable for such a secluded corner of the world. Our school-house was the grand gathering-place where we boys held meetings amongst ourselves. The leadership was in hands without experience. We lacked the balance wheel of discretion for safe and steady working, and our meetings were not conducted after the orderly apostolic rule of speaking and praying one at a time. How much more good might have been secured, and how much less evil endured, if, with the fullest liberty in the spirit, there had been the fullest wisdom in the process! Who can tell? Some semblance of order was observed during the first half-hour of our gatherings, but after that came a general confusion, for, notice having been given by the leader, a space was cleared in the centre of the room, into which all who desired the prayers of Christians were urged, both by public and personal appeal, and often by the almost resistless grasp of eager hands. Those who were to be prayed for were surrounded by a circle of those who were to pray for them. When the ring was formed, the verse of a hymn was sung: then all knelt down and began to cry aloud, many voices at once—some for mercy, others for the power of God; one in mere ejaculations, another in continuous supplications; some in distress, others in triumphant joy; making altogether a Babel of noise quite overpowering. By and by, one of those enclosed in the circle would rise to his feet and shout, when all would respond in loud *Amens* and *Glory, Hallelujahs*; rise, as if by simultaneous impulse, throw their arms over each

other's shoulders, strike up some lively chorus or familiar hymn, and sing, swaying back and forth all together to the time of their music.

"In one of these meetings, although I had not the first ray of intelligent conviction of sin or need of salvation, I allowed myself to be dragged into the circle by the kindly violence of over-urgency and the warm grasp of a friendly hand, and there, by the side of another lad, I knelt down. Carried along by blind impulse, following his lead, I cried in a loud voice for mercy; then when, a few moments later, he rose up and shouted, and everybody else followed suit, I sprang up and shouted too.

"After this, just when I had begun to have some sense of my false position, I felt the pressure of a strong hand upon my shoulder, and looking up, I saw standing outside of the circle a dear friend of my father's, with an expression of painful sympathy for me on his face, and through all the din, his whispered words reached my ear, saying, 'Come; Will, come with me; your father wants you.' Stooping down, I slid through and passed out of the ring, and left the house with my father's friend, conscious that many eyes were upon us. The truth flashed upon me in a moment that I had played the fool. The power of sympathetic impulse had been too strong for my weak judgment and will, and I had been rushed into an utterly false position. Oh, how painful were my reflections in that homeward walk! It was less than a mile, and yet it seemed a whole day's journey. Still, it was all too quickly at an end.

"Very well I knew that the whole matter would be talked over in every household of our little world—all the world to me; and that I should be reckoned, first among the converts, and afterwards among the backsliders. 'Oh,' I thought, 'if I had only seen all this before. But alas I

was blind, and led like a blind fool into this wretched position! And what shall I do? What can I do? Shall I come out frankly with the truth? That would be right and noble, but then I shall stand self-confessed a fool. Shall I keep aloof and say nothing? Then I shall be set down as a backslider, fickle, and unreliable. Or shall I keep along as best I may, and quietly allow my zealous friends to number me amongst themselves? That would be to take upon myself the conscious stamp of hypocrisy, which I never could do.' The quandary was a painful one, and in my indecision I left the whole matter to right itself as best it might, and suffered, in my reticence and sensitiveness, untold agonies for many days.

"Not all who came within the the circle of this excitement, perhaps not even a majority of them, were urged blindly on into any such false step as that taken by me. Some there were who have given evidence by cheerful, steadfast devotion to the cause of Christ, all their life long, and by triumphant faith in the hour of death, that they were truly converted to God.

"My own brother, two years my senior, took a decided stand as a Christian during this excitement, and it was through his subsequent testimony that the Lord was pleased to deliver me at last from the great peril of my life. So in the very time, place, and circumstances wherein I was prepared for the snare that awaited me, my unknown Guardian and Saviour prepared also the hand that should break the snare and set me free.

**"MY FATAL COMPANIONSHIP AND FOOLISH
PHILOSOPHISINGS.**

"Shortly after this period, my brother left home to enter upon an apprenticeship, in a village not far away, as a

merchant's clerk. Two years more I remained in school, and then, following his example, entered upon a course of training for a business-life in a town still more remote. Here I fell into a most fascinating companionship with a fellow-clerk who was much my superior in years. His knowledge of literature was something marvellous to me. The interest and delight he took in introducing me to his favourite authors charmed and flattered me. Unhappily, the books he admired the most were less elevated in morals than in style, more elegant than chaste, but none the less fascinating on that account; and no thanks to them if the foundations of virtue in my heart were not completely swept away. Sometimes too they incidentally jostled my hereditary veneration for the Bible, and shook it to its base. Very soon a desire began to grow in my mind, insensibly at first, to throw off the shackles of all belief in religion, and to be able to follow my own inclinations, right or wrong, without fear of future punishment. This wish soon became father to the fact. The most serious obstacle in the way was my traditional belief in religious experience as a supernatural work wrought in the hearts of men by the Holy Spirit. The false step already described facilitated the speedy removal of this difficulty. Had I not felt the power of sympathetic impulse, in times of high excitement, to make one do and say things absolutely groundless and absurd? And for the rest, had not imagination force enough to create all that was supposed to be supernatural?

“How easy it would be, under the influence of zealots like my schoolmates, and by means of the vivid pictures drawn by them, for any one to think and feel himself a guilty sinner in the hands of an angry God, and then what more natural than that the lovely picture of a forgiving Saviour, who counted His life not dear, but freely gave it up to save

the sinner, should chase away the gloom and fear of hell by the hope of heaven?

"In this way, by the two-fold force of sympathetic impulse and an excited imagination, I was able to account for the phenomena of experimental religion entirely to my own satisfaction, and to make the prevalent idea, that it is a supernatural work, appear absurd and superstitious. As for the Bible, that was easily set aside, and a specious philosophy of the universe, essentially pantheistic, set me at ease concerning any future state for man. I said to myself, 'There is no personal God like the Jehovah of the Bible; the God of nature is Nature itself. All things are God, and God is all things.' Crude and shallow as my theorisings were, they were profound and beautiful to me; all the more so, too, because I had a parental fondness for them. Although, no doubt, as old as the days of Cain and the antediluvian children of his perverseness, they were new and fresh to me, and as purely original as if they had not already been elaborated in millions of perverted hearts before.

"A REMARKABLE DRIVE—THE TURNING-POINT.

"Five years passed smoothly on, and every day my sceptical delusions grew stronger, until I became entirely confident that they never could be overthrown. Yet at that very moment the leverage was ready which was destined in an hour to overthrow all this work of years. How little did I know what was prepared for me in the gracious fore-cast of Him, whose very existence as a God of providence and grace I had theorised away!

"Once a year my brother and I were wont together to pay a visit *home*, as we still delighted to call the old birth-place, and a happy time it was to us. All the people

greeted us with the warmest welcome, and all the game and fish, nuts and fruits, seemed to await our coming and court our presence, for whosoever's baskets and tables might be empty of these things, ours were sure to be full.

"Our fifth annual visit was made at a period full of interest to us both. I was just out of my apprenticeship, and had commenced a promising and prosperous business on my own account, being now twenty-one years of age, and my brother was on the eve of beginning a like enterprise for himself. Our plans and prospects afforded us, of course, a great deal to talk about. Indeed, a thousand things pressed for utterance on the one side and the other as we journeyed homeward. Yet, full as were our minds and hearts of other things, my theorisings were too expansive to be held down. The fact, too, that my brother had, seven years before, been a joyous Christian convert, but had meanwhile, as I knew full well, ceased all active participation in religious matters, and surrounded himself with gay and worldly companions, made me very anxious to sound him, and gain still further confirmation for my sceptical position. I said to myself, 'Surely he has come to my conclusion, that religion is all superstitious nonsense, and no doubt he knows now that he was impelled by sympathetic excitement, and deceived by the power of his own imagination, stimulated by all he heard; therefore all I shall have to do to draw out a full confession of these facts, will be to tell him the conclusion I myself have reached.' So I ventilated my views freely to him.

"All things favoured me. Our conveyance was a quiet, easy-going chaise, which made no noise, and Ned, the horse, though spirited, was wise and docile—a horse to be trusted anywhere. And my brother listened without a word of interruption, whilst I proceeded with

the most perfect confidence of his approval. Indeed, I expected nothing else but a complacent appreciation of my profound theory of the universe, and a complete assent to my philosophy of the new birth. He listened in silence till I had finished, and paused for an answer. Even then he said nothing, until his silence made me feel so uncomfortable that I asked him plainly what he thought about the matter; then, with a painful reluctance, he said in a low voice; full of suppressed emotion, 'Will, I hate to say anything on this subject. My life, I know, has been such as to destroy the weight of anything I could say, and I am only afraid now, that you will think worse than ever of the truth I have to tell you, because it is told you by one so far from being what he ought to be. I would give anything in the world at my command now rather than answer your question, if I dared to let it go without reply; but as you have asked me, I feel bound by the interest I have in you as my own brother to give you an honest and decided answer. Your theories are very plausible, and might fully satisfy those who do not know the truth, but I *do know* them to be untrue; I do know that conversion, real conversion, is not produced, as you suppose, by the power of sympathy and imagination, but must be the work of God.' Then, to confirm this, he narrated his own experience, as it occurred seven years before.

"His sincerity could not be doubted, for his testimony was given, not with the zeal of a partisan, but with the reluctance of a witness from whom it was forced against his wishes. Then, too, he had been seven long years in circumstances which could not fail to tempt him, if possible, to believe religion a delusion. He assured me that in my theorisings about conversion I had failed to take into account the really important facts of the case. He said, 'Instead of being the product of my own imagination, it was

at every step and in everything entirely different from my previous imaginings. My conviction of sin was not what I had imagined it would be. I thought a conviction of sin would be a deep sense of the guilt of certain acts of my life known to be wrong, and so I tried to make these known sins as black as possible, but when the Holy Spirit really convinced me of sin, I saw, to my amazement, that my whole life had been one continuous rejection of Jesus, and disregard of God. But my surprise was still greater when conversion came. Seeing my whole life to have been wrong, I gave it up, and gave myself up to God. Then my burden left me. I did not know that I was converted, and was disheartened that I could not feel miserable any more, and feared that, for lack of feeling sorrowful, I should fail of repentance and never be converted. This went on for two whole days, and when at last, through the account given by another of the way in which she had been brought to Christ, I saw that the point of my submission to God had been the turning point of my conversion, it was to me a very great surprise, because it was all so entirely different from my previous imaginings. Then came other surprises, one after the other, in the revelations of God to my soul, filling me with His light and love, His joy and peace, until my joy was so full that I could contain no more.'

"By the time my brother had finished, my theories were all gone. These facts poured upon them a flood which swept away their sandy foundations till they fell, and great to me was the fall thereof.

"A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

"It was a singular coincidence that this happened on the road, just where, once before, my life had been saved

almost as by a miracle. The mountain approaches the river so very closely here that the roadway has had to be cut out of the rock, forming what is known as 'The Narrows.' The cliff lifts its lofty head above, overhanging the road, and on the other side a steep, rough, rocky precipice descends to the water's edge. And just here, in The Narrows, it had happened to me, while an infant in my mother's arms, to be thrown over that very precipice. My father, seated by my mother's side in a chaise like the one we now were in, was driving along, when suddenly the chaise was overturned, carrying with it horse and all, and we rolled over and over to the bottom. Often and often have I heard my father and mother express their wonder that we were not all killed, still more, that we were not even badly injured. The horse and chaise were soon righted up in travelling order. Father escaped unharmed, mother was terribly frightened and somewhat bruised, and I carry yet the tiny scar of a wound inflicted by a broken shrub—a slight memento of a wonderful deliverance. And now here again, on this same spot, I had another and more wonderful deliverance from a peril ten thousand times greater than the first. The vain chariot of scepticism in which I was gliding along towards the pit in the most complacent security, was suddenly overturned, and rolled down, not to the water's edge alone, but into the river, and there was swallowed up for ever, whilst I escaped, not without mementoes of my deliverance never to be forgotten. Very soon I was righted up again, so as to resume conversation—not, however, on that subject. Vanity enough to inflate and lift a balloon had been let off, and I was sobered and made wiser. My mind was made up to put the matter to a practical test at the earliest convenient time, and so I dismissed the subject.

"Our visit home ended, business was resumed, and the

new enterprise, before mentioned, like the twelve yoke of oxen, the wedlock, or the farm, was an ample excuse for putting the matter off. Left to myself I should have put it off for ever.

“One Sabbath morning, however, the Master of the feast sent a servant extraordinary to compel me to come in. It was my old minister from the village where I had served my apprenticeship, and common courtesy would not allow me to stay at home when he was to preach. His subject was, ‘The opportunities afforded by the passing visits of Jesus,’ taken from the incident of His restoring sight to blind Bartimeus on the road to the Judæan City of the Palms. He told us that there would be, two weeks hence, a ‘four days’ meeting,’ and several well-known men of eloquence and zeal would come from places at a distance to take part in the proceedings, and, best of all, Jesus Himself would be there, and that all who would might then profit by His passing presence. And as he told us this, his heart seemed to burn within him, and fill him with unwonted life and energy. I remember well how his great fist, sledge-hammer-like (he was six feet three inches, and weighed three hundred pounds), came down upon the desk, as if to drive home the facts he uttered, and fasten them as a nail in a sure place. Whilst yet the thunder of his heavy words and blows were in my ears, the still small voice in my heart whispered, ‘This is thy convenient time.’

“THE DARKEST HOUR.

“When the meetings began, my arrangements were all made to attend them morning, noon and night, to the end, in full expectation of receiving all that my brother’s description had led me to expect. The first day was one of

trial and gloom beyond any other of all my life before. In the intervals between, meetings were appointed for special instruction to those who desired to receive it, and as the building where they were being held was in the public street, all who entered would certainly be observed.

"My first trial was that of going to this meeting. I desired, above all things, to have the proffered instruction, but I hated, above all things, to have anybody know it. To go in at the door would be equivalent to publishing my seriousness at the top of the street, and I could not bear to do it. My pride rose up against it. And besides, what if, after exposing myself to all this, I should fail at last, and find nothing in religion, or nothing of it in myself? The struggle in my soul was something awful. Never did a door handle before so burn the hand that grasped it, or a latch so strain the hand that lifted it, or a burden so weigh down the one that carried it;—so it seemed to me. That was a crushing step, when taken, to my pride, but it served only to increase the crushing, bursting load on my heart. The instructions given were clear enough to those who gave them, but to me they were as dark as Egypt, and mystic as the oracles of Delphos. The next day came, and repeated the first day's history. Interest deepened and extended. Every one, coming forth with beaming face out of the gloom and darkness, served to oppress me by the contrast more and more, until at last, on the third day, the point of despair was well nigh reached. All along my cry had been for the new heart promised me. I thought I had only to ask and receive, knock and have opened. Like Job, I thought at last that my burdens were greater than I could bear; and in my heart I complained of God as one who hideth Himself.

"My first step had been to seek the light of life by means

of ministers and Christians, and accordingly I took every opportunity, public and private, to gain it in this way—and *failed*. Again and again, I was told to go directly to Christ. ‘Call upon Him—cast yourself upon His mercy—submit to Him—trust Him—believe in Him—yield to Him—give Him your heart’; but these injunctions were without meaning or force to me, until I gave up all expectation or hope from men or meetings. Then, but not till then, I was prepared to appeal from these and all things else to the Lord Himself. When all intermediate persons, means, and measures had been practically tried, and proved unavailing, I turned at last, and cried, ‘Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy on me.’ And then I paid no attention whatever to the voices, whether of instruction or discouragement, around me. At first, as one has said, ‘It seemed to me as if I were praying to nothing in the dark;’ or as another puts it, ‘My prayer seemed to go no higher than my head.’

“The last day of the meetings came, and the last meeting of the day, and my soul was not saved. Oh! the weight of the load I carried to that meeting I can never describe. My feet were reluctant and slow; my face, as I had glanced at it in the glass, told the tale of a sad, sorrowful, woe-begone soul.

“THE CRISIS AND DECISION.

“Yet I cared for none of these things. I forgot them all in the one absorbing cry to God for mercy. I took my place in the crowded assembly, mechanically rose when they rose, sat down when they sat down, heard the text when it was announced, and enough of the sermon to have it give shape to my thoughts; yet, ever and anon, like the bent bow set loose, my thoughts flew back to my burden, and to my cry for mercy. The subject was, Christ on the

cross between the two malefactors, one on either hand, the one reviling Him and the other praying to Him, whilst He keeps silence towards the reviler, but assures the praying one of admission with Him that very day to paradise. A contrast was drawn by the preacher between the two classes; the rejectors and the acceptors of Jesus, in their spirit and in their daily lives. I saw myself, as I *had* been all my life, depicted in the one, and as I *ought* to have been in the other. I saw that I owed my being and every good thing I ever had to God, and yet had never in my heart so much as thanked Him. And I saw that He had loved me with a love infinitely more tender, deep, and true, than ever was felt by any father for his son, and yet I had never really loved Him a particle. And, on the other side, I saw that I ought to have loved Him with all my heart and acknowledged Him in all my ways. Then came the question of all questions for decision, *Shall I now give my heart to Jesus?* And immediately a whole troop of *ifs* came before me in slow and appalling procession. *If I do*, and yet fail of the joyful experience I have been seeking, what then? Then a gloomy life and a hard one. *If I do*, and afterwards fall back, then what? Then the reproach of fickleness and backsliding. *If I do*, and take my stand before the world, then what? Then my gay young friends will turn from me, and I shall lose them all. *If I do*, and carry Christian principle through all my business, and give up the selfish maxims by which merchants grow rich, what then? Then I shall become poor, while they become rich.

“To these and all other ‘ifs’ there came promptly face to face as many ‘if nots,’ outweighing them every one. But the one great fact, predominating over all besides, was this,—that *to love and serve God was right, and not to do it was wrong.* And on this ground my mind was at last

made up, my decision taken, my heart given, my life devoted; and then I was at rest.

"THE LIGHT APPEARS.

"These internal questions settled, my thoughts were liberated to look abroad, out and away from myself; then what did I see? The first thing was the picture of Jesus suffering death with sinners for sinners. The indescribable loveliness of His spirit beamed upon me from every line of His features, every word of His mouth, and every drop of His blood. Oh, what divine compassion in Him to come down from the glories He had with His Father before the world was, to take our nature, and lay down His life for us to save us from eternal death and give us life eternal! Oh, what forbearance of meekness to receive the insults and scoffs, the spitting and blows, the mockery and cruelty of His enemies, and not command upon them avenging destruction, but in the last moments to pray, 'Father forgive them; for they know not what they do!' Oh, how tender and timely, in the eleventh hour—as both He and the malefactor by His side were about to pass out of the world—to listen to the appeal of the condemned one, whose whole life had been wasted in crime against God and man, and instantly to accept his repentance, and give him assurance of a home in heaven that very day! All this while it never for a moment occurred to me to think of myself at all. Whether I was converted or unconverted, saved or unsaved, was a question which, for the time, did not enter my thoughts. My bliss was wholly in Jesus, not in myself, and in Jesus it was full. It was first love,—first and passionate love, and, as such, stands alone in my memory; though since then I have learned to love Him more deeply and more steadily, because I have been shown from time to

time more of the length and breadth, and depth and height, of His own love, which passes knowledge, and so have been increasingly filled with the fulness of God.

"MY BURDEN ROLLED OFF.

"When, at the close of the service, the assembly rose, and I essayed to rise at the same time, instead of getting upon my feet and lifting myself up, as I had been doing for days, as if a hundred pound pack were pressing me down, to my astonishment I rose with an elasticity such as I never felt before, and stood up, feeling as light as a feather. And then the thought first flashed upon me that the burden of my cry had been heard and answered. 'Really,' said I to myself, 'I am converted !' This thought gave me new joy, and joy of another kind ; yet nothing like so deep and full of peace as that which came from seeing Christ as He stands revealed in the Bible, and as God had revealed Him in my heart.

"The hymn sung in closing was another joy which it is quite impossible to convey in words. Some day, not far away, I hope to hear the new song, in the new Jerusalem, sung by rapturous spirits ; but shall I ever hear anything sweeter than the melody of that song on that night of my betrothal ? The shepherds of the plain were entranced by the bright vision of angels and the blissful announcement of the birth of Jesus, and by the choral song of glory and peace sung by the heavenly host ; but if they were more filled than I with the peace and glory embodied in the melody, they were filled more than full !

"After the meeting I found that not only had my eyes been opened, but my tongue, which for days had been tied, was now loosed, for I wanted to talk of these things all the time, and tell everybody ; and that night my sleep was as sweet as that of a child.

"MY HEAVENLY FATHER REVEALED TO MY SOUL.

"The next morning as I rose from my bed, though I did not feel oppressed with the terrible burden of the previous days, I missed the sense of that wonderful buoyancy which so delighted me the evening before. And instantly the thought rose up, that perhaps, after all, the vision and the bliss, like the buoyancy, were only as a passing dream, and that there was no permanent and radical change in me such as I had supposed. This was sad enough, and I went on for an hour or so with no very pleasant reflections about the matter ; my mind fixed the while steadily on myself. However, I put on my hat and started for a stroll, more for the purpose of avoiding others than of gaining any special benefit for myself. My way was across a bridge which spanned a shallow, crystal stream, running over a pebbly bed. On the bridge, about the middle, I stopped to look down over the side into the water at the fish and pebbles. In a moment the wonderful and beautiful philosophy of water came up in my thought—how by its having less solidity than the earth, and greater gravity than the air, it runs along its bed downward towards the ocean, and on its way at every step affords joy and gladness to man, not only directly, but through the fishes, animals and birds, trees and flowers, fruits and grains, which would not, could not, live without it. And how it becomes, in rivers, lakes, and oceans, a highway of trade and commerce for the human family. And then, how through the laws of evaporation, it is taken up in invisible vapour, and carried by air currents over plains, hills, and valleys, and to the very tops of the highest mountain peaks. And how, as it goes, it is distilled by the laws of condensation into dews and showers, to water all the world with fertility and beauty, and fill the pools, fountains, rills, and streamlets, to keep the rivers and ocean full ;—all,

all for man's sustenance and comfort. *And God meant it to be so—made it for this very purpose.*

"This thought carried me out of myself again, up into the Fatherhood of God, and again filled me full of bliss. From that bridge I went in bounding spirits onward into the wood beyond ; and every tree, shrub, flower, and blade of grass—every insect, bird, squirrel, horse, cow, or sheep that met my eye, seemed joyous in the goodness of God, who made and sustained them. The love of God displayed in them all, by their structure and by the wonderful provision for their life and happiness, seemed so exquisitely tender and delicate, as well as deep and rich, that I could not describe it. The very spider, with his dewy web under my feet, and his wonderful economy and instincts, seemed, as the work and care of God, too sacred to be crushed by a careless tread. And all nature seemed to me to be sending up its silent morning anthem of praise, and its invisible cloud of incense to the God and Father of all, *my* God and Father.

"I remember at this period of my life, one night in particular. My day's work done, I started out to attend one of our precious meetings. The sky was clear, and the stars were bright ; yet there was nothing that particular night in the aspect of the heavens to create astonishment or delight. If the aurora borealis, as sometimes seen in our northern hemisphere, had been playing, filling all the heavens with its flashing light ; or if a meteoric shower of so-called shooting stars had been in process,—then there would have been in the night itself something to set one agaze with wonder. But it was not so ; it was a clear, quiet starlight night—nothing more. Yet, as alone—though never less alone—I was walking along the road, and lifted up my eyes, thoughts

unutterably sublime, and feelings inexpressibly sweet, came upon me. As the father of the faithful was led forth, and bidden to look up and count the stars, so I, one of the last and least of the children of faith, tried to measure the universe of God, and number His countless worlds, and was lost in the majesty of the great King, and the glory of His dominions. And as Abraham received from God the peculiar covenant of his great place in the kingdom as the "father of many nations"—and of the Messiah, in whom all nations would be blessed—so I also received in my heart of hearts the seal of God's peculiar covenant for me, that I should have somewhere in His boundless kingdom the very best place in it for me—the place the loving hand of Jesus had prepared for me.

"So dawned in my soul the morning of eternal life, so rose upon me the Sun of Righteousness; to whom with Thee, the Father, and the Holy Comforter, be glory through its endless day. Amen, and amen."

CHAPTER II

MARRIAGE.



THE wonderful change that had taken place in the heart of Mr. Boardman, brought him at once into a different relationship towards the world, as well as towards the people of God ; it also changed the whole tenour of his life as regarded his business affairs. He had commenced life full of ambition to become very wealthy. But now his mind turned to the ministry with the greatest desire to preach this glorious salvation, of which he had become a partaker ; and this thought becoming intensified, he longed to go out of business. He told the Lord that if He would send a purchaser, he would sell off everything, invest the money, and commence studying for the ministry.

It was not many weeks before one came, who offered the very amount Mr. Boardman had fixed upon as that which the business and stock of goods were worth. It did not take long to arrange matters between them, and Mr. B. found himself at liberty to carry out his cherished plan. He entered with all his heart into this preparation, and began a course of study which he kept up for two years, when he

was drawn aside by an offer from one of his cousins to invest what he had in a business, by which he could make a fortune in a year's time. "And," said his cousin by way of inducement, "you can educate a dozen ministers by what you can make in a year." "Sure enough," thought Mr. B., and that settled the whole thing. Once more he was in the vortex of business life. And he did make money enough the first year to educate a dozen for the ministry had he chosen to use it for that purpose. But, alas, he had much else to do with the money, as it had brought him back into a worldly life, so that he drifted away from God.

It was during these years of prosperity in worldly matters that Mr. B. was brought into the society of the gay and fashionable. And in this vortex of worldliness he made my acquaintance. It was with him love at first sight, and he sought and ultimately obtained a promise of marriage. A more thoughtless, giddy girl could not easily be found than I was at this time. I never remember to have had any serious thoughts of God, or of salvation, until a few months before my marriage, when I was brought to death's door by an attack of fever of the most malignant kind. At that time, while apparently unconscious, I overheard the physicians in their consultation saying one to another, "If she lives until morning she may possibly recover." So dark was my mind, that I immediately congratulated myself upon being fully prepared for heaven, and thought thus, "How glad I am that I am so good. I am not like such and such a one of my school companions. I am glad that I have always told the truth, and that I have been so honest and upright."

I remembered also how I used to take some nice things to poor old women, to whom my mother sent me. And for this they would call me "blessed" and "a sweet angel;"

and how I delighted to hear it. Thus I counted up my good deeds, and solaced myself with the thought that I was far better than most people, and so I should have a very good entrance into the kingdom of heaven. I fancied that heaven was a very beautiful place, where there would be pleasures of all kinds, suited to each person's taste, and thus all would be happy in carrying out their own desires, and gratifying themselves in the way they each chose.

That night proved to be the crisis of the fever ; by morning the change had really come, and I was out of danger. Still, as I thought of what had been said the previous night, death was before my mind. I therefore asked my precious mother to read me a portion of Scripture.

Tears of joy came into her eyes as she took the Bible and thought upon the wonderful change that had come over her child, making her wish to hear God's Word. My mother never recognised herself to be a Christian, and yet she always delighted in the worship of God. At the early age of seven, she was under great conviction of sin. She had been angry with her little brother, and had slapped him, and the Lord let her see by this that she was sinful. She went at that time to one of the church elders, and to the minister, and told them of her distress of soul. But they told her she must get rid of such notions, and go home and read "*Æsop's Fables*" and other stories. She went, however, to God in her own bedroom, and there she obtained forgiveness of her sins, so that she had peace, and from that time she loved the things of God. Therefore it was with great delight she now read me a portion of God's Word. But she little knew what was passing in my mind, for I was congratulating myself on my own goodness in having the Bible read to me, and was not in the least interested in the truth it contained.

My recovery was rapid ; previous arrangements had been made for sending me to Miss Sheldon's school at Schenectady, but as I was engaged to be married to Mr. Boardman, and not as yet very strong in health, my father said I need not go off to school, but that under these circumstances, he would let me go into the city, and take lessons in music and French. At the same time I was allowed to go into all kinds of worldly gaiety, so that parties, balls, and amusements of various kinds occupied nearly all my time and thoughts.

The Christmas of 1836 found me with a severe cough settled on my chest, which would not yield to medical treatment. A journey south was proposed as the only hope of relief, and Mr. Boardman, having occasion in the spring to travel in the south, was very much pleased with the prospect of an early marriage.

Accordingly we were married in February, 1837, and commenced journeying, and after awhile, my cough left me, as had been predicted by the physicians.

It was not until we were returning home, some months later, that a word was ever said to me on the subject of salvation. Travelling in our own carriage through the state of New York, we stopped at the house of a cousin for a few days' visit. Whilst there, a bright, intelligent girl, the daughter of the family, said to me, "Mother feels so sorry that cousin Edwin has left the Presbyterian Church."

"The Presbyterian Church!" I exclaimed, "I am quite sure he never had any connection with those people; why nothing would have induced me to marry a Presbyterian! Presbyterians think that if a person believes anything different from what they say to be the truth, they will go straight to hell; they think it's a sin to dance, or to go to the theatre, or have any kind of pleasure; to me it seems a dreadful religion."

"But," persisted the young girl, "Cousin Edwin *was* a Presbyterian; I am sure he did join that Church."

"There must be some mistake about it," I replied, not in the least convinced by what she had said.

In those days the Presbyterian Church of America did not allow its members to dance, or play cards, or attend the opera or the theatre. Of course it is all very different at the present time. However, as soon as there was an opportunity, I told my husband what had been said, and asked if it were possible he could ever have been a member of that denomination.

"Yes, I have been a member of the Presbyterian Church." This answer was given very reluctantly.

"Then it's true!" I exclaimed. "But do they not require something quite different from our ideas of life? I thought they believed in such strictness that they were afraid to smile, or have any pleasure of any sort. Do they not require something that is very dreadful to do?"

"They do believe one must have a change of heart in order to be saved."

"A change of heart? What is that? Do tell me, I do not in the least understand what you mean."

"A change of heart, my dear child, is a change in one's affections and desires, which turns the inclinations from the love of the world to the love of God."

"And have you had that change?" I eagerly asked, not feeling very happy in thinking that my husband had anything that I did not share with him. And when he told me that he had known this change of heart, by an actual experience, I again asked if he thought everyone *must* have this change in order to be saved.

"Yes, it is true; no one can possibly go to heaven without being fitted for the worship of heaven; for by nature

we do not love God, so we must be changed into His image by having this change of heart."

"I am sure if I had such a belief, I should wish everybody to know it, and could never rest until those I loved were fitted for heaven," I exclaimed.

Little did I know at this time what my words conveyed to my dear husband, and what a dagger was being thrust into his conscience. It was a severe ordeal through which he was passing, as he looked back over his life, and thought how little either the past or present corresponded with this experience, the confession of which I had just drawn from him.

My curiosity was now thoroughly aroused, and I begged that I might have all the particulars. "Do let me know all about the way this change was brought about. How did you get at it? What did you do?"

Thus urged he began to relate: "I was a pantheist in the early part of my life." Here I interrupted by asking what he meant by being a pantheist. "A pantheist is one who believes that all that is or can be known of God, is seen in nature, and thus it does away with revelation."

"Now do, please, go on," I said rather impatiently, fearing I might lose the narrative. He continued: "It was in the course of a conversation with my brother John, who had experienced this change of heart, that I became convinced that my theory was entirely false. I had been seeking to prove the impossibility of any such change; but when any one has heart-experience he cannot be driven from it by argument. And my brother went on to tell me how very blessed it was to know one's sins forgiven, and to be sure of an inheritance in heaven. I was greatly interested in all he said, and not long after this conversation my brother met with an accident, which proved

fatal. When he died he knew that he was going to glory, and was happy to leave this world, although he was young, with every prospect in life open before him. I sought for a long time to know what this experience was which John had, and which made him so restful and happy. But it was some months before I found out. I heard there were meetings to be held for four days in the place where we lived, and I determined to attend them, with the hope of discovering the great mystery of salvation which my brother had known. Each day I listened with ears and heart wide open. But it was not until the last day of the meetings that my soul found rest. And then it came in a most unexpected way. The minister was speaking of the love of Jesus, and showing how great and glorious was that love which could forgive a thief who had reviled Him a short time before. I thought if God could forgive such a one, He would forgive me, and I ventured on Him for all, and left all with Him.

I had been weighed down with a sense of sin, and carrying a heavy burden, which had been growing heavier each day, until it seemed as if I could bear it no longer. As soon, however, as I ceased struggling to get rid of my burden, and let the Lord have all the care of my sins, my burden dropped off, and I could not bring it back. At first I felt a little anxious, lest in losing the sense of guilt I had lost all, but ere long I had such a revelation of God's love, that it cast all doubts out of my mind for ever. It came while I was standing on the bridge which crossed the Susquehanna.

All nature seemed to breathe fresh praises to God ; I saw Him in every blade of grass, and every warbling bird ; I saw the thousand ways in which the water was adapted for the use of man, and I was filled with wonder and astonishment at the greatness of God's love in doing so much

for those He had created. But the greatest wonder of all was that I had not seen this before. Everything had existed as it was then, and God had been the same; but how was it I had never known all this? Where had I been that all this love of God had been shut out of my soul? I seemed to be in a new state of existence, a new world had opened to my view. Oh, those were happy days when I was filled with God, and I sought at once to tell others of my new-found joy, and felt surprised they did not see it as well as I."

Of course intense longing for this experience sprang up in my heart, and I desired to see this bridge where my husband had received such marvellous manifestations of God's love.

"And will you take me to see that bridge? I should so like to look at it."

"Yes, my child; we will drive over there the first thing to-morrow."

It was about eight miles distant, and with each mile the desire to see this wonderful sight increased, until at last (and it was not very long with our fast trotting horses), my husband drew up, and there was the bridge in full view before us.

"There it is, you see!" he said, as he pointed to a long bridge.

"What, is that all?" I exclaimed in a tone of the greatest disappointment; "why, it's nothing like what I expected," and with these words I burst out crying bitterly, as I looked at the dilapidated old bridge, with whatever paint had once brightened it entirely gone.

"And what were you expecting to see?" said he.

"I thought I should see something bright and beautiful, that would make me feel just as you did."

"Why it was nothing in the place, my child, it was something in my heart. The outward surroundings were nothing to me. You are happy with me wherever we are, just as the Apostle Paul was happy in the prison with nothing to look at but the damp stone walls. He was made happy by the dwelling of the Lord in his heart, and His presence made all bright within, by His love shed abroad."

The impressions made upon me at this time were never forgotten. Often, amid scenes of pleasure, the thought of the necessity of this change of heart, and the reality of the experiences I had heard, lessened the delights of the ball-room. But just now, as we were being entertained by friends, many parties were made for us, so I put off giving the necessary attention to this subject.

Some months after, another line of events opened up which changed all our outward life. My husband found, that instead of gaining, he had failures, one after another, until at last total ruin was threatening him. The first of these losses was by fire. A large hotel, of which he was the principal owner, had been just finished, and not yet insured, when it was burnt to the ground; this was a heavy loss. Then came the failure of a bank in which he was largely interested; and next, the bankruptcy of one for whom he had become security to a large amount.

The hand of God was evident in these losses, coming as they did, one after another. One day as my husband was about starting on a journey in hope of saving a large sum which was in danger, he said to me, "I go, but I do not expect to save anything. I deserve this. I deserve to lose all I have in the world, and to lose you too, for the life I have led since I knew God."

This was the first intimation I had ever had that the life we were living was not consistent with my husband's views

of what a religious life should be. It was in perfect accordance with my own ideas of the way in which Christians should live. But now my responsibilities as a wife pressed in upon me, and I said to myself, "How could my husband live differently, if I did not choose to lead a life such as he might desire? If a religious life requires us to pray and go regularly to church, and all that, it must be very different to the way we are living. Then, how could we be religious with our present surroundings and worldly friends? But I must have this change of heart, and know for myself what it is like."

It did not take long for these thoughts to go through my mind, and now I fully determined I would never rest until I had this experience. I had made arrangements to accompany my husband on this journey, but as we knew many worldly people living in the town to which he was going, I determined to remain at home, to read my Bible and pray, and do all that lay in my power to attain this change of heart.

Accordingly, I shut myself up in my chamber, and went to work in earnest. The more I prayed, and the harder I studied to find out about this mystery, the more wretched I became, and soon this oppression of mind told upon my body, and I became so ill as to be obliged to keep my bed. And here I lay sighing and groaning night and day. I cultivated this state of mind, thinking that when I had suffered as much as it was possible for me to bear, and had gone over the ground of what I had *not* done, as thoroughly as I had reckoned up the good things I *had* done when I was at death's door,—relief would come.

After an absence of three days my husband returned, and was met at the door by old Pete, a coloured servant, who quickly informed him that I was in bed, laid up, "Berry sick indeed."

"Yes, that is just what I feared, the Lord is going to take away my wife; just what I deserve."

He was soon at my bedside, and I was not very slow in telling out my difficulty.

"It is no matter about the body, it is the mind I am in such misery about; I feel so burdened with sin, I thought I had never done anything wrong, now I see that I have never done anything good; I know now if I am not forgiven I shall lose my soul."

"Shall I pray for you?" asked my husband, scarcely knowing what to do or what to think. Grasping at the thought of having some one to intercede for me, I said, "Yes, do; pray as hard as ever you can."

"But then I fear the Lord will not hear me, I have been such a backslider."

"Oh, yes, He will, I believe God will hear anybody, if they are only in earnest; I am praying all the time."

At that bed-side my husband began a life of prayer that was never to cease while life should last; it was

HIS TRUE RETURN TO CHRIST.

The days rolled on. Every kind of test was put to me by my husband. Was I willing everybody should know how I felt? Would I go forward at a Methodist meeting to be prayed for? etc. At first I said "No," but soon saw that would not do, pride must go under.

About twenty miles from us lived an old lady, who was a very remarkable Christian. She had known me when I was a child at home. I then used often to go and see her, for I was delighted with her singing, and it was such a wonder to me how she could be so happy without anything (that I could see) to make her so. My father was a thorough Churchman, and, although a Unitarian, was very strict in

having all his family attend church regularly, and had never allowed us to go to any other place of worship when living where there was an Episcopalian Church. One day I told her that my father did not like my coming to see her so often, for he felt afraid I might take up with her religious views, and I begged her to promise that she would never say anything to me about these things, for I dearly loved to come and see her, but could no longer do so unless she would make this promise. She replied, "I'll not say anything until you want to hear it, but some day you are sure to ask me to tell you about Jesus, for I shall pray for you, and God always hears my prayers."

I was delighted to take this message to my father, who laughingly said, "Does she think she can change the mind of God, and make the Almighty do as she wishes?"

I made no reply, but young as I was, I thought it strange we should repeat prayers at Church, if no one was going to hear them. I afterwards went away to school, and had not seen the old lady for five years, and had scarcely thought of her during that time. Yet now her words came back to my mind, as I was groaning over my sins, and I felt a strong desire to see her. As soon as this wish was made known to my husband, he sent the carriage for her, but to my great disappointment she was unable through illness to come, so she sent her daughter, who was a lovely Christian, to take her place. When she came to my bed-side she said, "Mother was very sorry not to come herself, but she sent her best love, and wishes me to say that she could do you no good; no one but Jesus can help you now, and He will deliver you if you will trust Him."

I was very angry when I heard this. Like Naaman, I was not prepared to receive blessing in God's way. I frankly told my visitor that she was most unfeeling to bring

such a message to one in such distress of mind. I thought that she would rather have pitied and sympathised with me, and it was quite different from what I expected of one who seemed so kind years ago. Why had she so changed as not to comfort me when I so needed it? I was glad when she proposed returning home the next day.

Thus I went on bearing this burden of sin, scarcely daring to sleep lest I should lose all whilst sleeping. The last part of the second week I began to recover, and was so much better, that when the Sabbath came I went with my husband to a place of worship, which was something quite new to us.

I shall ever remember the oppression and weight upon me as I took my seat amongst the congregation; it seemed impossible to endure this weight of sin any longer. I resolved that if I did not find relief before leaving that place I should give up altogether. The service continued till it came to the last prayer, and I said mentally that I had done all that it was possible for me to do, and now I would give it all over into the hands of God. If He saved me I would be saved, but if not I must be lost.

It was indeed death to all hope from my own doings, death to all self-efforts for salvation; and just now it was that I lost my burden, and the heavy weight dropped off, when I ceased all struggles to get free, and accepted God's plan of salvation.

Oh, what a change did this simple act of casting all upon Jesus bring to me! I went out of that place feeling light, and free as a bird let out of a cage. But I did not understand in the least what had been done in me, and was greatly surprised that I could not get back my burden. It had gone for ever, gone to the Cross where my Saviour died. Everything seemed so strange to me. However, when we got home I found myself thoroughly exhausted, so

much so that I was obliged to lie down as soon as I had finished dinner. I had a restful sleep, such as I had been a stranger to for weeks, and we went again to the same place of worship in the afternoon.

While the last hymn was being sung my soul leaped for joy, for Jesus was revealed to me as *my* Saviour. I then saw the preciousness of the Blood to cleanse from all sin. I saw how the Lord had taken away my heart of stone, and given me a heart of flesh. The passage in Ezekiel xxxvi. 25-27 was brought home to me by the Holy Spirit, and I knew that God had indeed sprinkled clean water upon me, and that I was clean, and I could now testify to a change of heart.

It was glorious, this new found joy, this knowledge of sins forgiven—never from that day have I had a doubt of my having passed from death unto life. Sometimes I thought I ought to doubt a little, because such good people said it was presumption in me not to doubt, but still I never could be persuaded that I had not been born again. And what joy my husband had in my salvation. What happy days followed! How we went on hand in hand, and how precious were the hours of worship! How sweet it was to sing the new song of redeeming love together! How melted were our hearts in view of what God had done for each of us! How tasteless all the pleasures of the world became; how insipid those things seemed which had formerly given us such delights! It would indeed have been a great trial to dance or play cards, for old things had passed away, and all things had become new.

THE NEW HOME IN STIRLING.

No sooner was my husband fairly out again in the enjoyment of God's forgiving and restoring love, than his old

longing for the salvation of souls returned with renewed power.

Having once before commenced preparation for the ministry, how desirous he now felt to have the years restored that the cankerworm had destroyed ! Nothing seemed of worth to him but publishing the glad tidings of salvation. However, in the present state of his affairs, he did not feel at liberty to step out of business altogether, and it was nearly three years before the Lord let him have his heart's desire.

These years of waiting were not lost ; there was a preparatory process of education going on, quite as important in God's sight as that which came afterwards in "the school of the prophets." In His own way, by paths we knew not, and which did not at the time seem to be bringing His servant any nearer to the fulfilment of his desires—how blessedly the Lord was leading on !

With the change in our temporal circumstances (which had tended to turn my husband's mind back to the Lord), came the necessity of a change in our manner of living. But this caused no sorrow ; on the contrary, we were both very happy in the thought of leaving all our old worldly associations to mix only with those who loved our Lord Jesus. Thus the prospect of a new home in the West looked rather attractive than otherwise.

My husband's object in going so far away was that he might commence business anew where but a small capital would be needed for starting. Stirling, Illinois, in the Rock River district, proved to be our destination. On the banks of this beautiful stream (so named on account of its having a solid rock bed for many miles) we pitched our tent, in a lovely prairie country, in the year 1840. Stretching out before us lay a grand expanse of land, dotted here and

there with charming groves of noble forest trees, looking like islands amid the vast stretches of prairie, with scarcely a single shrub to break the monotony of its level surface.

It was in this new home, away from the busy rush of city life, that our service for Jesus began, in a more direct and effective way than before. Here workers were fewer, and people more willing to hear the glad tidings of salvation. The books taken with us (religious biographies, etc.) proved a great source of good, as they were scattered among the families, and found eager readers.

It was the custom of that day in the newly settled parts, to form what was called a "band," composed of Christians of different denominations, who united together to have services on the Sabbath. Putting aside all differences of opinion on non-essentials, they came together, as did our pilgrim fathers, with one heart and mind to worship God.

The Presbyterian and Congregational Churches had entered into this union. The two denominations took in all others who were willing to join. And it was a boon to such as could not enjoy worship in their own particular denomination to have this opportunity of communion with other Christians.

Precious to all were these gatherings in the weekly prayer meeting and on the Sabbath. It was considered quite a blessing when any minister, regularly ordained, could be found to take the Sabbath services, for in that day ordination was thought to be essential. However well qualified a layman might be for teaching, as a leader he was never looked upon as really in his proper place. It was very different to the present day in that respect, for now there are hundreds of laymen, most acceptable, evangelizing in all parts of the world. My husband was made leader of this band; that meant that he should be present at the prayer

meetings and on the Sabbath, if no ordained minister were present. On such occasions he did not attempt to preach, but read out of a book of published sermons.

So the work of God went steadily on, with Mr. Boardman as the leader, and the interest somewhat increased from week to week, until the Lord sent Mr. Fox, a Presbyterian minister, who held meetings daily for two weeks, and was the means of

ROUSING THE WHOLE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Being our guest, he began his work with myself, by bringing me to see what a mistake I had been making in not praying before others. I shall never forget how very penetrating were his words and looks, when he put the question, reprovingly, "Is it possible that you have been a Christian over a year, and never prayed before another, not even with your own husband?"

"Why that would be the hardest of all," I replied, "for he knows how to pray, and prays beautifully."

"Ah! ah! my child," was his fatherly reply (for I was but a child in the estimation of all who knew me,) "you must not think about beautiful prayers, but look at what you are losing as a wife by not praying with your husband. My wife knelt down by my side as soon as we had the opportunity after our marriage, and to me that prayer was the sweetest I had ever heard from mortal lips, and she became a help to me, and you must be to your husband a true 'helpmeet.' And do you know that means 'one going before'? That is what God wanted Eve to become, and what she would have been had she not fallen first, so that upon woman fell the heaviest curse. Jesus has restored woman to be a helpmeet. Now begin to-day, and kneel down and pray with your brother, who is awakened; *you* can reach him as no one else can."

I said nothing, as my eyes were filled with tears of deep contrition, that I had so long neglected such a privilege as I now saw this to be.

"Will you promise to pray with your brother this very day?" asked Mr. Fox. I made the promise.

That day my brother, who with his wife was living with us, having become partner with my husband in the business, came over from the store, bringing his books to make up his accounts in the house, which he had never done before. He was evidently awakened, and his conscience troubled him for having spoken unkindly, even rudely, to Mr. Fox the previous day. Mr. Fox had asked him if he was saved; he replied that he never allowed anyone to meddle with his religious opinions, etc. And now as he sat with his books before him, I went into the room with the determination to fulfil the promise made to Mr. Fox.

"Mary," he exclaimed as soon as he saw me, "I cannot live with you if you are going to have such impertinent people in your house as that Mr. Fox. He made me speak rudely, and I could not sleep last night, just because he had attacked me about my religion; and you know I am as good as he is. Where is my life wrong, I should like to know?"

"My dear brother, you know you do not love Jesus, and you are not happy; we have prayed for you continually, and now, it was not Mr. Fox who was wrong, but yourself." And with this I threw my arms around his neck and cried like a child.

He broke down altogether, and said that my tears were too much for him, I should break his heart; and he was quite willing to let me pray, which I did, finding liberty in utterance. He also prayed, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner;" these words he repeated over and over until finally he had peace in believing. He, who had for years been a

sceptic, was now saved; he had accepted God's way of salvation "through the blood of the Everlasting Covenant," and at once gave up all thoughts of his own righteousness. It was a joy to us all when the next day he, who had not heretofore bent the knee in prayer even in family worship, now, not only knelt down, but prayed very humbly and yet full of calm and peaceful delight in Jesus as his Saviour. He had a great sense of God's forgiving love to him who had for weeks, if not months, been fighting against his own convictions.

Stirling being now thoroughly aroused, the little band was organised into a church. Backsliders had been reclaimed, and converts added, so that it became necessary to have a pastor. Ere long one was found, a man of God, who took up the work in a more methodical, but less practical way, but he was a faithful pastor in visiting, and kept the flock together.

CHAPTER III.

MOVING FARTHER ON.



IN His own way did the Lord now send us out into a far greater wilderness than our former abode. Either my husband or his partner must go where there was a market for the produce taken from the farmers in exchange for goods at their store.

Mr. Boardman's attention was drawn to a large lead mining district in the north of Illinois, to a place called Potosi, not far from Galena. Originally Potosi was called "Snake Hollow," from the fact that a colony of rattle snakes had taken possession of a cavern in a rock at the head of a ravine. The old name might well have been retained, so completely was the place under the dominion of "the old Serpent, the devil," for wickedness did so abound here. Gambling, drinking, and lotteries were the order of the day. The employment was in itself most exciting, for a man might one day be without a cent, and the next day, if he *struck a lead*, as it was called, his fortune was made, for these leads usually led on to extensive beds of ore that seemed sometimes to be exhaustless.

In the year 1842, we settled in this place, which had but one street running up a ravine from the river for a mile and a half; a second street would have been an impossibility, as there were high cliffs on either side. Sometimes the valley widened out to quite a quarter of a mile, and then again it became so narrow as barely to admit of the road and houses, which were built up quite against the hillside.

The back of our house was thus situated, and when there was a heavy rain, the mud came sweeping down the banks in a channel that found a passage way into the house, leaving our only carpeted room in a sad plight. The house could not boast much of architectural beauty. In one respect it was like the Venetian buildings, having various styles of architecture! It had formerly been a warehouse, with one very large room below and one above. By adding a small kitchen, and partitioning off rooms with calico, we could boast of five rooms.

We little knew when we pitched our tent in this far off valley of Potosi, what the dear Lord had in store for us here, among the rugged hills and the still rougher miners. The appearance of these men as they came out of the mines, covered as they were with the yellow earth, put terror into the hearts of those unaccustomed to seeing them, for it was really difficult to tell whether they were human. But many a noble, generous heart, for whom a mother's prayers had been daily ascending, was hidden under this earthy garb. Many here were brought out to shine as jewels in the kingdom of our Lord.

Yes, it was here in our little rough home that the Lord Jesus became to us nearer and dearer than ever before. As regarded justification, He could not of course be nearer. But here we learnt the preciousness of Jesus' indwelling; here we received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and Jesus

was seen and known as a risen, living Saviour. We were brought to understand the truth of those words, "He" (the Holy Spirit) "shall not speak of Himself;" "He shall testify of Me." "He shall take of Mine, and shall show it unto you." Yes, "He shall reveal to you what I am, so that you may learn My power to keep you, and sin shall not have dominion over you." And these promises proved true, for our Lord was as near to us here as He was to the disciples when they trod together the streets of Jerusalem.

It was a memorable day when, on looking over our books, I took up the Memoir of James Brainerd Taylor. In the course of my reading I came to a very remarkable letter, in which he gave an experience that was most attractive. He told how very precious Christ had become; how He was revealed to him, as not only *with* him but *in* him,

CHRIST, A PRESENT SAVIOUR, KEEPING HIM

in perfect peace all the day long, and making life one song of praise. Coming to the end of this beautiful letter, I went at once to find my husband, in order to read to him the delightful bit I had found. "Taylor had sunshine in his heart all the time," I exclaimed, as I finished reading. "How much he knew of Christ! it is lovely to hear this!"

"It is exceedingly beautiful, Mary, and that shall be my experience."

"O no, that is impossible; it is too great an experience for us common Christians. It is just the same as the Apostles taught and lived, but for us it would be presumption to think of such a thing."

"But why not? Taylor was a man in the usual walk of life like myself, and God is no respecter of persons. I can see no reason why I should not know Jesus in the same way he did, and by His grace this experience shall be mine."

"Yes, and then when you have it you will die; Taylor

died when quite young, and it is given on purpose to fit one for death. You never see one living on this earth who has such a wonderful knowledge of the presence of Jesus as always with him, keeping sunshine always in the heart ; and I am sure if you get this you will die ; and so I hope you will not get it, for I am not prepared to part with you."

"I shall never rest, my child, until I have just such a sense of the presence of God as is here described by Taylor. I need it, O so much ! more than words can tell, and I believe God will give it to me, unworthy as I am."

"I cannot see how it is that you can feel such a need, such a child of God as you are, so true to Him and to your own convictions in every way."

"I know my need," replied my husband, "and there is a craving within me that cannot be satisfied without being filled with God. And He who has implanted this longing of soul will meet it, I am sure of it."

From that hour the whole energy of Mr. Boardman's being was bent on this one thing, and all his powers concentrated on becoming filled with the presence of God. And then followed months of misdirected effort, and, therefore, of fruitless struggles. Sometimes he would prostrate himself flat on his face before God, and cry out : "Just now, O Lord, just this very minute, come and fill me with Thyself." At other times he would fast, and was continually going through with all manner of processes of consecration. Our scanty household furniture, even the little old carpeting we had, was thought unnecessary, and a thing to be dispensed with. Anything and everything which could be done to obtain this desired blessing was done. And constant failure did not quench his ardour, neither did remonstrances prove of the least use. His heart was fixed, and he was not to be turned aside.

How mysterious this seemed to me in one, who was considered by all who knew him at that time, to be a most consistent Christian, upright in all his dealings with others, full of zeal for the salvation of souls, and far ahead of most Christians in his consistent daily walk. What else could such a man need, and why should he spend month after month in this useless search for something far beyond his reach in this life?

But he not only persevered in seeking for light himself, but he took every opportunity of urging others to seek for the same blessing, and very often in the little prayer meeting he would so earnestly say, "I tell you, brethren, there is an experience that we should all be seeking. We all need something. Can you not see how very necessary it is to have more life in Christ, and more of the presence of God?"

With silent lips my wicked heart would answer, "And can *you* not see that your efforts are all fruitless, and that you were much happier before you ever thought about this experience, and would you not be better off to let it all alone?" I did not seem to myself to be resisting the Lord, for I had no light on the subject, the Spirit had not revealed to me the possibility of anything better than the experience we had at conversion. I knew we must grow in grace, and regretted that my growth was not at all apparent. It was a great mystery to me how any one was to grow, as I thought growth meant getting better, and doing better, and having more work for the Lord; and that this growth was attained by culture, that is, cultivating whatever gifts one had, and spending time in fasting and prayer. And as mine was a very busy life, and on the whole happy, I seemed never to get time for the necessary work attending growth in grace.

EYES OPENED.

The time came, God's time, for bringing me down out of all my own ideas, and letting me see His way of filling the heart with Himself. It was a lovely Sabbath morning in the month of May, when, not feeling well, I was left alone, my husband having gone to the only place of worship in the valley, where services were held in a log meeting house. I was looking over our books, and my eye chanced to light on one left by a Methodist minister when on one of his circuit visits to us. As he was our guest, and had charged me to read this book before his return, which would be in a few days' time, I took it to run over its pages, so as to be able to say I knew what it was about. It was upon the doctrine of Christian Perfection, and as I had not the slightest interest in this subject, I was about to put it down, when, on turning to the last pages of the book, I saw the experiences of Professor Finney and Dr. Mahan. I read these experiences with intense interest.

To my great astonishment, here I found *living witnesses* to the fact of being filled with the presence of God, and kept filled by the power of the Holy Ghost. They had found out the great secret of the power of God to save them from their sins, and this to my mind was something very practical and most desirable. It was an actual fact that just as they were delivered from condemnation and eternal death by the Lord Jesus Christ, so they were delivered from reigning sin,—they who had been troubled with the same sins that beset me, sins that I sought most earnestly to put down, such as anxiety, ambition, pride, a man-fearing spirit, impatience, and love of the good opinion of others.

How often during my past life had I written down resolutions, and placed them on a chair, then kneeling before them, asked the Lord to see how solemn a vow I was

making, would He *help me* to keep it? To think of asking God's *help*, as if I were the head, and He a helper in doing that, which I afterwards saw was wholly His work to do! And now what light burst in upon me as to *Who* was to do all! I saw that it was as much God's work to save me from my sins, as it was to convert my soul in the first place.

CHRIST MUST DO ALL.

And could it be possible that this experience was just what my husband had been seeking, without knowing exactly what it was he so longed after? To my mind it now assumed such a definite form as to be within reach. It was a tangible thing, this being saved from besetting sins. I needed this very deliverance of which the brethren wrote, and to which they testified, and I too made up my mind that, cost what it might, this experience should be mine. The first question that arose was, "How long would it take to get hold of this new life?" I feared I could not hold out in any lengthened effort, as I still was happy in my first love, never having backslidden, but always delighting in service for the Master. But I went down before the Lord, and made, what seemed to me to be a very complete surrender to Him of all that I had, and of myself as well. I then asked the Lord to show me what else I had to do, and He assured me that no further process was necessary, He would do the rest. It was His work to cleanse and keep me from sin. I trusted Him to do all, and peace filled my soul. My spirit was restful and serene as I let myself go into His hands, believing in His power and willingness to do everything I needed. Jesus was now enthroned within as King, to reign and govern His own dominion.

Precious moments these, but alas! scarce twenty minutes

passed ere a question arose in my mind. "Have you given your lips to the Lord? Are you willing to tell what He is to you now?"

"How can I do more than I have done in the way of giving my lips, dear Lord? Surely it cannot be that Thou dost want me to speak in any public way, when the Word says women are to keep silence in the churches! I talk to individuals; I do pray in small circles; and what else can I do?" It sounded in my heart, "You must tell what I am to you wherever I wish; your lips are Mine, and must be fully surrendered."

"But there is no opportunity," I argued. This objection was very quickly overruled, as the answer came that the Methodist class was open to me.

"I can never go there," was my thought. "What will such and such a one think and say? I can never go there, and it cannot be that the Lord wishes it." The pressure increased; my peace had taken wings, and I was in greater darkness than I had been at any time since my conversion. I tried to think this pressure was from Satan, but I could not get away from it. Darker became my mind, and heavier was my spirit, until at last I said, "Lord, what can I do? I am not willing, and I cannot make myself willing to speak in any public way, it is all so against what seems right and proper. But, Lord, I give my unwillingness to Thee."

HOW LIGHT CAME.

It seemed but a moment ere I was more than willing to tell out the story of what Jesus was, and what He could do for all who would consecrate themselves, and trust fully in Him. Only an hour before I had been in a spirit of opposition, not knowing what I was resisting. I did it in ignorance, as thousands do.

When my husband returned home, I hastened to tell him of my new-found rest of soul, and how the Lord had been dealing with me during his absence. He, never thinking it possible that I could so quickly have come into the experience he was seeking, said, "The Lord be praised for this; you may get hold of it before I do."

"Get hold of it? why there's nothing to get hold of, it is letting go all hold of everything but Jesus." He was indeed mystified, and scarcely knew what to say, but was very glad to see me so full of delight in Jesus. I was greatly disappointed, because I thought my dear husband would see that Jesus would do all for him, as soon as I told him what He had become to me. And now to find that he did not see it at all, and could have no sympathy with me, when he had been six months seeking, was as great a surprise to me as my new-found joy was to him. But I was comforted to know that the time was near at hand when he would see the simplicity of trusting Jesus for everything, by letting all go, and leaving all efforts and strugglings. And I said to him, "What you want is faith."

"Yes, that must be so," he quickly replied, "for I have tried everything else; so now I will try to get faith." And at once, his thoughts being directed to faith as the object rather than the Lord Jesus, he was in as great difficulty as before. But he kept on struggling after the necessary faith, forgetting that faith must be centred on the Object—Jesus Christ.

THE HOUR ARRIVED FOR THE METHODIST
CLASS MEETING,

and I found my feet more than willing, for with joy did I go forward to tell the blessedness of what Jesus could do. I did not wish to speak of myself, for I saw how the Lord

Jesus had come to take up His abode in my heart, on purpose to reign as King over all its affections and desires.

My testimony in the class meeting stirred the people, and I don't know how much good might have been done, had not a brother said, "Sister Boardman, you will not shrink back from professing the whole truth, and calling things by their right names. You'll have to profess perfection, or you'll not keep the blessing."

"But I have no perfection to profess, I never before felt my imperfection as I now do. I always thought myself somebody, but now I see I am nothing and nobody."

"Yes," replied the brother, "but all that need not prevent your professing perfection, for it is not *absolute* perfection we mean, but *Christian* perfection. And I am sure you'll lose the blessing, if you do not come out boldly on the subject, and declare the whole truth."

"But, brother, I cannot tell an untruth, and I am not perfect, but Jesus is my perfect Saviour, and I cannot lose Him. He has taken up His abode in my heart, and I do not think He will go away while I trust Him to stay and keep me. It is His presence that is my joy and happiness."

The words of the brother might have troubled me more had not my mind been taken up with the thought of my husband. I so longed to have him know this glorious Saviour as I knew Him. But there seemed no prospect of his ceasing all effort, for he was most intently seeking faith

Just at this time, the Lord, knowing our ignorance and seeing our need, sent a dear sister in the Lord to stay with us. She had a rich experience, and had seen something of the error of those professing to be sanctified, but had passed safely through the Scylla and Charybdis of perfectionism on the one hand, and of indifference or opposition on the other.

The bulk of professing Christians were then as now, indifferent, or opposed to the glorious truth that Jesus can deliver from the dominion of sin, and keep those who trust Him from yielding to temptation. She had been a member of Dr. Kirk's Church, in Albany, and fifteen years before this, she was one of thirty members who had been turned out, as having embraced great error.

Half of the thirty had gone into antinomian perfectionism, which led them into many very extravagant ideas, all the while under the impression that they were guided by the Holy Spirit. Because they prayed without ceasing, therefore they followed the suggestion of the adversary, that secret prayer was unnecessary. On the same ground they gave up family worship. So they imagined that the Lord told them they need not observe the Sabbath, as they kept a holy Sabbath every day in their souls. Therefore the wives and daughters did the same on Sunday as on weekdays, and while professing holiness, were not ashamed to be seen seated at the window, engaged in sewing, on the Lord's day. Thus Satan, as an angel of light, led them into many errors, and brought into great disrepute the cause of Christ.

But this dear old lady, who had been dismissed from the church with the others, but without sharing in their errors, was God's special gift to us. She taught us many things, and strengthened me in the belief that Jesus would keep me in this blessed peace, if I never allowed anything to come between my soul and Christ, but would take everything to Him, just as a loving child would take all its little wants to its mother. All this was a wonderful help for had she put me upon the ground of what I must do, or what I must be, she would have brought me into bondage, instead of helping me to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had set me free. As the days went on, we were

continually before the Lord in prayer for my dear husband, and the time came when, in a little prayer meeting, he was brought out.

Once a week we gathered together at the house of Mrs. Galapsie for prayer and to give testimony. She was an earnest Christian, living further up the ravine, and had a large commodious room for this purpose. As we were going to this meeting, I was feeling very desirous of telling out what the Lord had done for me, as I had promised Him I would do, but the fear of being called a perfectionist was on my mind. And I said to my husband that I should so delight to tell them at the meeting what Jesus had become to me, but if they were going to call it "perfection," as they did at the class meeting, I could not speak of it, because I felt my imperfection as never before. "What shall I do?"

"You need not trouble yourself about this," he replied; "I have never found it of the least profit to dwell on doctrines, and why should you? Just tell out in a simple way what Jesus has done for you, and what He is to you, and let the rest alone. Trying to settle your experience to suit the opinions of others, will only confuse you, and you are nowhere told in the Word of God to profess perfection."

"Sure enough," I exclaimed, and at once my soul was set at liberty on this point; then instantly my whole thoughts were absorbed in my husband's state of mind, for it seemed so very strange that he who had always been as my teacher, leading me on, should now be in such distress of mind and so oppressed.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE PRAYER MEETING.

For some time past there had been much interest in

this little prayer meeting. But on this most memorable occasion one was leading who was not spiritually minded. He was fond of hearing himself talk, and had consumed nearly half the time allotted to the meeting in this sort of self-entertainment. It was most trying thus to see the precious moments frittered away, and my dear husband, pressed as he was in spirit, felt like giving the man a sound thrashing. And he fully determined, when he had finished talking, to reprove him with great severity. He would tell him to stay at home another time, and get his own cold heart warmed up, and not come to a meeting like this, and spread out his own views, thus taking all the life out of the meeting.

Then came into his mind a far different thought, a gentle suggestion from the Master of this meeting. "What would Jesus do were He here, He, in all His compassion and love; what would He say? Jesus would not lose patience with the individual. He would call attention to Himself, and in some way He would draw all to look to Him as the Saviour, and fill them with joy, as He did the woman at the well, and make them rejoice in Himself by revealing His own love." "If He were here, yes, if He were only here!" thought my husband. Then came another word, so full, so clear, "Lo! I *am* with you alway, even unto the end of the world." And faith, receiving what was said as a real fact, brought the presence of Christ Himself, a risen Saviour, alive from the dead, with him for evermore. Soon came another word quite as clear, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." That moment he rolled over upon Christ, as his present Saviour from sin, the whole responsibility of keeping him.

A wonderful change was this after all the toiling and struggling of the past half year! It was in many respects

a glad surprise, a glorious disappointment. It was not entirely different from what he had expected, but a great deal better. He had been looking to be made holy in himself, instead of which his eyes were opened to see, and his heart to accept, his own utter bankruptcy in himself, and his solvency in Christ alone. And this was unspeakable joy, because it bound him indissolubly to Christ for ever by the bond of an absolutely necessary dependence for everything pertaining to life and godliness. He now saw where had been his great mistake. He had been toiling and trying to believe for a completed work wrought in himself, a *state* of sanctification, in which all would be completed, so that he might take satisfaction in his own holiness, instead of in Jesus his Sanctification.

My husband rose from his knees to his feet in the little meeting to tell others what had been revealed to him. And he had now something to say which he thought would thrill every heart as it had done his own. He was greatly disappointed that all present did not quickly respond. But even the two who had already become somewhat convinced and anxious for a fuller life in Christ did not meet his expectations. In his joy he had well nigh forgotten the wanderings of the wilderness life in which he had spent half a year before reaching the Land. But now fairly in the Land, and seeing that it was but to step over Jordan and he was there, he thought he could quickly point out the way to others. But, alas! he found that souls were puzzled and perplexed here in this little meeting, and this calls to mind what he afterwards wrote concerning his own journeyings from Egypt to Canaan.

We quote his own words: "In all the wanderings of the children of Israel I see my own experience wonderfully fore-shown. Looking back over all the way in which the Lord has led me, I see at every step two things—

"MY OWN SHAME AND GOD'S GLORY.

"When I look at my own part in it I see murmurs, and fears, and rebellions ; but, when I look at God's part, I see the whole route ablaze with His glory, His patience, forbearance, gentleness, kindness, faithfulness, and love. Yes, and in the Land He is all the glory of it. Oh ! how my heart melts at the thought !"

Again we take up his own expression of the heart-felt satisfaction experienced this very hour of the revelation of God to him : " But, oh, when the Lord led me into rest of heart in Jesus for sanctification, how sweet it was ! What an hour was that, and what a place ! If ten years before the open vision of Christ on the cross had made the little school-house, where forgiveness was shown me, the gate of heaven—this place where now I saw Jesus in His invincible presence with me, face to face, though it was only a plain widow's cottage on earth, seemed within the walls of heaven. O what a revelation was that to me, when in the very name of Jesus—so called because He should 'save His people from their sins'—His office as my Emancipator from sin was embodied ! O how my soul was gladdened with the assurance that the work would be done, that I should be purified unto God, and made zealous of good works, and should be kept by the power of God, and presented faultless before the throne in the great day, when I saw that it was the work and the delight of the Saviour to do this for me ! Henceforth, in this matter, my soul was at rest ; and, oh, what a peace flowed in upon me and overflowed me ! Then I could realize the preciousness of the words of Christ, 'My peace I give unto you,' and of the prophet's wonderful words, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.' Henceforth, the Bible, precious as it had been to me before,

received a double illumination to my apprehension. A mighty vein, before hidden, now unfolded itself, insomuch that the Word of God, from Genesis to Revelation, was again a new book to me. Here, again, for this new necessity my heart had found its rest, and every want was satisfied."

However, the experience of the six months of mistaken efforts, before coming into the light, were of great benefit to him all through life. It enabled him to teach others to avoid these self-imposed processes, and to lead them to come directly to Jesus, to find *in Him* every need of the soul met. Yes, fully met. To him it was not the end of sanctification, but the beginning of a life of full, abiding union with Jesus. It was a new and better starting point for full and real progress in all time to come, all the springs of which were in Christ, not in himself. And this gave him unbounded satisfaction, because it bound him to Christ for all future progress, and gave him the precious assurance that there would be no end of growth, and also no stint of fruitage. Glory be to God!

CHAPTER IV.

BLESSED RESULTS OF ABIDING IN CHRIST.



NEW era dawned, not only upon the little nucleus of Christians in Potosi, but upon the whole valley and neighbourhood around. The *Christians* were the first moved upon by God. One after another came into the light as Christ was revealed to them, and week after week the interest increased, so that the people came together almost every evening without waiting to be invited, and souls were gathered into the fold. Among these were many young men with mothers at home, whose prayers had followed them to this land whither they had come to seek their fortunes. Our hearts were stirred within us as we saw those who had left their comfortable homes now living in shanties with rough men, steeped in all sorts of dissipation. There was no more effective way of reaching them than by getting hold of one at a time, and drawing them out to tell us something of their childhood and home life. It usually brought tears to their eyes to speak of their parents and sisters who were left behind. We frequently found there was a chord in each heart that could be

touched, especially such as had felt the pressure of a mother's hand upon their heads as they knelt at her side, and looking up to God, said the simple prayer of childhood.

I recollect a man, past thirty years of age, who could only pray in the words, "Now I lay me down to sleep," though he was anything but sleepy, in fact, was wide awake in seeking the salvation of his soul. He often laughed about his first attempts at prayer after he had become accustomed to speaking before others, and had learned how to speak with the Lord as if in His immediate presence.

A SCOFFER SAVED.

One young man who was talking about the revival in the town, and ridiculing religion with a number of others in a neighbouring drinking saloon, was induced to come over to our house to hear what I might have to say, so that he could return to his companions and make fun of it. I was well known to them, as I was accustomed to meet them on their own ground in the drinking saloon, where I went to give tracts and to talk to them. The young man came, and was received by me with very great delight, because I thought the Lord had sent him that he should be saved. My husband being away attending a meeting, I was left alone with him, and we fell into conversation, he doing most of the talking by being drawn out to tell of his early life; and when I found he had a praying mother, I was sure the time had come for her prayer to be answered, and pressed him to accept Christ now.

Some weeks after this I happened to be at a meeting, and heard him telling his experience, and how God met him at that very time. He did not wish to return to the drinking place that night, and when he met his companions, it was to tell them how he had humbled his heart before God, and began to pray in our house the night he left them.

We found it very blessed to be able to point those who were saved, to a Saviour who could take away every unholy desire, and set them free from the appetite of strong drink. It would have been a tremendous fight for them to have tried to stand in their own strength against the evil influences around them. Under the old teaching of trying to overcome sin by good resolutions, or striving to conquer old habits by a determination of will, none could have stood their ground, but when taught that there was One who would undertake all for them, that He would save from sin and keep that which was committed unto Him, many who were then saved, turned from their own trying to trust Jesus.

It was not long before the report of what was going on in Potosi spread through the mining region around. A message came from one of the chief citizens of a place sixteen miles away. He was in great distress of mind, as well as body, being confined to the house by disease of the arteries, and expected to die at any moment. Although he had been for forty years an officer in the church before coming to this wicked country, yet he had never heard how Jesus could save those who thus trusted Him, from all depression of spirits, and lift them out of all doubts and fears. He wanted Mr. Boardman to come to him with the secret of salvation from sin, and called together his friends and neighbours to hear what my husband had to say of this wonderful salvation. They listened with intense interest. Everyone present seemed stirred up to seek deliverance from the dominion of sin, and another meeting was suggested for the next week. In the second meeting some of those who had been seeking for light, and longing to know how to be saved from anxieties and all their besetting sins, came into perfect liberty. It was a glorious revelation to them.

BURNING THE BRIDGE.

The suffering brother at whose house we had gathered was also brought out into full liberty, as my husband was showing that those who wished to enter this life of victory over sin must make a thorough consecration of all to Jesus, and not leave one thing to fall back upon as a dependence. All hope of doing anything must be abandoned. Trust in Jesus must be complete, they must do as Washington did at the Brandy-wine—burn the bridge behind them. They must step off, and step over upon the promises, not only by believing with the heart, but by confessing with the mouth.

He had scarcely time to close the sentence before the sufferer arose and exclaimed, "I'll burn the bridge! I see how it is, no retreat possible. I am free, and feel light as a feather, all the depression gone! Praise the Lord, He is the One who will do all when we surrender all. I see I have been afraid to venture fully. It is so like conversion, you can all see how simple it is—just putting oneself into the hands of God."

This brother's testimony gave a great impetus to the meeting, and two weeks later on, when my husband visited him again, what was his astonishment to find him engaged in hard labour at his wood pile, sawing wood. "And how is this? What can it mean?" exclaimed my husband on seeing him look so well.

"Mean!" he repeated, "It means that I am a well man, I who have been pronounced incurable by several doctors, I who have not been out of my house for six months, here I am strong and well, delivered from all disease. The Lord hath done wonders for body as well as soul!"

"Do you say that God has actually healed your body?"

"Yes, He has done it Himself. As I had trusted Him for

my soul, and He had delivered me from that awful depression and anxiety that weighed upon me so heavily, just so I thought He could and would heal my body. I fully believed He would like to have me free in body, so that I could go round proclaiming what He had done, and what He had become to me. And you may be sure people will hear of it, I'm not going to keep still. I tell you, brother Boardman, I never was so happy or so strong in body as I am to day ; I am a new man, body, soul, and spirit."

Thus early in our lives did the Lord seek to teach us the fulness of His redemption for the body as well as for soul and spirit. But not until late in life, many years afterwards, did we learn to understand this glorious fact.

The work of God and all His wonderful doings spread from place to place. Dumb spirits were cast out, so that the mouths of those were opened to speak forth the praises of God, whose lips had been closed in silence all their lives, and a tide of blessing spread through the country all about.

THE TWO EVANGELISTS.

It was the custom in this country for settled pastors to have time given to them to go and help the feeble churches. Hearing of the work that was going on at Potosi, Mr. Holbroke, of ——— and another minister came over to help us. Seeing the great need of Evangelistic work in the place, and the spiritual hunger of the people, they consented to remain and hold a series of meetings if any suitable place could be found. The little log church, already built, was refused them, but a much larger log building was found, and the counters, shelves, stairway, etc., were taken out of it, and seats and desk put in. The people gave the necessary money joyfully, and worked at it with delight ; and it was quickly done.

The meetings began. The season was the worst of the year. Winter was breaking up, frost coming out of the ground, snow melting, rain falling, and the mud in the streets very deep, yet the house was full every night. A converted hotel-keeper had a good pair of horses and a stout wagon, and never were they put to better use than in bringing load after load of those who could not wade to the meeting; while those who could make their own way through mud and water did so. Three weeks the meetings went on, and a great work was done. The tide was rising still, but the ministers could remain no longer. They left, and now what was to be done?

The Lord solved the question. My husband in this emergency was laid hold upon by the brethren, who said, "You must take the lead; try and give us a sermon next Sunday, and we will sustain you by prayer."

"I cannot preach," was the reply.

"Then do what is very much better for us here, give us a talk; there are plenty of hungry souls to be fed."

Thus pushed forward, he took his stand in the desk on the following Sunday, and I shall never forget how my heart beat with fearful anxiety lest he should break down. The text was, "Adam, where art thou?" I must say I was thankful when all the hiding places of the soul had been laid before the people and the discourse ended; it was a relief to know that my dear husband had got through, and found plenty to say. I fear in that first attempt at pulpit oratory I was too much occupied with how he should get through to think much about the people. And there was no need of anxiety, for it was all written out, and there was nothing to prevent him from reading what was before him.

Being thus led out, my husband went to work to build a house of worship, as the present place had become too

small to accommodate the people. The money for this was not obtained by bazaars, concerts, or entertainments of any kind, but collected from the men of the town. The saloon-keepers gave towards it, and no one at the card table thought of refusing to aid in this work. They would lay aside their cards, and write down their names in the subscription book in the most business-like way, then return to their occupation without in the least appearing to have been disturbed.

The house was built of brick, a good substantial building. Many a man was drawn into it because he had an interest in it as a subscriber; so more of these men were finally brought into the fold of Christ than ever could have been, had they not given their money towards the building of this place of worship. While my husband was pushing forward with the building, and taking charge of the Sunday services, he longed more than ever to be wholly free from all business trammels. And before the completion of the church, the Lord in infinite wisdom opened the way, and led him out, free from debt, and from all liabilities of every kind. It was a happy release, and he now went forward as being practically the leader and pastor.

Meanwhile the people were very desirous to have him ordained as a minister of the Gospel, that thus he might be able to administer all the ordinances of the sanctuary. The presbytery of the United Congregational and Presbyterian Churches, meeting at a neighbouring town, were in session; and my husband, pressed by the people as well as by the circumstances in which the Lord had placed him, went forward, and was ordained.

All seemed united and happy in this arrangement, both pastor and people. The Lord continued to bless the little church gathered in this wilderness; souls were added, and many desperately wicked men and women were brought

into the fold. Two Irishwomen, who had been drinking and fighting in the streets so fiercely as to draw blood, were among the number added to the fold of God, and became active in bringing others in to be saved. There were also visitations of judgment at this time. One man, who was passing the little church while it was in process of building, cursed the people at work upon it, and used blasphemous language which it was awful to hear. Before that same hour next day he was in eternity, struck dead by the God whom he had defied.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WORK.

The Mormons were troublesome. They came to the meetings and would persist in giving out their own place and hour of gathering, after this fashion: "A Mormon Elder will hold a meeting, in which you will hear the Bible explained in the light of the new discoveries of the Mormon Church," or something to that effect. They seemed to have an influence upon those who were awakened and had begun to enquire after the truth, and some who were under conviction were drawn quite away. They were beguiled into thinking the Mormon must be right, because for a whole hour he quoted or read from the Bible, one part after another, without note or comment. "So very Scriptural," the ignorant would say; "I like all that from the Bible; what the Word of God says must be true." And some of the listeners were persuaded to be immersed, which, in every instance, put an end to all their serious impressions, as they were taught that all their sins were washed away by this observance.

One man, who was a very sober, honest, steady man of business, a moral man but not seeing the need of the blood of Jesus, was awakened. The Spirit strove with him

until he lost all appetite, and became ill with fever. When he was convalescent we prayed with him and talked to him every day. Sometimes he seemed on the point of yielding himself to God, but something kept him back. We found that the Mormons were coming daily to see him, and he was vacillating, sometimes believing that he must accept salvation through the Blood, and then, turning from the Cross, he would be drawn to follow his natural inclination to be saved by doing something. Finally he said, "I must try the Mormon plan," and nothing that could be said was of the least avail to turn him from his purpose. He was immersed, and much gibberish was said over him, and many promises made to encourage his faith in Mormonism. But, alas ! from the day he yielded to their persuasions he became hardened against God. In fact, afterwards he went from bad to worse, until in less than a year he died, blaspheming God.

This was a lawless place, and there were terrible forms of sin with which to contend. Though Wisconsin was not a slave state, men, in spite of the law, held slaves in bondage, and they were so hardened in heart that it did not seem possible to approach them. The pro-slavery feeling was very strong ; many of the people having come from the South, full of prejudice against abolition. Potosi was accessible to the slave-holder ; he could come up the Mississippi river bringing his slaves with him, and, in this lawless place, be protected by public sentiment which is often stronger than law.

One case grieved us greatly, that of a Mulatto woman, who took in washing. She was most valuable in the community, where it was almost impossible to get anything of the kind done. She had been converted, and was a great favourite with all whom she served. Hearing that her

master was going back to the South, she became alarmed, and we had promised to protect her from this cruel man. He however, seeing she was afraid, told her she could be quiet, he should not take her back with him. Thus he managed to lull all our fears, and then carried his point in this way. He waited until a steamer was at the landing, then took the mother and children by night, and driving furiously down to the river, held a whip over her head, threatening to kill her and his own children if either uttered a word. Thus was she dragged back into the darkness of slavery with her little ones, and to what, God only knows ! What notes of gratitude rise from the hearts of those who have witnessed even a very little of the evils of slavery, knowing it is done with ; that slavery no more exists in the United States. Praise the Lord !

CHAPTER V.

HIGHER LIFE EVANGELISM IN A SCHOOL OF
THE PROPHETS.

ALTHOUGH so pleasantly situated with the little congregation gathering at Potosi, and although amply sustained,—all our temporal needs being supplied by them,—nevertheless, my husband felt deeply his need of culture and of special training for his work, and yearned for an opportunity of going to some theological school where he could take a full course of study. God answered his prayers by a very unlooked-for series of events.

Near the middle of the second year of his ministry, when he was about thirty-four years of age, an agent of the Wisconsin Anti-Slavery Society came to Potosi and asked for the use of the Church, in order to speak to the people in the name of the Lord, on behalf of the poor slaves of the South. It was not in my husband's heart to refuse, though he knew that excitement must follow. A demagogue, seeing that he could make political capital of this, took the matter up, challenged the stranger to a public

discussion, and soon raised so great a storm that the man's life was in danger.

My husband had taken part in the discussion on the side of liberty, and now took the stranger to his own house for protection ; and soon the storm passed over sufficiently for him to be sent away in safety. But from that day the tide of popular feeling turned, and ceased to set towards the church, and Mr. Boardman saw at once that this was the opportunity for which he had been longing. As soon as provision could be made to supply his place, he struck his tent and departed.

LANE SEMINARY IN OHIO,

Was the school of his choice, and there the welcome he received was very hearty, and peculiar respect was paid to him. No doubt the knowledge of the work the Lord had already done by him in Potosi, paved the way for the work He purposed to do through him at Lane. Nevertheless it was all very different from what we had anticipated. My husband had taken it for granted that a "School of the prophets" would be all alive, and full of interest in all the experimental realities of faith. It was a sad surprise to find the whole drift of thought and aspiration setting, not toward the Lord, nor toward a deeper personal acquaintance with God, but rather toward the acquisition of such knowledge as should make eloquent orators, or professional scholars ; men who should be great before their fellow men, rather than instruments wholly yielded up to God for His use.

My husband saw that there was a necessity for evangelistic work amongst Christians, and that to be effectual, it should be especially amongst the young men preparing for the ministry. The opportunity presented was a grand one.

Here were sixty-six young men associated together in the same place and the same pursuit, all looking forward to be engaged in the ministry of the Gospel, some of them intending to remain with him in the school three years, some two, and none of them less than one year—yet he alone among them all possessed the great secret of the real presence of Christ within the heart, as a living Saviour from the dominion of sin. He alone knew Jesus also as a constant and faithful Keeper of that which is committed to Him.

It did not take long to show that there were mountains of difficulty on every side, impossible of removal to any but the Lord Himself; my husband, therefore, betook himself to prayer without ceasing on this behalf. Two very distinct requests were pressed daily at the throne of mercy; the one was for wisdom—seeing his own need of it, so to speak and act as to *win* his fellow-students and not excite their prejudices; and the other was for the interposition of God's power to remove the difficulties. But alas! the mountains seemed to grow instead of falling down, and the necessity of wisdom from God was still more deeply apprehended from day to day. Encouraged by the *promise* of wisdom given in James, and the *gift* of wisdom to Solomon, he set himself to follow the example of Daniel, and waited on the Lord, taking no "pleasant food," for three weeks, with heart uplifted for those two things, wisdom and the power of the Holy Spirit.

FIRST FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT AT THE SEMINARY.

The three full weeks came and went without my husband seeing any distinct answer to either the one or the other of these petitions. Then he became convinced that nothing *he* could do would bring down the blessing so much needed. And at the end of his fasting, having come to the end of

self-effort, he accepted his *helplessness*, and accepted God's power to work, thus entering into rest respecting the students for whom he had been burdened. This, the moment of man's extremity, proved to be God's opportunity. The Lord said to him, as He said to Daniel: "From the *first day* thou didst set thine heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard." The following is his own record of God's teaching at this time:—

"The twenty-first day of my abstinence came on the day set apart for prayer for colleges. The dinner hour of that day was given up by a fellow student and myself to prayer instead of eating. We were bowed together in my room. As the hour drew to its close, whilst waiting before the Lord, He sweetly unfolded to me the fact, that *Jesus with me, was my Wisdom*, and that *Jesus with me, was my Power*. I had been seeking *imparted* wisdom and power *in myself*, just as I had once sought sanctification in myself, but now I found embodied Wisdom and Power *in Jesus*. My heart was at rest; *at rest in Jesus*. I saw that with such a Saviour always at hand to counsel and direct me, I need never lack wisdom for any emergency into which He might bring me; and I saw that in the hands of such a Leader and Commander, His cause would not suffer, nor would His followers lack any amount of power for whatever work He should give them to do. Oh, how sweet was now the rest of my heart in Jesus! My burden was all gone; my soul was all buoyant; my mourning was ended, and my heart was singing from morning till night, and from night till morning. Thus it was that my wonderful Teacher taught me the lesson of

"SERVICE BY FAITH.

"I had been overwhelmed with my responsibilities and desires. Now, although I still stood alone, I had turned

over all my responsibilities to my great Burden-bearer, and had a heart as light as if there had been nothing to do or to desire—yea, far lighter, for it was full of delight. Thenceforth, I no more carried the burden of the Lord's work, but He carried me, burden and all, and my only burden was the burden of joy.

“And what did the Lord do as to His own work? And how was it as to wisdom for the difficulties before me? While teaching me this lesson of rest in Him, the Lord Himself had been working, and convincing some of the students of the necessity of being fully yielded to God for the work of the ministry.

“One of them came to our house as an enquirer, humbled and dispirited. His fellow students and the Faculty, the seminary social circle, all knew S—— as the greatest worker for the Lord among them. Once before, when in spiritual distress he had sought from a minister some help out of his difficulties, the advice he received was that he should work yet more earnestly, and in the press of work his doubts for the time disappeared.

“But when the power of God was manifest in the seminary, and he had tangible proof that a life, which he had not before known, was becoming the blessed experience of others, he was at once upon the stretch after it. He came to me with the question, ‘What shall I do?’

“‘What have you been doing?’

“‘Working’

“‘It is trusting, not working, by which God has ordained to save sinners.’

“‘What! Do you say that working to save others will not deliver me from my own sins?’

“‘I do. Work is not the Saviour, Jesus alone can save; works spring from faith, not faith from works.’

“ ‘Do you say that praying and fasting, reading the Bible, and teaching others to do so, will not, under Jesus, save my soul from the power of corruption?’

“ ‘I do say just that. Your own work for yourself or others can never save your soul. You are rejecting Jesus the only Saviour, and putting your own imperfect and polluted work in His stead; not, it is true, as your merit, but as the power by which God is to save you. Jesus alone is the Saviour, and trust in Him alone is the condition upon which He saves.’

“ The effect of this one moment’s conversation was overwhelming to poor S——. Every prop upon which he was leaning seemed to be suddenly stricken from under him. His footing seemed in one instant to have changed from the firmness of the solid rock to the mobility of quicksand. He threw himself back in his arm-chair, clasped his hands over his face, and a convulsive shiver shook his manly frame from head to foot in every muscle. He grew pallid and horror-stricken, rolled up his eyeballs convulsively, and exclaimed hoarsely, huskily catching for breath like one in the agonies of sudden death, ‘I am sinking, I am sinking—into hell!’

“ I was confounded for a moment, then most affectionately and urgently assured S—— that he could not sink into hell, Jesus was with him and would save him; but all in vain. Constrained at last to leave him to himself and the Saviour, with a subdued and saddened spirit I went to my own quarters, to bear the poor fellow up before the mercy seat. Next morning I found S—— pale but peaceful, stripped of all glorying and trusting in works, and resting now upon Jesus, humbled, quiet, and subdued. He lived to work on, revival after revival crowned his labours. But he will never again put his works in the place of Jesus as his Saviour from sin.”

MR. L——'S EXPERIENCE.

He had a prominent place in the seminary, and was very much interested in all that he heard of the deeper life in Christ. He became convinced that he did not possess what he heard Mr. S—— and others speak about. Mr. Boardman put the following question to him in a very direct way: "What is your thought upon this subject? Do you believe that every Christian may have this experience of deliverance from all their besetting sins?"

"I know brother S—— has found out some secret of which I am ignorant. I cannot understand what it is. But I know I need deliverance from depression, which at times comes upon me like a nightmare, and unfits me for all my duties."

"From that, brother, you may have perfect deliverance. It is not the Lord who oppresses or depresses you, but Satan; and if you will give over all your own care of this, and accept Jesus to deliver, He will free you entirely."

"But I tell you honestly that I fear if I were to come into this, it would make me unpopular with the Faculty, for they do not altogether approve of what is going on, especially Professor A——. He seems to be actually opposed, while the others are looking on with fear lest something heterodox should grow out of it. You see I should not like to be out of joint with them."

"But, brother, it will not do to regard man more than God. You cannot come into this glorious experience without sacrificing your reputation. We cannot believe so long as we 'receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only.'"

"Yet," replied Mr. L——, "this would make one so peculiar, so different to other Christians. It seems a separation from everything and everybody one holds dear. I

find it much more difficult to give up all now than I did at the time of my conversion. Then my friends prayed that I might be brought out of all my sceptical notions. I foresee now only opposition from these very friends who desired my conversion, who helped and encouraged me, and congratulated me upon coming into the Kingdom. I am sure I shall be branded as a fanatic if I take this stand and come out openly."

"This is so," said my husband. "The Holy Spirit has revealed to you the true position of things, and you must choose for yourself whether it shall be a life of ups and downs, without joy, without salvation from the power of sin; or a life of blessed continuous victory, with the consciousness of a real personal Saviour always with you, making heaven in your soul by His divine presence."

"I see the difference; but I fear in that case no church would receive me as a pastor. I have looked forward to a large sphere, as pastor of some influential church in the city, for which my friends think I have the talent. I shall soon be through my course here, so you see how all my future prospects would be dashed to pieces."

"Yes, that is all true, dear brother. You have such a position opened before you, as perhaps no other student here has or can have; but with Jesus as your Head, and enthroned in your heart, an obscure life in the far West would outshine all your bright prospects without Jesus filling the true place in your life. There is nothing worth living for if Christ does not occupy the throne of your affections, as the very God of love and peace. He can put an end to all ambition. I myself had quite as much as you have, but without your opportunities of having it gratified, for I had neither your talent nor your influence among the church authorities; but the Lord has graciously taken it from me—praise His name!"

"I have opened my heart freely to you, dear Boardman," replied Mr. L——, "as I never before did to anyone, and I tell you I cannot sleep at night for thinking of all this, I feel such a pressure upon me; but I am not yet prepared for the surrender."

They parted, but that very evening this brother found his way back to our house so burdened, that he exclaimed as soon as seated, "Brother Boardman, I shall die if I do not have this experience! I cannot live another hour without it; I am willing now to make the fullest surrender of all to the Lord; what else shall I do?"

Now that L—— had come to the point of *consecration* and full surrender, it was easy to lead him on to the place of faith, and to show him that he had nothing to do but drop into the Lord's hands. He did so, and found peace and joy in believing.

EXPERIENCE OF MR. H——.

Among the students there was one young man whom God had endowed with many gifts, and who had become exceedingly anxious to have the blessing he saw some of his fellow students enjoying. But there seemed to be a hindrance; something stood in his way. Although naturally frank and open-hearted, yet there was a reserve about him which quite puzzled my husband. Time after time he came and went away without getting one ray of light. We were greatly interested in his case, and were often in prayer for him, beseeching the Lord to bring him out into full liberty. We had not then learned, what the Lord has since taught us, that when we ask we are to believe that we receive, and we shall have. The Lord however answered our prayer, and the secret was revealed; Mr. H—— was engaged to be married to one who was not a decided Christian, and he suffered under the thought that he must

give her up. His heart rebelled against doing this, and yet he knew that he could not lead a consecrated life if this lady should become his wife. Then again, he did not see how he could honourably relinquish the engagement, so that his bondage was not merely the silken thread, he was in real iron fetters as well. But at last he told out his heart-trial, and my husband assured him that he need have no difficulty whatever. He advised him to write to his friend, and tell her that his mind was impressed with the fact that God was calling him to a sphere of labour very different from that which he had marked out for himself,—that instead of seeking a rich congregation in some large town, he felt called to go either to the foreign field as a missionary, or to labour for the Master in some part of the West, where labourers were much needed. He also advised him to ask her frankly, if she thought she could give up all she would be obliged to surrender, in order to accompany him? Thus the great difficulty was solved. Mr. H. saw that this course would be right and honourable; his heavenly Father must be first, and it was his determination to let Him have the entire control of his future life. He therefore put the whole matter into God's hands, leaving the result with Him. This done, every hindrance disappeared, all was on the Altar, and he felt himself a free man. From that hour he entered into the liberty wherewith God makes His people free, and left the house, strong in the sweet consciousness of the presence of a risen Saviour. He went to his room and wrote the letter, but just after it was posted, he received one from the young lady, saying that she had not been pleased with his last letters, and she feared he was becoming righteous over much; that he had hinted something about a foreign field of labour which she did not quite understand. She finished her letter saying,

that if he was willing to drop all further correspondence, she for her part should prefer doing so.

The Bible had for years been a very great delight to Mr. H——, but the morning after this full surrender of that which had been nearly as dear to him as his own soul, he opened the Word with fresh delight. His eye fell on these words, "They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thine House ; and Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures. For with Thee is the fountain of life ; in Thy light shall we see light." And again in the sixty-third psalm, " My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness ; and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips." He afterwards said that when he took up his Bible to find any passage, he was like a little boy sent on an errand who, going through a garden of flowers and fruits, stopped to pluck the fruit and pick the flowers ; his attention was so arrested by the beauties lying along his pathway, that he quite forgot what he had on his mind when he first started out.

A volume might be filled with illustrations of the work of grace wrought by God among the students of Lane Seminary, for these were but the first fruits. Several of them left, the first year of our stay there, to go forth and proclaim the truth as the Lord had taught them, knowing that He had said, " Lo, I am with you alway," and, " Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save *His people* from their sins."

Our house soon became the resort of those whose hearts were opened. Very often our little room was filled with those wishing to have a private meeting, and the neighbours, who were interested, felt quite hurt that they were not invited to partake of the fatness of His House. But alas ! the lack of room was a difficulty not easily overcome, and thus the

students found it quite necessary not to let us know when they were coming, lest the room should be over filled.

No other three years of my husband's life bore the like fruit. It does not often fall to the lot of man to have such a glorious opportunity. Those were wonderful years. So far from being time lost as to actual work and present fruitage, it may be questioned whether so much could have been accomplished in the same time, in any work anywhere in the world. Three classes of students, sixty-six in all, passed out of the Seminary into the ministry direct from the atmosphere of this remarkable work. Two other classes entered and came under its influence. All these felt the pressure, but all did not make the necessary surrender, for many refused to yield to the truth. But from year to year the work was continued. Who can tell the good thus disseminated through the church and the world?

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE IN GREENFIELD.



AFTER finishing his three years' course of study at Lane Seminary, Mr. Boardman felt a very great desire for missionary work. The harder the field of labour, and the greater the difficulties to be overcome, the better pleased would he be, as he saw in the Lord such possibilities for overcoming every obstacle.

Accordingly, in the year 1846 we set out for the far West, to seek a wilderness home, where the ground had never been broken. Central Indiana was our choice, it being specially destitute of all religious privileges. On arriving at Indianapolis, Mr. Boardman made his way to the house of Henry Ward Beecher, with whom he was acquainted, and expressed to him his desire of having a *hard* mission field, where no one else was willing to labour. In his peculiarly jocose way, Mr. Beecher replied (without thinking for a moment that Mr. Boardman would really go to such a spot), "There's a place called Greenfield, about twenty miles from here, so sickly no one can stay there; every one suffers from the miasma, as the country for twenty miles

round is low and flat, in some places quite marshy, and even the cattle die of liver complaint! Don't you think you had better go there? It would be a good field for hardships to be endured, and you seem to think that important."

"But there are people living there, are there not?"

"Yes," said Mr. Beecher, "there are very large farms there, for the land is so rich and productive that it is no trouble to cultivate it; but then, after rich ingatherings of fruit and grain, they have no market to dispose of the produce. I should think *that* would be the place for *you*." This was said with a peculiar sort of ironical smile.

"Yes, that *is* just the place for me; the Lord will take care of our health." At once my husband made up his mind that Greenfield should be the sphere of his future labours, and, the Lord opening the way, we found ourselves ere long settled in a cottage, with a very wide field of labour open before us, and no one to interfere.

The arrangement made with brethren, who were interested in building up the cause of Christ in this place, was, that he should have half his time to go on missions to other spiritual deserts. The roads in winter being impassable for any vehicle, the travelling from place to place was most difficult and could only be accomplished on horseback, by which means Mr. Boardman and I travelled in that year five hundred miles through perilous floods, and numberless impediments of mud and ice. The mail was brought strongly fastened to a beam, between two immense wheels, drawn by oxen, who slowly trod their way, often through the frozen mud.

SEED BY THE WAYSIDE.

Many a time, when threatened with an attack of the fever of the country, and scarcely able to hold up my head,

I have set off with my husband on one of these perilous journeys, when we have been compelled to travel quite late at night, in order to reach the place of our destination, to fulfil an engagement. Doubtless our lives were preserved by these journeys, dangerous as they seemed at the time. The exercise and change of air counteracted the effects of the deadly miasma.

I remember one night, after having ridden over thirty miles, I became so worn and exhausted as to be scarcely able to keep the saddle. It seemed impossible to go another step; I cared not if I did drop off the horse, and was ready to lie down on the ground by the road side. My husband was desirous of reaching the town, in order to meet his engagement, and he did all he could to keep me up, by talking of such things as at another time would have greatly interested me. Then we tried changing horses, and I was put on the man's saddle, in the hope of being relieved by a change of position, but I was too far exhausted to rally. We passed several cabins but no one could take us in for the night; every place was full. One after another said, "A mile or two from here there is a house where you will find accommodation." And oh, what miles! Each one seemed like ten at least! After being so often refused, we were thankful when a woman let us in to stay for the night. On getting off my horse I fell flat on the ground, and was taken up and carried into the house. The woman took her children out of a bed in one corner of the room, and thankful was I to find this place, where I threw myself down to rest for the night, with all my clothes on, too weary even to eat. I slept soundly, to awake in the morning finding myself very worn and stiff.

She was truly a kind-hearted woman to put herself to so much inconvenience in allowing us a shelter for the night.

I felt deeply for her soul, as I saw she had no religious privileges whatever. And when she replied to some question put to her, that she did not need a Saviour, and could not thank Him for having died for her, I felt most sad. "How could God punish the like of me," she continued, "when I would not harm a living creature?"

"I thought at one time exactly as you do. I felt I was very good, but the Lord let me see what a terrible sinner I was in His sight, just because I did not care that Jesus had died for me."

"Well, if you were doing the best you could, how were you sinning?" And without waiting for an answer she turned away to attend to something else, not taking in what I had said.

I felt so sad in thinking of her condition, that I could not keep back the tears. She saw my tears; her heart was touched. She turned back and said, "I hope I didn't hurt your feelings, did I? I'm real sorry if I did."

"O that's nothing," I sobbed out, "I am sorry to be so weak, but Jesus has done so much for me. I am overwhelmed when I look back upon the time when I thought exactly as you do. If you only knew what love and beauty there is in Jesus, and what brightness He can bring into the life, if you could but have His love shed abroad in your heart, you would see how blessedly this cabin would be lighted up by His presence. Heaven would seem so glorious, you would be looking forward into its beauties. If you were converted you would see everything in respect to God so differently. All would be so changed."

"But I tell you honestly I can't believe I am a sinner. I can't think it would be right in God to do anything bad to me, when I wouldn't do a wrong thing."

"Now suppose," I continued, "some one in whom you

had very great confidence, should come and tell you of a beautiful palace where you might go and live, and have everything your heart could desire ; but one thing was necessary in order to reach it. You must travel there the way the owner had marked out. It was a very easy way when once you got into it, but you saw other ways that looked to be far better, so you kept on the way you chose,—would you ever reach the palace ? ”

“ Don't suppose I should.”

“ Just so there is but one way to get to heaven, and the Owner of all has a perfect right to mark out that way. God's way is by the blood of Jesus. He says, ‘ Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin,’ therefore, you cannot get to heaven in any other way.”

“ Now that's something I could never like to hear about. It is the most unreasonable thing, to think of the blood of Jesus being necessary for salvation ; I cannot see into it.”

“ No, you never will unless the Holy Spirit shows you. But will you promise to ask the Lord to show you the truth?—and believe that He will? Now give me the promise,” I continued, as I saw my husband coming with the horses.

She made the promise, and said she would never rest until she knew for herself whether these things were so. I never saw her after this, but was assured that the Lord had sown seed in her heart, that would spring up and bear fruit.

It was but four miles farther on to the town where my husband was to hold meetings, and thankful were we to arrive in time for the morning gathering.

This part of the country was principally settled by Southerners who had come up here to live, so as to avoid the terrible influences of slavery upon themselves and their

families. They were kind and hospitable, but their wives knew scarcely anything about housekeeping. They were all great readers, keeping up intercourse with the outer world by quantities of newspapers which reached them from different parts of the country. The soil was ready for seed to be sown, and we were permitted to see some of it spring up in resurrection life. The places we visited seemed ready for blessing. The "household of faith" became established by seeing the life-giving power in Christ Jesus, and sinners were saved.

In many localities visited churches had been formed, and houses of worship erected. Very often one minister had the charge of two churches, where he preached alternate Sabbaths. It was customary for ministers to have several days' service before communion, which was celebrated four times a year. Usually these days were given up to the worship of God, and all work put aside, reminding one of the feasts of the ancient people of God, when they went three times a year to Jerusalem to worship in His holy temple. We profited by these occasions to preach a full salvation, and to deal individually with many souls. Christians desirous of being saved from sinning, and of having their spiritual life invigorated, were most anxious to know how they might be made alive in Christ Jesus, and see Him in all the freshness of His beauty, as they heard described by those who understood His healing and keeping power. And many receptive ones were led on to take Jesus as their Saviour, to save and keep them in their daily walk.

FORDING A RIVER.

All through the winter months our journeyings were often attended with considerable peril as, for instance, when we had come one night to the water's edge, and gone on into

the stream, which was easy to ford in the summer time, but was now rendered quite impassable by the rains, which had turned the shallow stream into a raging torrent. We soon found, on riding into the water, that it came up to the saddle girths, and, not being able to see the opposite shore, we retraced our steps, and returned to a house we had passed. As we rode up, and my husband shouted to the inmates, a woman opened the door, and stood there with a child on each side of her; we could see her distinctly, while the darkness hid us from her. It was impossible, she replied, to accommodate any one; her husband was away, and she could not think of admitting strangers, being quite alone with her little children. I exclaimed, "You will be obliged to let *me* come in, for I cannot hold up my head another minute; and I can sleep on the floor."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "You have a woman there; I thought it was only men. Come in by all means, and I'll make you as comfortable as I can."

We entered, and found her very kind; a bed was provided for us in an unfinished room, and in the morning, although feeling very stiff, I managed to get on my horse, and again ride down to the ford. Crossing the stream was no trifling affair, the neighbours turning out to assist. Our horses were tied together, and the largest horse that could be found was mounted by one of the company, who led the others through, while a boat took us across with our saddles and luggage. It was clear to all that, had we persisted in trying to cross the previous night, we must have lost our lives owing to the force of the current. Thus mercifully preserved, and safely over the perils of the way, we soon reached the town, and in less than an hour found many thankful to God for bringing us in safety to them.

We had been expected the evening before; but the people had a profitable time in seeking the blessing of the Lord on our meetings. The days spent here were most precious in fruitage. Ministers from the adjacent towns had come for the very purpose of receiving something from the Lord, and many were led out of the bondage of sin to find perfect satisfaction in Jesus, as a full and complete Deliverer.

A MINISTER LED INTO THE LIGHT.

In one of the Western towns, which had grown up very rapidly to be a large place, the Lord worked gloriously. Mr. T——, the minister of quite a large Presbyterian church, was a slave to the use of tobacco. He had been greatly interested in reading accounts of the conversion and sanctification of some of those who lived in the days of Wesley; and hearing that my husband taught that one could be saved from besetting sins, he sent for us to come and hold meetings for a few days in his church. He had great influence among his people, as he was very kind. He had also a keen sense of humour, and was full of fun. We had not been long in his house before he frankly confessed that he was very dependent upon his pipe, and yet he knew that in this he was not setting a bright example to the flock, over whom the Lord had placed him. He said he had tried, perhaps hundreds of times, to get rid of the habit, but after spending several days each time in torment to himself, as well as to those around him, he had returned to the use of it, and was quite irritated if any one spoke to him concerning this indulgence. "And I have finally given up trying to do anything more with myself; I feel as helpless as an infant. Can you prescribe for me, Brother Boardman?"

"O yes, for you have come to the position where the Lord will meet you. It is when a man has given up all

hope in himself that the Lord meets him, and undertakes all for him. Let Jesus have the whole care of this habit, and He will take away every particle of desire for it, and you will go free. But you must trust Him fully."

"But you do not mean to say that I shall not *desire* it? Why I should be like one who had been imprisoned for eighteen years, who was suddenly taken out into liberty! Why I should not know what to do with myself! I am happy at the very thought of it."

"Make up your mind," answered Mr. Boardman, "that it shall be victory or death; that you will have done with it for ever; put it over into the hands of the Lord, and venture fully upon Him for this, as you did for salvation in the first place."

"It's done," replied Mr. S——, as he went to a cupboard by the side of the fire place, and took out all his pipes, cigars and tobacco, and threw them into the fire. "I never have had such clearing out work as this before, but I see it is necessary to be thorough. Now I have done my part, the Lord must do the rest, and He will; of course He will save me out and out, He must want to do it." He burst forth in a song of praise, for he was very fond of singing, and was a capital leader in the meetings which he afterwards attended.

He never wearied of telling how Jesus had saved him from this appetite, as well as from anxiety and irritability which had been his besetting sins; and he said in one of the meetings, which he attended some weeks after he had come into the light, "I have seen more of the work of the Holy Spirit amongst my people in these last weeks, than I have in all the ten years of my ministry. I do not speak of conversions, the Lord has given me souls all along, but He has wonderfully moved the church to seek for spirituality, and

our prayer meetings are quite another thing. He has sent such life into our hearts, such hope for something different from this life for self, which characterises those children of God who are not saved from sin."

This brother's influence was felt far and near, for he was an out and out man, and very independent. He was a great help in these Higher-life meetings, which he would travel miles to attend.

The days passed quickly, notwithstanding the hardships we met with; and indeed, they were very real sometimes; especially when we came to a stream, and found that thin ice had formed since the last vehicle had passed through. The horses were taught to push away the ice, but sometimes they did not understand, and would try to leap upon it, and thus endanger the life of the riders. It was with terror that I saw my husband's horse leap up in this way, as he rode before me into a stream, to make a passage for me to follow. Seeing how fractious his horse was, I turned mine back, and was soon on the shore we had left, where I could watch my husband's movements, with my heart in terrible commotion.

Oh, what a relief when he gave up trying, and returned to take my horse, who knew his work, and would push his breast against the ice and so part it. I followed on the other timid animal, keeping close behind, and we arrived in safety on the other side.

Yes, there were perils by water, perils by mud, and perils by cold, for at one time my nose and forehead were frozen, so that I had to put my face into cold water to draw out the frost before going near the fire.

The spring came, bursting forth in all its resurrection life of beauty, but we found that the year's work had told upon us; fever and ague set in, and neither of us could rally.

The thought of leaving Greenfield was forced upon my husband, who concluded we could not encounter another winter there. In fact, when the hot weather set in, we were quite unable to do anything.

It did not take long for Mr. Boardman to decide the next step, as the doctor had said we must go East. Before he left Lane Seminary he had thought of attending a six months' course of lectures at Yale, in New Haven, Conn., which was the oldest theological college in the United States, but he so strongly felt the call to labour in the Home Mission work that he put this thought aside for the time. Now that he must go East, he felt the time had come for him to carry out this desire, and attend the lectures of Professor Taylor. He also thought that the Lord would open to him just the same work He had permitted him to do at Lane Seminary; and rejoiced in the prospect of working among the theological students at Yale, as he had done there.

With this prospect before him we bid farewell to the people, and took a last look at the neat little church which my husband had been enabled to complete for the worship of God here, and turned our faces eastward to enter upon a very different life amongst an entirely different class of people.

LIFE AT OLD YALE.

Although happy in doing what we knew was the will of the Lord for us at this time, it was with feelings of regret that we yielded to the necessity for leaving the vast West, and especially our field of labour at Greenfield and the country round, and go where there was such an abundance of labourers. Still there were but few who could tell the people of God how to be saved from sin; very few who understood what was the power of an indwelling personal

Saviour. And this we felt was the work God called us to do wherever we should be placed. The Lord had saved souls and established His own people in Greenfield and other places. In Centreville, a village not far from Greenfield, a church had been formed which was supplied by the occasional visits of ministers. In the county in which we lived twenty Sunday schools had been formed, and a blessed work was going on in each place. Each school was supplied with a small library of books given by some large City Sunday School, as they sent their old books out to destitute places whenever they renewed their libraries.

It was not long after we had fairly decided to leave, before we turned our faces eastward, on our way to this old, famous seat of learning. After travelling some days and nights, we were soon settled into our resting place in the city of New Haven, which seemed to us exceedingly beautiful, the more so, probably, from its contrast to the rough, western country where we had been living.

Here was rest, O so sweet to us both, after the hard work in the Home Missionary field; nor were we afraid to accept this quiet time, since we were both very much worn down.

Very delightful service opened at once to my husband, he being invited to occupy such country pulpits in the neighbourhood as were vacant for the time being; and almost every Sabbath he was called to take the place of one or another absent pastor. He became greatly invigorated in health, and no doubt the change was, under God, the means of prolonging his life. But we found no such general interest in the subject of the Higher Life as we had seen while at Lane Seminary. The Lord seldom meets our expectations by repeating the same thing, or letting us pass through the same order of events. To be

sure, there were individuals led into this deeper life, but the mass of Christians were quite satisfied to go on in the usual way, and live in the seventh of Romans, instead of stepping on into the eighth. In fact it was thought by most, if not all, of the orthodox Church to be presumptuous, and lacking in humility, for any one to speak with assurance of salvation! The children of God never ventured to express more than a "hope," this was the term used to express their standing in Christ: they "*hoped* they were saved," and it was with extreme caution that the oldest and most devoted children of God, whose lives were the most consistent, dared to express even that hope. We were regarded as both extravagant and very presumptuous to declare so boldly that we knew we had "passed from death unto life."

THE AWAKENING.

Not many miles from New Haven was a church, where a work of grace had been going on, and the minister, being desirous of knowing more about this teaching of the assurance of salvation, and having in his household one who had formerly known us, asked us to come over on a visit. My husband could not leave at the time, so he persuaded me to go without him, with the promise of joining me in a few days, if I found there was sufficient interest to warrant his leaving home.

I went there, and found a delightful New England home. The pastor and his wife were most cordial and kind in their reception of me. Having heard of our extraordinary views through this mutual friend, they at once questioned me as to the propriety of my being sure about the salvation of my soul. How did it accord with humility to say that I knew all about it? Was it not one of the greatest signs of humility to doubt? And was not the Bible very strong on this point

of being humble? My answer was, that I could no more help believing I was born again than I could help believing that I was born into this world, and that I had never tried to doubt it since I found God's Word taught us so plainly that unbelief was the greatest sin we could possibly commit. Since the Lord had revealed that what He wanted was our *trust* and full confidence, that we should believe Him ready to fulfil all that He had promised, I could see no reason for doubting.

It was very blessed to see how the Lord led this pastor and his precious wife to understand their privilege, and accept full and free pardon for all past offences, and salvation from the guilt and consequences of sin. It was indeed a glorious lighting up in their dwelling, nor did the work stop there, for the pastor began at once to tell his people how they too might know that they were born again, and have the greatest assurance of their salvation. His preaching made a great stir in the church; some of the leading members and oldest friends of the pastor became so alarmed that they actually left the church, saying they dare not listen to such false teaching, for there was no telling to what other errors it might lead. They felt sure some dreadful extravagances would be seen, and that the quiet, humble church members would become puffed up with wonderful notions of their own goodness. But all this uproar and opposition did not move the pastor one whit, for nothing could take from him the blessed peace he had come into, through being fully assured of his safety in Christ. He had the witness in himself, and dared to rejoice that his "name was written in the Lamb's book of Life."

And not only did he see his privilege of believing God's Word that he had passed from death unto life, but he was quite ready to step on into the "life more abundant."

Shortly after my visit, my husband was invited to go for a few days and hold a series of meetings; and the Lord so poured out His Holy Spirit that not a few knew that they were saved, and many also came to see Jesus as their Saviour from sin, and to rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free; and each one who came out told the story to others.

Again there came a division in the Church: but it was not disbanded nor did it fall to pieces, for the Lord added so many more members that it grew far beyond its former size, and was never so much alive, and never exerted such an influence before.

Many were filled with joy, and those who stood coldly aside were obliged to acknowledge that something very delightful had happened to some of their dearest friends, and if *they* could believe it was really orthodox they would not stand aloof. *Orthodoxy* was the greatest hindrance to these dear souls, it was a sort of God among them, and all teaching must be based upon what was considered "orthodox." This sentiment had gained power through a division that had arisen in the Congregational Church. Unitarian views had insidiously crept in, and a separation had taken place, the Congregational Church being called "The Orthodox Church," in contradistinction to the Unitarian, which had gone out from it. And it was not to be wondered at that those who were true to Jesus should fear any innovation, since nearly half their people had been swept away by this great error.

CHAPTER VII.

ORGANIZING SUNDAY SCHOOLS—A HIGHER
CHRISTIAN LIFE.



WHILE living in Newhaven an offer was made by the Sunday School Union to Mr. Boardman to engage in the work of supplying the great West with Mission Sunday Schools. It was very definitely laid before the Lord, and my husband was fully satisfied that it was a call from Him, as he saw in this field of labour a very great and important work open out before him. He had already seen the pressing need of very direct efforts for the establishment of Sunday Schools amongst the thinly scattered population, where not even the itinerant minister had found his way, and where the people had no means of grace of any kind. Having duly considered the matter, he entered this open door, and began at once to move in this direction.

In the year 1852 we returned to Michigan, which in that day was in great need of this very work. We pitched our tent in Detroit, our old home. It was a trial to leave the more direct work of teaching God's people the glorious truth of

salvation from sin, leading them to see the blessing, which is the privilege of all God's people. But afterwards, when we saw how much was done by laying the foundation of that which we knew would prove a blessing to thousands, we were convinced that God had indeed called us to this.

The work was quite small in its beginning. The first summer my husband spent in searching the country around us. Wherever there was a saw or grit mill attracting settlers, there he saw an opening. There was sure to be some man or woman in the neighbourhood who would begin by calling together both old and young, reading and giving them a Bible lesson, in which they would become interested. This would be the commencement of a Sunday School.

In one instance, Mr. Boardman came across a widow living on a farm which her husband had left her. This good woman was longing to have service of some kind for the Master. There was no preaching within seven miles of her farm. She hailed with delight the visit of a servant of God, and at once fell in with my husband's suggestion of having a Sunday School in her house. After prayer and consultation he left with her a small library of books. The next day she started forth with horse and buggy to let the people know of it, and when Sunday came she had ten scholars of different ages, from five to sixteen years old. A few months later on my husband called at her home to see how she was getting on, and was greatly pleased to find she had a room full of happy young people, some of whom had walked four and even five miles, often coming through the rain. They were very glad to use the Sunday School library, as books were not so abundant in that day as at the present time.

Schools commenced in this quiet way usually led on to something more important as the country became more

settled. The number attending them increased with the increase of the population, and then they would be obliged to adjourn to the district school-house, where the itinerant minister would hold an occasional service. Thus was laid the foundation of many a church.

The work grew in interest as various districts were aroused by the introduction of this new element. Lads of all sizes would be gathered in, and sometimes the older ones became unruly. I remember going at the request of a farmer's wife to commence a Sunday School in the district school-house quite near her dwelling. We found on entering the school-room that every seat was occupied. The boys and girls who were in the habit of attending this school during the week had come in full force. The seats rose one above another, and on the highest were six full-grown lads who were evidently intent on mischief. We felt rather appalled to see this array of young men, but found that we must proceed and ignore their presence. However, they began groaning at what was said, and laughing during the prayer. We concluded we must give up all hope of doing anything here in this school-house, and told the children that since these lads had come on purpose to break up the school, we would give up the place to them altogether, and adjourn to the house of Mrs. D——, who would open her own kitchen, which was a large room, and then admit only those who wished to attend. Upon hearing this, the leader of the band took his hat and went quickly out, the rest following as rapidly as they could, thus leaving us in quiet possession of the place. We went on, and had a very interesting hour with those who remained. Twenty-five names were taken down, and each one had a book to take home to keep for two weeks if they wished. This school was supplied with Sunday School books, and was most successfully carried on.

The way my husband began the work was most laborious. Often he would go on foot through some forest to reach an out-of-the-way settlement, when the roads were scarcely yet passable, to farms but newly commenced, to tell them the glad tidings of salvation, and get them started in forming a Sunday School. Usually, however, he went on horseback, and carried a bag of Sunday School books with him, which was always a very great attraction to the grown-up people as well as the children. By thus working indefatigably a good beginning was made, and all throughout Michigan Sunday Schools were formed, which were a power for good in every neighbourhood wherever they were established.

The second summer Colporteurs, called Sunday School Missionaries, were employed in this State.

ENLARGEMENT IN THE WORK.

The second winter gave birth to a movement which has been improved upon and enlarged until its power for good is felt throughout the Christian world.

The idea occurred to my husband of a Sunday School Convention, in which the teachers should be taught to teach, and the officers should learn the best methods of conducting Sunday Schools and managing libraries, as well as how to use the great power of song in the choice of appropriate hymns and tunes. He suggested it to Dr. Samuel H. Hall, then a pastor in Marshall, Michigan, and to Mr. Hovey K. Clarke, the superintendent of his Sunday School, and asked what they thought of it. They both replied, "Capital! Come here and try it." A programme was made out for a two days' convention, a call issued, and promptly responded to. The interest aroused by it was so great that invitations came from county after county saying,

"Give us also a convention." These calls were met, and so the winter was filled up with county Sunday School Conventions, bringing immense blessing to the churches as well as the schools, and the movement culminated in a grand State Sunday School Convention the following year. Thus began, as is believed, the Sunday School Convention system, which has now spread so widely and been so greatly improved upon.

The beginning of the third summer in this work of Sunday School organization, my husband was called to Philadelphia by the American Sunday School Union to take in-hand what was known as their "Students' Mission Service." This was the employment of theological students, during their summer vacation, in opening Sunday Schools in neglected districts, and visiting those already in existence; supplying alike the old and the new schools with Sunday School papers and libraries. This work grew in his hands. The number of students employed was increased from about thirty, to three hundred and seventy-six, the third year.

Amongst the number were T. De Witt Talmage, Edward Payson Hammond, and many others whose names are now widely known in the Christian world. More than five thousand Sunday Schools were organized during the three years of this service, and as many more were supplied with workers.

The following is a letter recently received from Mr. Hammond:—

"DEAR MRS. BOARDMAN,

"It gives me pleasure to write a few words in remembrance of your dear husband.

"I first met him in Philadelphia, where he was Secretary of the American Sunday School Union. That important position he filled with very great acceptance. During my

vacation in Williams' College, he sent me out to plant Sunday Schools beyond the Alleghany Mountains. He was at that time a man one could not forget. He had the same earnest spirit then as in later years. I learned to love him then, and have never ceased to do so.

"During all these years I have read with pleasure the numerous productions of his pen. In all parts of the world I am sure there are thousands who have been benefited by them. I once asked Rev. William Reid, the author of the 'Blood of Jesus,' a work that has been much blessed of God, what book had most influenced him. He pointed to a well-worn copy of the 'Higher Christian Life,' and said, 'Except the Bible, that book has inspired me to seek for higher attainments in the divine life more than any other I have ever read.' Many others, I have no doubt, have had a similar experience.

"I pray that the influence of his life of faith may stimulate others to a firmer trust in the promises of God's Word, and to the efficacy of the prayer of faith in Jesus' name.

"May the Lord comfort and sustain you in your great bereavement.

"Yours, in Him,

"E. P. HAMMOND."

After the third year, through the financial embarrassment of the Sunday School Union, it became necessary to curtail this service. My husband would willingly have enlarged this blessed work, but he could not consent to any material diminution, with so wide a field open before him. And in fact the work could only go on through enlargement. He therefore found it impossible, under these circumstances, to retain his position. He resigned his secretaryship, and retired from the service of the Sunday School Union.

GLOUCESTER CITY.

Why this place had "City" added to its name was never ascertained by us, excepting it may have been to distinguish it from a place of the same name in Massachusetts. It was anything but a city, either in size or appearance. It was situated on the flat shores of the Delaware river, opposite to Philadelphia, and was not only unattractive, but decidedly unhealthy.

One of Mr. Boardman's life-long principles was to seek those fields of labour which offered no great attraction, so as to induce others to wish for them. Once more at liberty, he cast about for a place where there was plenty of work, without such financial support as would make it desirable to any competent minister. This he found in Gloucester City.

Here stood a large, vacant house of worship, surrounded by a populous community, mostly workpeople in the cotton mills, print works, or china potteries. The congregation was very small, and the material support still smaller. There were scarcely any Christian workers, everybody seemed to be asleep, and yet here was all this mass of people to be reached. It was an undertaking to labour among them, for it was quite certain the people could not be reached from the pulpit, since the greater part of them never went into any place of worship at any time; the best way to interest them seemed to be that of forming classes, and so getting at them personally. So there was much visiting from house to house. And although there was no general interest awakened here, yet the Lord blessed these efforts, and souls were saved, as we found from letters received after we had left them. Several young men of Gloucester City lost their lives on the battle-field during the war with the South, and letters received from them, written by some kindly hand,

were sent on to tell us how happy they were in view of death, and how thankful they were to know their sins were forgiven, and that they were ready to go.

During those years in which we were engaged in the Sunday School work, there was a great pressure laid upon my heart to have a book written upon the subject of full salvation. I longed for the people of God more generally to know that there was this blessed and glorious definite experience for all who were willing to lead a life of separation from the world, and be united to Christ. And very often I urged my husband to write such a book. I tried to write one myself, and spent much time, thought, and prayer over the manuscript. But when I asked some friends who were publishers what they thought of it, they said if I would first write some stories for Sunday School libraries, I might learn to write such a very religious book as I had set my mind on. So I tried my hand at this, and succeeded in getting the first one accepted for publication by the Sunday School Union.

O how perfectly delighted I was with this, my first book. I do not know whether any other living mortal was pleased with it, but I know *one* who was. But this did not teach me how to write the book I wanted, so I went back to work on the old manuscript, all the while urging my husband to write himself, for I felt assured we were not spreading the knowledge God had given us of the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour from sin, as much as we might do for His Glory. I wrote enough to fill a large volume, and now I begged my husband to take the manuscript, correct, and have it published. Finally he was persuaded to leave his work, take the steamer to Boston and spend his time on the water in going over it before taking it to a friend, a publisher of religious works. When, however, my husband began to examine the

book, he saw that the form, being that of an essay, would certainly hinder its being read, and cause it to fall flat. It was then that the Lord flashed into his mind with perfect clearness the plan of a book which should set forth the truth in clear, simple, direct statements, illustrated by examples, as he afterwards worked it out.

After a short visit in Boston he returned home and set to work on

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE,

carrying out the conception of it which God had given him while on board the steamer. In three months, without any neglect of either pulpit or people, he had completed it, and was again on his way to Boston with his own manuscript, to be published by the same friend.

He remained in Boston until the first five hundred copies came from the binder's hands, and were sold as soon as received. The sale was rapid beyond all precedent in the class of solid Christian literature. It was impossible for many weeks to supply the demand. People thronged, and even waited outside the store in order to obtain the book, and while it was thus called for in America, it found its way across the great Atlantic, and was taken up in London by several publishers, who gave it wings in England and other countries.

Miss Marsh, author of "English Hearts and English Hands," and of many other valuable books, published it through Nisbet & Co. Her father's likeness formed the frontispiece, and she wrote a most kind and appreciative letter to the author, saying it was the first book she had ever seen that she felt was worthy of having the likeness of that precious, dear, old saint of God, the Rev. Dr. Marsh. She also said that as other editions had been issued in cheaper form than hers, she did not know whether any market could be found for this more expensive edition, except among her

special friends. But the sale reached its thousands, so that she sent my husband a royalty, such as she herself received from the American publishers of her own books.

It was also published by Strachan & Co. in a very cheap form, and had a very large sale, and one publisher states that more than sixty thousand copies had been sent out from his house alone twelve years ago.

To the praise of our Lord be it said, that blessing has attended the reading of this book in all parts of the world. Letters and testimonials have been received from distant islands of the sea, and from most, if not all, countries whither the missionary has gone forth to proclaim the gospel. Even since my husband's departure to glory, it would be difficult to tell how many letters I have received, testifying to the blessing that has come through the reading of this book. Yes, God has owned and blessed it to thousands, and for over twenty years it has been doing its blessed work in the hearts of God's people, and bringing home to millions the gladdening truth of the keeping power of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was with the greatest satisfaction that I committed my own manuscript to the flames. That for which I had prayed and laboured was now accomplished in God's own best way.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.



IT was blessed to see how the dear Lord shielded Mr. Boardman from the tide of opposition that followed the publication of the "Higher Christian Life," by sending him to California, quite apart from the strife of tongues. Here we were quietly settled down so far away, that not a line could reach us in less than three weeks. There was no railway across the plains at that time, and no telegraph wires to herald any news. As soon, however, as letters could reach us, we had many from various quarters, urging my husband to take up the cudgels in self-defence, and to let the public know what was true and what was not. Friends wrote beseeching me to exert my influence and induce him to answer the many attacks made upon the book. But no, not a word did he ever give to the public in defence of anything he had written. He said, "The Lord has given the book, and He can take care of His own truth."

It had become necessary for us to remove from Gloucester City, as my health had thoroughly broken down. The

damp air had told upon my throat and lungs, so that on consulting a physician, we were told that we must leave at once, that the only hope for me was to live in a dry atmosphere, where I could be much in the open air ; and California was recommended.

I was not pleased with this, and tried to persuade the physician that a southern climate, near at hand, would answer as well. But he persisted in saying that it must be California, so that my husband thought it was the voice of the Lord telling us to go there.

"It is such a distance off from every one we know, I do not like the thought of it," I said to my husband, who replied very gravely, "If it is the voice of God, He will make it all very plain, and we shall be perfectly satisfied to do His will."

"But I do not see how we can possibly leave this place. Just see all these mill girls that come to our house each week, how the Lord is blessing them. Then this class of poor boys, brought out of the very depths of sin—and they are so interested in their meeting, and so many are being converted. Then you know there are the poor women who are being led on, what will become of them? There is no one to take up this work. And who is there to take your place? What minister would be induced to come here? The people will be left without a pastor, I am sure of that."

"But if the Lord sends us away He must provide," replied my husband. "The responsibility rests with Him, not with us. And your voice is almost gone, so that you cannot continue the work you have been doing. Your classes must suffer for want of a teacher, even if you remain here, which cannot be thought of, as there is a necessity for going somewhere, and that very soon."

The prospect of being put aside from all service for the Lord did not suit me. I had to learn the lesson anew with which I began this life of trust. The Lord taught me then that He was with me just as really in my kitchen, as when I was labouring directly for Him. He led me to be very quiet, and to enjoy fellowship and communion with Himself, and to be perfectly satisfied with whatever He did. But now I saw that I felt myself to be indispensable to the Lord's work, and had become quite absorbed in service for Him, thus rather losing sight of that, which to Him is of the greatest importance—an appreciation of Himself personally.

Many who opposed the teaching of the "Higher Life" said that people who came to trust fully in Jesus were lulled to sleep, and became inactive, resting only on their own spiritual enjoyment. And in order to prove how untrue was such an accusation in my own case, I had yielded to my natural energy and overtaxed my strength. And this did not please the Lord.

The blessing of the Lord was manifested in the conversion of many souls. And I was so much absorbed in the work, that I failed to hear the voice of the Lord in this matter of going to California. But most important and never-to-be-forgotten lessons were these that the dear Lord was now teaching me. I saw how hurt my husband would be if I sought more to work for him, than to be with him when I could enjoy his society. Just so I was taught that the Lord wanted me for Himself. He desired more of my heart and affections, for He alone could see how my heart was drawn away, even while I was very hard at work for Him. I delighted in what I was doing for Him more than in fellowship with Him. And now the time had come when all direct service was to cease, and this was the most difficult of all lessons to learn. But the Lord was very patient, and

waited until I was ready to hear what He had to say. And I learned that instead of so much serving, He wished me to take the bride's place, so united to Him as the Bridegroom of my soul, that it should no longer be "I," but "us" and "we." "Let *us* go forth into the fields, let *us* lodge in the villages, let *us* see if the vine flourish" (Cant. vii. 11, 12). O how blessed it is when we see the privilege of being the bride, and really become one with the Lord in all the desires and purposes of life, so that we take the position of being seated together *with* Him in the heavenlies! Living there we are taken up first with Himself, and then trust Him to give us such service as He likes.

One who was a great worker for the Lord, who in fact kept herself worn out with service, sought a deeper experience, a fuller union with the Lord, that she might be able to do much more for His glory, that is, win more souls to Christ. She obtained what she sought, and was overwhelmed with a sense of the presence of Jesus. She saw Him in nearer, fuller relation to herself than ever before, and came into perfect rest in Him, trusting Him to save and keep her from yielding to sin; and was kept. But what was her astonishment when she found herself laid aside from all work. There came over her such a prostration, such a lack of strength, that she was obliged to seek a very quiet place, that she might have complete rest.

At first she grieved the blessed Holy Spirit by pining for work, but after a while she learned that the Lord was teaching her a new lesson. She must not prize service above rest of spirit and communion with Him, and must be perfectly satisfied with Himself, even if He should never give her a particle of service. This she learned most thoroughly before she was allowed to return to her classes, and she did praise the Lord for so patiently teaching her, leading her beside the still waters, as well as through the green pastures.

Since it had become necessary for us to leave Gloucester City, we soon broke up our connection with the people, and started for that far off region of gold.

It was in the year 1859 that we took steamer, and went down the Atlantic ocean. Passing into the Carribbean Sea, we landed at Aspinwall, a place on the Isthmus of Darien, settled by Spaniards. The night spent at the hotel here left us most lively reminiscences; no one could sleep amid the jargon of tongues, the various musical instruments that sounded shrilly through the air, the barking and howling of dogs, and other unmelodious sounds. This was the one day and night of the week when the arrival of the steamer produced the effect of waking up, not only the men, women, and children, but the dogs, cats, and roosters as well. When the steamer left, all settled down into their accustomed monotony.

The ride in the railroad across the Isthmus to Panama next morning was intensely interesting. We had left high banks of snow in the north, and in eight days were in a land of sunny brightness and summer heat. We were struck with the costume of the natives at work on the canal. It consisted of a straw hat with a broad brim! The government requiring some article of clothing to be worn by them, they had adopted that which was to them most comfortable!

We were charmed with the profusion of drapery with which the trees were clothed; garlands hung gracefully in wreaths from the trees, connecting them together, making every inch of the way most lovely. We were sorry when we reached Panama, and found ourselves fairly on board the steamer, and

OUT ON THE PACIFIC.

Our voyage up the coast was just such as quite justified its

being called "the peaceful," for it was a great contrast to the Atlantic passage.

Stopping for a few hours at Acapulco, we had a fair view of one of the loveliest bays in the world. Stretching along one side was a grove of banana trees with their clusters of fruit. Here and there were several kinds of stately, ancient looking palm trees, some had cocoa nuts hanging upon them. The bay was bounded by hills gently sloping down to the quiet waters. All was beautifully green though it was in the winter season. But soon our attention was arrested by an uproar of voices as loud and clamorous as the cabmen in New York City, only these natives were in boats, not cabs, and their clothing more scanty. But the boats quite made up for this lack by their fine adornments of painted coral, looking so bright and gay. The boatmen were engaged for service, and such service as quite shocked us at first, for we were obliged to step upon their backs as they made a platform for us by bending their heads down to the ground. But they were accustomed to this mode of helping travellers to descend from the steamer into their little boats when the tide was low.

This was our only stopping place until we landed at San Francisco, and here we found everybody wide-awake, rushing hither and thither, as though their lives depended upon their reaching a given point in no time. Such a contrast to the lazy indolent people in Acapulco, whom we saw lazily swinging in their hammocks with nothing to do, not the least disturbed by the observation of passers by! There is something peculiarly exhilarating in the air of San Francisco. It braces the physical system, and keeps up the spirits, so that there seems a lack of thoughtfulness among the people, and we found that nothing of a serious nature seemed to take hold of them.

My brother was with us on account of his health, which was precarious. His life seemed hanging on a very brittle thread, for consumption had deep hold of him, and it was thought best for his sake, as well as my own, that we should go to a softer climate.

LOS ANGELOS.

The principal place in Southern California was our destination, and we again took steamer, going back over the same waters four hundred miles down the coast, and landing twenty miles from the town. We, with others, took the stage coach, drawn by four unbroken horses, which had never been in harness before, just caught from the plains, and driven in this wild untrained condition. In starting, they knew not at first whether their course was to be downward on the earth, or upward toward the heavens! When once these creatures got fairly under way they were kept at a full gallop, and not allowed to stop until quite worn out, when they were exchanged for others, driven in the same way. No deference whatever was paid to the passengers as to whether their limbs were broken (such a fate seemed at times to threaten us!) but as we rushed on we had to keep ourselves right side up as best we could, whilst we were jolted over the hillocks, and sent bounding from one side of the coach to the other. Wonderful was it to us all to find ourselves, without any serious disaster, in the suburbs of Los Angeles, which is situated in a lovely valley. Travelling at that rate, we were not long in arriving there. As soon as we entered the valley we felt the air delicious, a perfect luxury to breathe, so sweet and balmy, while yet not in the least debilitating. But alas, this lovely and balmy atmosphere, of which everyone could partake so freely, seemed like some fatal enchantment that dulled the senses, and drowned all

thought that there was anything better than to do, each one as he liked, and gratify his own desires. It was to most of the people all the heaven they cared for, just to live, and breathe out their existence, and fritter away life as they chose.

We found it very hard work to gain the attention of the people. The population was largely Spanish and native Indian, Papists connected with the church of Rome. Worship on Sunday morning, bull-fights in the afternoon, and cock-fights in the evening, had been, until recently, the order of Sabbath observance there. Drinking and gambling were sadly prevalent. Dancing was the general amusement, kept up all night long, especially on Saturday nights.

Although the Protestants were glad to have one minister among them to bury their dead, perform marriage rites for the living, and preach once a week, it seemed to be impossible to induce them to heed the word preached, or to turn to the Lord at all. It was quite evident that the Lord had sent us here for rest, and that His time had not yet come for bringing out even His own people to take a stand for Him.

It did not take long to collect a congregation for a Sunday morning service, and through the influence of one of the prominent citizens, the use of the court-house was granted us, and Judge Ogie took a foremost part in helping to sustain the worship here, although not himself, at that time, a child of God. After some months of meeting in the court-house, efforts were made to build a place of worship. The ground was at last purchased with difficulty, and the corner stone laid with as much ceremony as possible under the circumstances. There was no other Protestant minister within four hundred miles of Los Angeles. Occasionally one would come for a few days' rest, but my husband was cut off from fellowship with any ministerial brethren.

DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

Walking one day a little way out of the town, I was astonished to see a person seated on the piazza of her house reading the Bible. This was a glad sight for my eyes, for the Bible was little cared for here, so I ventured in, and said I was attracted by seeing her studying the Word of God. She was very cordial, although I was a perfect stranger to her. We talked of the state of things in the town, and she spoke in a very discouraging way as to anything being done for the Lord ; the people were so full of mirth and so given to pleasure. But notwithstanding all these discouragements, she was willing to undertake to have a prayer meeting, and appointed a day, saying she would let the neighbours know, make all necessary arrangements, and give a cup of tea to any who would come. I went home full of delight to tell my husband what "a glorious opening" we now had at the house of this lady. He rejoiced at the prospect of having a social meeting in a neighbourhood where we were not acquainted, and we knew not to what it might lead. We looked forward to it with great expectation, and not a little pleasure, and went on the day appointed to find *no one present but the lady herself*, not even her daughters ! So we took the Word of God, and encouraged each other's hearts by looking at the promises, and enjoyed a sweet season of prayer together, in which the daughters of this Christian woman were put into the hands of God.

This is a fair sample of the way in which we found seemingly open doors closed. It was just the same with our efforts in the Sunday School work here. At one time we had quite a number of children collected, with books to form a library, and all looked most promising. The children seemed delighted to come, but it was only for a few

Sabbaths that we saw their faces, and then they were off; something more attractive had drawn them away.

There were very few Christians in the place, and those who were the Lord's felt very little inclination to push on into anything but the most ordinary Christian life. As to being possessed by the Lord, and endeavouring to live wholly for Him, scarcely any one cared even to hear about it. Therefore we said but little upon the subject, and, of course, our own interest in teaching the blessed keeping power of Jesus became somewhat dimmed for the time being, and we found from experience that the life more abundant will only keep full as we let it overflow to water others.

A great variety of people had gathered together here in this lovely valley, where nature seemed to have done all that was possible to render the climate delightful and most productive. So rich was the soil, that without doing anything to enrich it, two crops of grain could be easily raised off it in one year, and on one plantation there were fifteen kinds of fruit, with some of the finest varieties.

Beside the inhabitants of this town before mentioned, there were also a variety of others, French, German, Spanish Jews, Chinese, with a large number of half-breeds who laboured on the plantations. Most of the outdoor work was done by the latter, while the Chinese were indoor servants. These half-breeds worked by the week; each day they had a loaf of bread, and a pound of meat, which they cooked for themselves. They went on working well for the week, but when Saturday evening came and their wages were paid, they spent all in drink, and getting intoxicated, they were put into gaol. On Monday morning, those who wished to hire them, went to the gaol, bought them out, and set them going for another week, when they would go on again, working well until the next pay-day came round. The man who

worked for us was missing, and after a few days he sent us word that he would like to be bought out of gaol. I thought it would be well for him to stay there awhile, but a friend, seeing that we were really in need of him, paid the fees, and he came back grinning as if he had done a very fine thing ! It was quite impossible to reason with him, as my knowledge of the Spanish language was limited to just the words necessary to tell him what I wished him to do, and even this was done with the aid of a book.

In the year 1861 broke out that great "War of the Rebellion," which threatened the life of the American Union.

President Lincoln was inaugurated March 4th, 1861. Fort Sumter was bombarded April 13th and 14th. A proclamation of the President issued April 15th, called forth the Militia of the Union to the number of 75,000, and convened both Houses of Congress in extra session. The nation was ready for the call, a blaze of enthusiasm shot up all over the land. Throughout the entire circle of the loyal States the response was immediate and most hearty.

And here we were, surrounded by those who were not in sympathy with us. As our hearts became warm on the side of the Abolitionists, we felt ready to help in any way that we could, but all our best friends in Los Angeles were in favour of slavery. They were most kind and attentive, and endeavoured to let it make no difference, but we were not comfortable, and felt we must leave, and go to be with those with whom we were in sympathy on this great momentous question. We had ceased to derive benefit from the climate. My own health had again utterly failed, and in March, 1862, we left California for the East.

CHAPTER IX.

AS SECRETARY OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.



ONCE more we found ourselves making our home for ten or twelve days in one of the palace steamers belonging to the Pacific side. And it was not a difficult matter to settle down happily in our capacious state room, surrounded with every comfort, and with a saloon cabin on the deck of the steamer.

As soon as our faces were fully set to the other side of the continent, my husband determined to give his time and strength to work among the soldiers on the battle-field. It was with this thought pressing upon him, that he at once took steps to secure a chaplaincy in the army, that being the best way he knew of gaining the desired access to the men. But the Lord had a ten-fold larger field for him than that of a chaplaincy, and very soon the way was opened.

From the earliest date of the great American conflict, (April 15, 1861,) the Young Men's Christian Associations had felt the necessity of ministering, spiritually and materially, to those on the battle-ground. They had sent forth their agents from Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

The war however rapidly assumed vast proportions, and a demand for much more extensive measures of relief led to the call for a general convention of the Y. M. C. A., which was held in New York, November 14, 1861. The outcome of this gathering was the organization of the

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION,

with G. H. Stuart as its President.

The Society took its name from its main idea, viz., to commission, send forth, and sustain Christian workers in all parts of the army and navy. It became the work of the Commission to develop, organize, and direct the sympathies of the Christian public at home, and to be the almoners of its bounty to the soldiers and sailors of the Union and Rebel forces alike, as it had opportunity. During the four years of its operation, the Christian Commission received for this object five and a half millions of dollars, from all parts of the United States, and disbursed the same through a noble band of Christian workers.

In the beginning there was a lack of detailed and comprehensive method. History records that the work of the great Commission, though not fruitless, was painfully inadequate the first year of its existence. It was no easy task to systematize this work, for it increased with the increase of the war, and continually outgrew the channels made for it.

Mr. Stuart (the President), though necessarily much engrossed by his own large commercial interests, had personally taken the matter in hand, rather than allow it to go by default; and now he was on the look-out for some one, able and willing to join him in thoroughly organizing the work of the Commission.

He had known Mr. Boardman years before, in the

Sunday School Union, and now they met on the 4th of July, 1862, in a large assembly called to confer upon the extension of the work of the Commission. When Mr. Stuart appealed for men to go as Agents to the army, Mr. Boardman responded from the other side of the assembly room, "Here am I, send me." Mr. Stuart answered, "I will send you to-morrow." He started forthwith and spent several weeks in visiting the military hospitals and posts in Maryland and Virginia, opening the way for the service of Agents (or "Delegates," as they were afterwards called), who were sent to the army for personal work among the soldiers. He found a vast work to be done at the front, and when he returned with his report, the Commission proposed to him to take its general Agency in all fields. He accepted it immediately, and shortly afterwards, when its Secretary resigned, he was elected in his stead.

The Christian Commission Agency worked in various ways. At the encampments chapel-tents were built. The canvas roofs were provided by the Commission, the walls and floors being supplied by the soldiers themselves. With a hearty good will, they cut and brought from the forests the timber used in the work. At permanent stations, reading rooms also were supplied. Among the Commission's appliances may be reckoned Loan Libraries, Diet Kitchens, Flying Hospitals, extra Ambulance Wagons, Store Transports, Office Wagons, etc., etc.

ORGANIZING THE WORK OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

When we remember that this work was called to meet the need of four gigantic armies, those of the Potomac, Ohio, Tennessee, and Cumberland—and of the navy along the whole south-eastern coast of the United States, and on the Mississippi river, and that these places were separated by thousands of miles—we readily see how vast the

organization necessary to effect the transport and delivery at the scene of action, of the stores of all kinds represented by five and a half millions of dollars. No less vast was the organization needed to call forth and fit to their places the large body of volunteer workers, and to sustain the interest at home.

In a letter of reminiscences from Mr. Morrison (the former secretary), dated June 21, 1866, he writes, "I can think of nothing worth chronicling in the way of Annals of the Christian Commission during the period preceding the Rev. W. E. Boardman's appointment to the Secretaryship, which I most joyfully yielded over to him. It would be but a sorry detail of abortive attempts to enlist men of weight, to extend the organization, to stir up branch committees throughout the North, and generally to revive our work, which, just at that moment, seemed about to drop into complete inanition."

But God meant it otherwise. He had purposes of blessing to army and navy through this instrumentality.

In this vast field of labour there was ample scope for the gift of organization with which Mr. Boardman had been endowed by nature: a gift early laid on God's altar, and at this time marvellously used by Him.

To thoroughly re-organize the work in its two branches—supply from home, and relief in the army—was felt to be the pressing necessity of the hour. In conjunction with Mr. Stuart, the devoted President, as "a wheel within a wheel," Mr. Boardman had room to carry out all the plans and suggestions God gave him.

We find no record of a subsequent meeting of the Commission or its Executive Committee during that year, but the work went forward with continual increase.

It was a time of wonderful opportunity, and with God leading on, it was wonderfully improved. There was *need of*

men of rare talent for soul-saving, with tender, loving hands, to go among the wounded and the dying ; and God gave them. About five thousand noble Christians, ministers and laymen, served as " Delegates " without pay, for terms longer or shorter. A few of them were captured and incarcerated in rebel prisons ; and to some this work became their altar of sacrifice, and they died on the battle-field.

The following incident related at a Williams' College Alumni (or public breakfast) gives a

SAMPLE OF A DELEGATE.

After the battle of Antietam, a gentleman, passing over the field of blood, saw a man washing at a brook. As he came near he recognised a Doctor of Divinity, the pastor of one of the largest churches in Philadelphia, and a Delegate.

Said he : " Doctor, what are you doing ? "

The D.D. straightened up, and pointing with his finger, said : " Over yonder are six hundred wounded men ; most of them lying in the bloody shirts in which they were wounded. Our shirts are out, and we shall have none till to-morrow morning, so I thought I would take a few of the worst out here, and wash and dry them in the sun. Do you think there is any harm in it ? "

Said the gentleman : " Doctor, I know God has blessed you abundantly in your work in Philadelphia, but I do not think the Master ever looked upon any act of your life with more pleasure than upon this. "

" I believe it, " said the Doctor, and returned to his washing.

ANOTHER SAMPLE

Whose " horse, plunging during a battle, struck him on the knee-pan. His leg swelled and stiffened until the pain became unendurable. When he could no longer stand it, he

gave his horse to a servant, and laid himself down on the ground. He had to take a wounded soldier's place that night. As he lay suffering he heard a voice, "O my God!" He thought, "Can anybody be swearing in such a place as this?" He listened again, and a prayer began; it was from a wounded soldier. "How can I get at him?" was his first impulse. He tried to draw up his stiffened limbs, but could not rise. He put his arm around a sapling, drew up his well foot, and tried to extend the other without bending, that he might walk; but he fell back in the effort, jarred through as if he had been stabbed. He then thought, "I can roll!" and over and over he rolled, in pain, through blood, and by dead bodies, until he fell against the dying man, and there he preached Christ and prayed. At length one of the line officers came up, and said:—

"Where is the chaplain? One of the staff officers is dying."

"Here he is; here he is," cried out the sufferer.

"Can you come and see a dying officer?"

"I cannot move! I had to *roll myself* to this dying man to talk to him."

"If I detail two men to carry you, can you go?"—"Yes."

"They took him up gently and carried him. And that live-long night the two men bore him over the field, and laid him down beside bleeding, dying men, while he preached Christ and prayed."

But not only did God supply the need of organization in the work, and the need of devoted workers, but the equally great need of the favour of Government officials, civil and military.

In August, the Rev. W. E. Boardman was deputed to go to Washington to consult with the President and others, and to secure, permanently if possible, access to the army. He

writes to Mr. Stuart, Aug. 16th, 1862, of his visit to General Halleck. "His answer was brief, definite, decisive. All hospitals and camps this side of Virginia are open to us for our Delegates and supplies. All supplies for the army in Virginia will be duly forwarded, and faithfully delivered, as we may direct, but

NO PASSES

will be given at present to any part of the army in Virginia. *No exceptions will be made under any circumstances.*" The reason given was, that such favours would "bring upon them a swarm of applications from others." Mr. Boardman remarks, "This rigid rule is understood to be temporary, and may soon be relaxed." And so it was, for a little later we read of "the promise of passes for all regular Delegates." Under date of Nov. 22nd, after having several times placed restrictions upon the Agents of the Commission, Surgeon-General William A. Hammond writes, "I shall always be ready to aid the United States Christian Commission in any way that may be in my power."

But of all needs the greatest was that of

THE SPIRIT OUTPOURED

upon the dying men in behalf of whom this Agency was moving. This also God graciously supplied. A volume could be filled with reports like the following, written by a Delegate at the Murfreesboro' Headquarters of the army.

"Nearly forty thousand men, made thoughtful in the battle of Stone River, were encamped within the radius of a mile. A large majority of them had lost their Testaments with their knapsacks, in that battle. A systematic distribution of the Scriptures to all the regiments was at once undertaken. In one month, twenty-five thousand Bibles and thirty thousand Soldiers' Hymn-books were

given away; and never has God's praise been sung in nobler chorus than around the Murfreesboro' camps. In a few weeks there were tokens of unusual religious interest. Chaplains held extra religious meetings in their regiments. The Delegates increased to thirty, who laboured incessantly with most blessed results. At one of the moonlight meetings in Camp Convalescent five hundred rose for prayer.

"When the second year of the work of the Commission began, the number of Auxiliary Associations and Committees throughout the North was forty-four; when it closed, the number was one hundred and eleven. Its home organization was enlarged and strengthened, and its methods in the field considerably modified and improved.

"Pastors and others who visited the army as Delegates during the winter of 1863-4, declared that their experience was unlike anything conceived before. There was a religious revival among the soldiers, which made labours at home seem formal and fruitless. It was felt to be worth a journey to the army, to find men who were positively *eager* to learn the way of salvation, and they were found there *by the thousand*."

When the men saw glittering on the breast of these faithful workers, the words "Christian Commission" in black letters on white metal plates, they knew well what that meant, and, although many among them never before cared for the word "Christian," yet now it was full of meaning and spoke to their fainting spirits words of cheer that melted away all past opposition, and made them ready for the teaching they so much needed.

A work of grace was also going on at Camp Convalescent near Washington. At one of the testimony meetings a man got up and said, "I hear say you are going East to Massachusetts. Well, tell them that a Yankee of the Yankees,

who never prayed at home, has learned to ask God morning and night to bless the Christian Commission." As he sat down, a young man rose, his arm in a sling, his face pale from long-continued illness. He was deeply moved, and could hardly speak. At last he said, "Chaplain, you will know what I think of the Christian Commission when I tell you my simple story. After I was wounded I lay all night on the battlefield. I shall never forget that night. O Chaplain, it was so hard to die, when I knew I might live if I could only get somebody to help me. But nobody came near me. After awhile I saw a light glimmering on the field; it came nearer. I made out the shadow of a man carrying a lantern in his hand. By and by I saw him stoop down, then get up, move along a little and stoop down in another place. He was lifting up wounded men. Then I began to pray with all my might that he would come near me, and give me a mouthful of water. In a moment more he was kneeling by my side, and pouring, what I thought was *heaven*, down my throat! It was cool lemonade. I exclaimed, 'God bless you! God bless you! Who are you, sir?' He lifted my head, and flashing in the light of the lantern I saw the badge of the Christian Commission. I could not help crying out, 'Hurrah, boys! The Christian Commission has come! We are all right now!' 'Thank God! Thank God!' the men answered back. Ah, Chaplain, the Christian Commission saved my life that time, and it has saved many and many a life."

A large body of these Christian workers were known as "minute men." Their domestic, Church, or business relations were such that they could not volunteer service for an indefinite length of time, but their names were handed in as those who, on the eve of any great battle, or in the pressure of work after a great slaughter, would tear themselves

away from home duties for at least a few days. Thus many Christian merchants, lawyers, and medical men had the privilege of serving in the thickest of the battle. And many a congregation managed for itself for a Sunday while their pastor was "at the front." More than one hundred and fifty ladies also served gratuitously in the management of the "Extra Diet Kitchens" of the Commission, in the great "Field Hospitals." Regular diet-lists or bills of fare were provided, on which the ward surgeon, as he made his daily rounds, was expected to prescribe the diet for the sick with as much care as he prescribed the medicine. These lists were returned to the kitchen, and governed the preparation and distribution of the food. Sixty chapel tents (army churches), as well as other places of worship, were opened, and served also as libraries and reading rooms. Two hundred and eighty-five Loan Libraries were distributed in the general hospitals, permanent posts, large forts, and on the war-ships. Thus 32,125 religious and standard works were put into the men's hands.

Wagons were sent out with many divisions of the troops, laden with stores, in charge of a driver and Agent and sometimes accompanied by relief corps of Delegates.

THE FIRST COFFEE WAGON

was invented, built, and presented to the Commission by a gentleman of Philadelphia. It was divided into compartments to contain coffee, tea, sugar, and corn flour, with a place also for two gridirons and an axe. It had three large boilers, each boiler held fourteen gallons, and *on the march* tea, coffee, or chocolate could be supplied from each at the rate of ten gallons in twenty minutes, or ninety gallons an hour. After the terrible day of the mine explosion and bloody repulse before Petersburg, a party of Delegates volunteered

to respond to a call among the sufferers for coffee. Fires were lighted, water boiled, coffee made, and soon the vehicle, drawn by two powerful horses, and attended by half-a-score of willing labourers, was on its way from division to division. Up the hospital avenue it rumbled and rolled, past the long rows of white tents, stopping here and there to pour out its generous supply. You should have seen the wondering looks of the men as it passed. How they rolled themselves over to get a glimpse of it ! How they stretched their necks ! The wounded heads forgot to ache, and the wounded limbs almost forgot to cry for nursing in that moment of eager curiosity. Was it a new sort of ambulance ? What did the three black pipes mean, and the three glowing fires ? " Is it a steam fire-engine, and are they going to give us a bath ? " As the engine poured its coffee into their little cups, they were soon beyond doubt as to its intention. One by one, such as were able crowded about it with curious faces and affectionate comments.

" I say, Bill, ain't *that* a machine ! "

" Yes *sir*, it's the greatest institution I ever saw."

" That's what you might call the Christian Light Artillery," says a third. " A great deal pleasanter ammunition in it than the Rebs sent us this morning."

" Well, doctor," said a Delegate to a surgeon, " what do you think of this ? "

" I thank the Lord for it. That's all I can say," was his reply.

Thus crowned with praises and benedictions, from that day " Coffee Wagons " became " peculiar institutions " of the Commission.

The following is penned by an actor in the scenes.

" The engagements over, our first care, in connection with the surgeons and chaplains, was to remove the wounded to

a large mansion near by, where

"A 'FLYING HOSPITAL'

was established. We went over the fields with our lanterns, carefully searching for the dead and wounded. When one of the former was found, we carried him and placed him by the side of others, ready for a soldier's burial; when one of the latter, he was assisted, or carried on a stretcher, to the hospital.

"Going over the field late in the evening, I stumbled upon a dead body. Removing the blanket that covered it, I found a soldier asleep lying by it. Upon waking him, I found he was a brother of the deceased, and had come to lie by him for the last time. As we removed the body, he followed, sobbing, and when we laid it down, again sought its side for the night's rest. 'He was only my half brother, but I loved him just as well!' was his exclamation in broken French, as we took leave. Upon another body, I found a Soldier's Hymn-book, completely saturated with his own heart's blood, and through the crimson stain I read, 'Presented by the U. S. Christian Commission.' I brought it home as a precious relic of that field of death and glory.

"The wounded all safely brought from the field, and into hospital, our next care was to provide them with something to eat and drink. With pails of beef-tea and coffee, plenty of tin dippers, and haversacks filled with soft biscuit, we went among the men. Meanwhile, other Delegates were busy combing out the tangled hair, sponging the bloody faces, wiping off the grim marks of strife, aiding the surgeons in any and every way, while still others could be seen telling such as were soon to die, of Jesus, His love, His sacrifice for sin, His power to save, and then lifting up the voice in prayer for God's Spirit to come down and make His temple in the sinking breast ere the spirit fled.

"It was midnight before we sought the rest our bodies so much needed, and the next morning we were up before light preparing refreshments and serving them to the men.

"Several whose groans filled our ears the night before had gone to sleep—the sleep 'without dreams.'"

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

A Delegate visiting in Fourth Street Hospital, Cincinnati, writes :—"A poor fellow was brought in whose right arm was almost shot to pieces. I found him a very bright Christian. The surgeon told me he must die. 'No use to take off his arm; he cannot live through it.' His father was telegraphed for. He came next morning, and went in to see his boy. He stood up in our daily prayer meeting at noon with this request: 'Brethren, I have a son in hospital. The surgeon says he must die. I believe if you will pray God to restore him to health, He will do it.' Prayer was offered. The next day I went into the hospital, Surgeon N—— met me. 'Contrary to all expectations, sir, that young man you are interested in is improving.' He grew better every day. Once after, I found the father sitting by his son's cot. Dr. N—— came by. 'Tell me, doctor,' said I, 'how do you account for this? You physicians told me he was going to die; how do you explain his present condition?' 'Well, sir,' replied the surgeon, 'I can only say I consider it a miracle.'"

But we must no longer linger among these memories of God's great goodness in creating and using the Christian Commission. We must also close this chapter in the life of W. E. Boardman. His arduous duties at head-quarters as Secretary and General Agent had not prevented his visiting, from time to time, the work on the field. This was his peculiar delight; and while thus engaged in service at the

front my husband, presuming upon his great natural strength, over-exerted himself in lifting wounded soldiers into the ambulances. Both Mr. Stuart and Mr. Boardman were quite worn out, under the pressure of the work, and incessant demands upon them; and just as the war was ending my husband completely broke down, and was obliged to give up and spend a month in bed under medical treatment.

I am deeply indebted to Mr. Geo. H. Stuart for access to "Annals of the U.S. Christian Commission," and "Incidents of U.S. Christian Commission." In this chapter I have quoted freely from both these sources.—ED.

CHAPTER X.

FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE—FURTHER AUTHORSHIP—
HOLINESS CONVENTIONS.

THE Lord in His own infinite wisdom and tenderness, caused this enforced idleness to be less oppressive by opening our way for a trip across the ocean. In the hearts of most Americans there is usually a longing desire to visit the Old world, and we were not sorry for the opportunity afforded by the necessity of rest.

Mention has been made of Mr. Boardman's sister, whose life was saved, humanly speaking, by the kindly ministrations of her brother. She was advised at this time to cross the ocean, as the best means of regaining her health and strength. And I, also, was again suffering from my old enemy bronchitis with congestive chills, which had reduced me until I could scarcely move about.

Our sister's husband, having more money than time at his disposal, desired Mr. Boardman to take both her and me to Europe, to try the German springs. Accordingly, in the year 1868, she was carried on to the steamer and laid in her

berth, for at this time she was too weak to hold up her head. But the second day out at sea she was able to sit up, and in a few days she was with us in the saloon, so marvellously was she benefited by the bracing sea-air; and each one of the party was revived and greatly invigorated. It was a wonderfully quick voyage. All the days we were on the ocean it was as calm as a river.

We landed at Brest in France, and only an American can know the pleasure it gives one, who for over forty years has read and heard of the Old world, and studied its history and literature, when first his foot is set on its soil, and he awakes to the fact that he is really in Europe. The first impressions can never be repeated. The strange language, the clatter of wooden shoes on the stones, the costume of the peasantry, the old style of architecture, all that met us as we drove through the streets of this quaint old city, awakened all the romance of our younger days. And when a dwelling was pointed out as having been built before our Lord was on this earth, we were intensely interested, and wished to stop and gaze upon this wonder of wonders. Not because it was anything beautiful to look upon, but it made us realize how short a time it is since Jesus was here upon earth, walking about and living as we do at the present day. It would only take eighteen people to have lived each one hundred years, to bring down by word of mouth the record of that which Jesus did upon earth !

Our line of march was first to Marseilles, thence by steamer to Naples. After we had visited Rome, Florence and other places of interest, we passed over the Alps into Switzerland. Here we saw that which all travellers are not permitted to see, a road cut through the snow on the Alps. And it sent quite a shiver through one to see these cold high walls on each side. I will not attempt here to speak of our journey

as we passed on through the beautiful and interesting country. We hastened to reach our place of destination as we had come for the purpose of finding health.

Germany abounds with springs of mineral waters, and each traveller coming for health must be directed by a physician to the waters best suited to their case. We were ordered to Ems, while our sister and her companion had to separate from us and go to Wiesbaden. It was a quiet life we led here, for, having no knowledge of any language but our own, we were shut up to communicate with those only who spoke English.

The process of inhaling, drinking, and bathing was very tiresome, and we could not but regret spending so much precious time over the poor, frail tenement in which the spirit is encased. But the result was marvellous, the process being greatly blessed of God. We did not then know that we might go directly to the Lord for healing of the body, as we learned afterwards it was our privilege to do. We were like children let out of school when we were through with the bathing, inhaling, drinking, observing dietary rules, and found ourselves on our way to England. It was most charming to us; quite like getting home, although we had never been there before. No country in the world was more full of interest to us than Old England with all its ancient monuments of history, with which we had been familiar from childhood. Seeing these special objects of interest took all the time we had to spend here on our way back to America. We made scarcely any acquaintances on this visit, and delivered none of the many letters of introduction which had been kindly furnished us by friends at home. The object having been accomplished for which we came, we returned to New York, after an absence of eight months.

During this year my husband was pressed by the Lord into writing his second book,

"HE THAT OVERCOMETH, OR A CONQUERING GOSPEL."

Which he divided into "Life, Work, and Results." It might be expressed thus : "The place of faith in our life, and in our work for God." Some precious truths are uttered on subjects of great moment to all those who are seeking to follow the Lord in active Christian service, illustrated by a number of brief histories of workers. The path of faith is clearly and fully traced, and many a lesson may be gathered which will enrich the gatherer to all eternity. This book was reprinted in England, on his own responsibility, by a gentleman, and the edition was soon disposed of.

At this time my husband was without any pastoral engagement, and consequently without any regular salary. He desired, as far as possible, to preach the "gospel of Christ without charge ;" and to be enabled to do so he was led to enter into a business arrangement with a friend, whereby he hoped to secure a competent maintenance at the cost of a very small portion of his time. We had not at this time fully ventured on the Lord for our daily bread, nor learned the preciousness of being wholly dependent on our heavenly Father for the supply of our temporal needs ; but we were being led on to this.

It now became necessary for either Mr. Boardman or his friend to come to Europe in order to carry out their plans, we therefore undertook a second voyage to England for the furtherance of this business.

SECOND VISIT TO EUROPE.

We left New York in the year 1869, and, after tossing over the ocean for ten days, we again placed our feet on English soil, with the assurance that the Lord had more for us to do here than this little matter of business.

It was easy to see that my husband's heart was not in this affair into which he had been drawn. He was so desirous of presenting Jesus as the Rest for the soul, the Refuge from all the cares and anxieties that press daily upon the children of God, he saw so many unrestful Christians, who longed for rest, that he desired to spend all his strength in teaching a full salvation, which but few of those who professed to love our Lord knew anything about.

The reading of the "Higher Christian Life" had been blessed to so many in England, that we did not, this time, need any of our letters of introduction, and we never found time or opportunity for delivering them, except in one instance. There were many kind hearts ready to give us a loving welcome, and to receive the truth we presented, of a free and complete Saviour. The Lord provided for us in every possible way. He met our every need in a manner that convinced us He had His eye of love upon us. And we found, while watering others, and when engaged in this most delightful work amid the dear appreciative children of God, that the Lord was Himself teaching us to trust fully in Him for our daily needs.

We had many opportunities of speaking in halls and school-rooms, as well as in drawing-rooms. They were very quiet meetings, and so wholly free from all opposition, that the truth seemed to distil gently as the dew. And yet there were, in each gathering, those who made a full surrender of themselves to God, and who were brought to understand by experience the abiding presence of the Lord Jesus. Satan seemed not as fully roused to oppose this truth of full surrender and full trust in Jesus as our Sanctification as he was later on when making Christians afraid of heresy and perfectionism, he caused them to shrink from becoming known as God's peculiar treasure.

It was evident now that the Lord was drawing my husband on to a full surrender of all his time to this direct service among His own people ; and he became so very restful and happy in the separation from all secular work, that whatever doubts had heretofore crossed his mind, as to what the Lord wanted him to do, disappeared for ever.

At this time he felt he had a definite call to a definite work. As in his earlier life God had led him out into evangelistic work among the unconverted, so now He distinctly called him to

EVANGELIZE AMONG CHRISTIANS,

and proclaim the Gospel of full rest in our indwelling Saviour.

The time came when a return to America was necessary, to wind up the business my husband had in hand. It was a trial to leave the dear friends and the precious work the Lord had so graciously put into our hands here. We could scarcely believe it possible that over a year had passed ; so pleasantly had the time been spent that it seemed but a few months.

The voyage across the ocean was longer and more trying than any before. Various things conspired to make it a very slow passage ; but, after fifteen days out at sea, we came safely into the harbour of New York, and were soon among our old friends.

Not long after our return the Lord opened the way for much more extensive spreading of His glorious truth of full salvation by

CONVENTIONS FOR HOLINESS.

In the same year, 1870, a few Christian brethren gathered together for prayer and consultation ; this resulted in their forming an "Association for holding Union, Holiness

Conventions." Mr. Boardman was made chairman of this Association, and in the autumn they commenced work.

The first of the series was held in Newark, New Jersey, called by the Young Men's Christian Association of that place. As many of the brethren were present as could attend. Mr. Boardman was always expected to be at hand, as he was neither pastor of a congregation, nor engaged in business, as were some of the others. The people were glad to come together, especially the hungry, unsatisfied Christians, who were longing for something better than the up and down life they had been leading. Many found the rest they had been seeking in the first meeting ; and this Conference resulted in the establishment of a regular Holiness Meeting in Newark.

A second followed immediately, held in Philadelphia, in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was at a very unfavourable time, when most of the ministers were absent, and the arrangements were so incomplete that the public were not informed of the Convention. Still God's presence was felt, and the evening meetings were attended with blessing and profit to those who came to them. The stone was kept rolling, for before this was ended, a call for a third Convention came from Washington City, also from the Young Men's Christian Association. The meetings were held in their large rooms, and there was great interest awakened among the people. Precious testimonies were given by those who had decided to let the whole responsibility of keeping their hearts and spirits go to the Lord Jesus, who has promised to keep that which is committed unto Him.

It was blessed to see how the Lord worked in the afternoon meetings, "for ladies only." Some learned to praise God out of a full heart, who had never opened their lips

before in any kind of meeting ; their hopes were brightened, their hearts purified and freed from those besetments which had brought them into captivity. Faces were lighted up, telling of a different state of mind from the oppression which sin brings. They saw Jesus able to deliver from all the oppression of the enemy, and were happy in His love for them. And sinners also were reached. Many had been kept back by the fear of backsliding from taking a stand for God ; but now that they heard how the Lord could keep them from yielding to sin, and save them from growing cold in His service, they were ready to make the venture, and give themselves to be wholly the Lord's.

Other Conventions were held, the last of this series being at Wilmington, Delaware, in the Second Presbyterian Church ; this completed the work the Association had agreed to undertake, and they were harmoniously dissolved.

Having seen more of the development of this life of faith, and finding that all the joy of the Christian, all his strength, all his growth lay in becoming more and more dead to self, and more alive to the person of Jesus, my husband was impressed by the necessity of writing another book. He wished to show the strength and beauty which may be found in Christ, and to remove the difficulties standing in the way of the Christian's growth in this life of holiness.

" GLADNESS IN JESUS "

appeared in a series of articles in Dr. Cullis' "Times of Refreshing," but was soon put into book form, and was likewise taken up and published in England. My husband says in this book, "A solemn Christian repelled me, even in the days of deepest solicitude, but a sunny Christian greatly drew me. I remember two—one solemn as the grave ; I revered him, but could no more open my heart

to him than to a mile-stone. The other's tell-tale face indicated the shining "Pearl of great price" in his heart, and he had no need to ask me as to my condition; my heart opened to him of its own accord. He had no skill in pointing the blind to the door, but the sunshine in his face assured me that I could not be far from it, when the sun was beaming through upon him." Mr. B. speaks of the "anointing of gladness" as coming to him ten years after the joy of conversion made his heart glad, with the anticipation of the glories of heaven and its joy. He laments the gap in those ten years, the little progress made, and the almost endless struggles after something more than the hope of heaven at the end of the journey. One of the most valuable bits in this precious little book is the chapter on the seventh of Romans, shewing how one may step out of the "wretched man" experience, in which the mass of God's people are living, under bondage to law, into the glorious liberty of the eighth of Romans, and the "no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

This reminds me of a lady who very positively affirmed that there was no portion of God's Word more comforting to her than this very seventh chapter of Romans. She was a true child of God, and the mother of a large family of children. She said she was always willing to do right, desiring to be delivered from the bondage of sin, but, "just like the Apostle" (!) she could see no way of deliverance. The question with her each day was, "how to perform" that which she willed, and in this sad perplexity she chose to live, under the idea that she had the Apostle Paul as her example; neither could any argument of ours bring her out of this delusion.

Mr. Boardman writes in the first edition—"If the Apostle himself was in the seventh chapter at the time he wrote it,

he was also in the eighth, and so was in a greatly advanced position at the same time, and so must have been greatly ahead of himself. And more than this; as he was the first person singular, present in the seventh, and the first person plural, present in the eighth chapter, implying that there were other persons with him in the eighth; yes, all who had passed from under the law, and found full salvation in Christ—therefore, if the portrait in the seventh was his own at the time, many others, and of these not a few who had been brought there by his own blessed teachings, were ahead of him. . . . Not only was he ahead of himself, but his own children were ahead of him—a thing not easy to believe. In fact, the reading of this seventh of Romans from the Apostle's own point of view, as an illustration of the true character of the law, and not at all as an example of true Christian experience, clears the matter of all difficulty, and causes no break in the steps of his own grand logic, mounting up to the demonstration of his own proposition. While on the other hand, the reading of it from a legal standpoint, as a sketch of his experience at the time, involves one in endless difficulty and monstrous absurdity."

This book being completed, my husband was at liberty to follow that work for which he had been set apart by the Lord. When the Association was dissolved, it was with the understanding that Mr. Boardman should be free to call any or all of the members together again, for a renewal of their fellowship, and, if occasion required, to organize them again into a committee for Convention work. Organization, as has been said, was one of my husband's greatest—"gifts" shall I call it? And yet it was sometimes a hindrance, especially when the Lord was calling to a single-handed work.

The result of the first series of Conventions had been such that the friends were quite willing to respond to this

call. Through all the following winter, spring, and summer, Conventions were held in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Syracuse, Providence, Boston, and a number of other places. In every one of these there was the manifest presence and power of the Holy Spirit, shed forth by the Lord Jesus from the Father. Many ministers and active Christians were brought into an abiding realization of their union with Jesus, and filled with the peace of God, passing all understanding, insomuch that they found that sin had no longer dominion over them, and that the power of God was with them for the walk, work, worship, and warfare of life, as never before.

CHAPTER XI.

A FURTHER STEP IN FAITH.



all this work of the Conventions my husband had gone forward without a salary from any source, and the contributions made to the Association, which paid in part the travelling expenses of the members, were equally distributed among them.

It was at this time in the same year, 1870, that the Lord called upon us to give up all our possessions, and enter upon a life of full trust in Him for all our temporal needs. It was but little that we did own, but that little was very dear, particularly a house in Brooklyn that had been given to me. It was just such a place as I thought the most delightful in which to spend our last days. It had a garden with fruit, and was convenient and sunny, situated on one of the Avenues, and when first I was far away in Europe, my thoughts would revert to that house as the most pleasant spot on earth, and with emotions of gratitude and delight did I praise the Lord for it. We had an uncertain hold upon some other property in the West, but this house was secured to me.

My husband, for some time before this, had been willing to venture upon this life of trust, but would not do so finally until he could obtain my full consent.

He said little about it, but at last the time came when the Lord closed me into His own secret chamber, and asked me to give up all and let Him have the entire care of providing for us. It seemed impossible to me that the dear Lord could wish to take away that house, I could not see how a loving Father could have the heart to do such a thing ; and then, what would all my relatives say ? I did not so much mind about our being considered fools, that was a point settled by them long before, but the pressure upon my mind was, "What would they think of the God we served ? If they heard that all was given up because the Lord said it must be done, would they say He was a kind, loving Father ?"

Three days the Lord wrestled with me, as He did one night with Jacob of old, and just as He saw the necessity of getting Jacob out of joint with himself, so must He get me out of joint with my own ideas, that He might get me into joint with Himself.

O those days of bitter sorrow, because I was not willing to let the Lord have all the care of me, and give up all dependence upon the arm of flesh ! The Lord delights in having us see and understand our dependence upon Him, so that He may lead us into the green pastures, and take us along by the still waters of His love. But, praise His Name ! He does not let go His firm hold of us until He has accomplished His own purposes. Yet He does not willingly afflict ; He did not wish to put Jacob's thigh out of joint, and make him go limping through life ; but better to be out of joint with self than out of joint with God !

It was a day long to be remembered, this third day, when I bowed my head and said, "Yes, Lord, all is Thine ; the

house is gone, given over in full trust to Thee"! It was then that God revealed Himself to me in a wonderful manner, as He made very special promises of His care, and said so lovingly, "You are in your Father's house, My child, to go out no more for ever." The "everlasting arms" were indeed underneath! The house was sold, and the money used. Praise be to His Name, He has so fully met every need since, that He has scarcely waited for us to ask for anything. But there was one instance of withholding which I would mention. We were owing

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS

to a friend, and my husband was expecting to receive from one who was owing him, more than double that amount. We both asked the Lord that He would put it into this man's heart to pay us. But days passed by, and this petition was not granted, until one day my husband said, "Mary, what can it mean? I have never been in debt, and now that we are trusting the Lord for the supply of every need, why is the money not coming from the source from which it is due?" I replied, "It must be to teach us something, and I will find out why." I went alone, and asked the Lord to show us why the money did not come. The Lord said, "My child, you have not asked Me. Ask and you will receive." That "*ask*" went through me like a thunder-bolt, I could never forget it. I saw at once I had not been on the divine side in asking. We had had but one thought as to the *way* in which the Lord would send the money, but He was not shut up to our way; our Father's thought was to teach us *His* way, and therefore He waited until we were tired of our own ideas, and were ready to listen to Him.

I went down to my husband and told him I believed the Lord would send the money at once; that we had not asked aright, and had a lesson to learn, and he saw it immediately.

That afternoon, when walking down Broadway, he met a friend who gave him a cheque for two hundred dollars, just the amount needed ; and, before the close of the day, another two hundred dollars was given him by another friend.

The first lesson learned was, that the Lord kept back the money really needed, in order to teach me to *ask* for whatever I needed ; for I had quite made up my mind that I would never beg the Lord for anything, but would accept what He saw fit to give, and be perfectly satisfied whatever it might be. This did not please Him. The Father now taught me that I was never to feel independent of asking, for He had given us a command to make all our requests known to Him. And another lesson the Lord wished us to learn was to ask in the *will* of the Father, without dictating the *way* in which our needs were to be met. We had asked that the man should pay what he was owing us, but that was not God's way of meeting our need.

Since that day in which all was committed to the Lord, there has never been an anxious thought as to how we should get on, or how meet any debt, for the Lord has supplied us even before asking, so that we have been free as the birds, going wherever the Father sends us, without a fear but that He would meet all expenses in His own way. Thus have our lives been one song of praise and thanksgiving for all His wonderful goodness shown to us !

TRUSTING THE LORD TO SPEAK.

It was now necessary to work independently of others, since it was the Lord who was to employ us. There is a difference between doing the Lord's work and working for the Lord ; just as a servant may keep busy all day long, working for her mistress in her own way, and yet without

doing just what the mistress wishes done. And now my husband had so fully recognised his time as the Lord's, that he ceased forming plans for service, as he had always done heretofore. No more committees or organizations, every step must now be directed by the Lord Himself.

From the time that the Association was dissolved he worked on a new line, and waited for those who wished for a Convention to call it themselves, and invite us. Many more invitations came than could be met; and so many from the West that we decided to go on a tour, visiting the towns and cities to which we were called as they came in the way. In this journeying we were accompanied by Dr. Ward and his wife, who went with us from place to place.

In Cincinnati arrangements were made for holding the first meeting in one of their largest churches. This belonged to the Methodists. It was rather appalling to both Mrs. Ward and myself to think of speaking before a mixed audience, having had but little experience in this service. What was our astonishment on seeing our names placarded in very large letters at the different points, as we drove from the railway station.

"What shall we do?" asked Mrs. Ward.

"Do?" I replied with great boldness. "Just meet it and trust the Lord; we shall have to speak, so let us not fear."

Mrs. Ward was quieted by this remark, and said, "Surely we could do nothing else but trust in the Lord."

We got on very well whenever the subject came up, until, on the morning of the day of the meeting, the gentleman with whom we were staying, who belonged to the "Friends," said, "You brethren must not expect to occupy much time, for there'll be a crowd gathered to hear the ladies. It is something so new to have ladies speaking in this city."

My heart sank within me ; what should we do ? Of course I said nothing to Mrs. Ward ; I was thankful that she was not as upset as I was by hearing this remark. The thought of *my* speaking made a tremendous commotion within, and I told my husband it would be no use for me to try to speak in that large church, for it would be impossible to say one word.

"But, my child, you must," he replied with his usual calmness, "the Lord will not forsake you ; trust Him fully, and your heart will stop that fluttering. I shall ask Him to quiet you, and use you ; *and He will.*"

Although "He will" was said in a very firm tone of voice, yet it did not altogether quiet me, but the *Lord* did in His own way.

The evening came ; this blessed Sabbath evening, and with a beating heart and trembling limbs I walked up the long aisle of the church, leaning on the arm of my husband, looking timidly at the crowd of people gathered there. After the preliminary service, Dr. Ward said, "Will you speak first, or shall my wife ? She is quite willing."

"Of course your wife had better speak, I do not feel prepared," I replied tremblingly, scarce knowing what I said.

Mrs. Ward gave a very clear statement of what the Lord would do for all those who belonged to Him, who would consecrate themselves fully, and trust Him to cleanse and separate them from all that He saw standing between. She also spoke to the unsaved in such a loving way that several were brought to the Lord under the message He gave her. She was not the least frightened, and it seemed to me miraculous to see how she was sustained.

I was talking with the Lord, and begging Him to tell me what I should do when called upon to speak. At last the Lord did so quiet my poor, weak, fluttering heart, as to

enable me to listen. I have never forgotten the words that He said, "If I opened the mouth of a dumb ass, and spoke through it, can I not speak through you, if you will let Me by yielding all to Me?" I was reassured in a moment; it was quite another thing if the Lord was going to speak. I immediately came back to the ground I stood upon when I first spoke to Mrs. Ward. Yes, it was no longer I, but Jesus, and I could let *Him* speak; and He did, so that I was in danger afterwards of being elated by what I heard said; in fact, had I not heeded the kindly words of my dear husband, who cautioned me against attributing anything to self, I should have been puffed up.

A LAWYER FINDS CHRIST THE WAY.

That evening's meeting gave a great impetus to the work of God. My husband and Dr. Ward followed up by short and pointed addresses, and invited any who wished to do so, to remain for conversation. Many stayed, and the next morning a lawyer came to see Mr. Boardman. Leaving his office at an early hour, he found his way to the house where we were staying, and said he must have his mind settled upon this subject of rest of soul. If indeed it was for all, as he had heard my husband say, then it was for him. "And what must I do to get rid of my irritability, which has troubled me ever since I have been a Christian?"

"Why, brother, you must give it to Jesus, there is no other way; He is the Way," replied Mr. Boardman.

"And did I understand you to say that this reception of Jesus is instantaneous in every case?"

"However long the struggle beforehand, and however gradual the rising of the light in the soul afterwards, there is a moment when Christ is first seen to be 'the Way.' There is a time when the Christian leaves every other way (as the

unsaved do when they accept Christ as their Salvation), gives up all hope of overcoming sin himself, and trusts solely in Jesus. It is certainly pleasant to have distinct recollections of one's conversion, and also of the first moment when full trust for full salvation is placed in Jesus ; but the knowledge of the time is by no means indispensable. To be in the Way," continued my husband, "and to have Jesus for the All in All is the great thing."

"And how may I obtain this apprehension of Jesus as my Sanctification?" continued the lawyer.

"Just as you received Jesus as the Sacrifice for sin, so do you practically receive Him as Sanctification. He will do the whole work of making you right. He will take away the disposition to irritability, if you put it into His hands without having a care about it, for faith does not admit of care."

"It seems a very simple lesson to learn. I thought when coming here that I must go through some tremendous struggles of some sort, but if I understand you aright (and I think I do), I am to accept Christ Jesus to do all for me in this my daily walk, as I accepted Him for salvation in the first place. How strange I did not see this before; what do you think was the hindrance? I see what it is. I have been trying for many years to overcome my besetting sins by determinations. I have made no end of resolutions that everything wrong in me should be put away. But thank the Lord, dear brother, for your visit here. Thank Him for the simplicity of the way. I am at rest now, seeing Jesus as the Way."

In the evening when this brother told his experience, it set many hearts longing for the same sweet inlet into Jesus as the Way.

We returned to New York greatly encouraged, and strengthened in faith in the Father as our Provider, as

we experienced how bountifully He supplied every need, and how easily He opened the way for the sowing of seed in many places. And it seemed delightful thus to abide, to live with the Lord Jesus, He the Head in all things, we dependent upon Him in every way. For it seemed such a very great privilege to look at God as a Father ; we, His children, receiving all from Him ! It became a privilege thus to trust, and was a new starting point, not a stopping place. It was a blessed liberty for my husband to be free from all bondage to serve in connection with Committees or Associations ; a freedom which proved to be a new departure as regarded spiritual life, as well as service.

LEARNING LESSONS THROUGH MISTAKES.

The work of holding meetings in this independent way was kept up during all the autumn and winter. Twelve different towns and cities in New England were visited, and Conferences held in each place. The demand for them increased, so that there was no lack of work opening to us. Immediately upon the conclusion of these meetings, without having any rest between, we took another tour into the Western States. The Rev. Henry Belden and Miss Lucy R. Drake were with us at this time, and meetings were called for and held in Oberlin, Bellefontain, Columbus, Oxford, Richmond, Indianapolis and other places. But this work was pursued so long that it came near costing the life of both Mr. Belden and my husband.

"Just one more meeting," Mr. Belden would say, "they are so urgent for us to come to such and such a place," and thus we kept on day after day. It seemed a pity to stop while God was so signally blessing ; but we were each one quite conscious that our powers of endurance were being overtaxed. The meetings usually began at nine o'clock in

the morning, and continued until nine at night, with intervals for dinner.

The way of the Lord was well known to the Apostle Paul, who was forbidden by the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia, and when he essayed to go to Bithynia, the Spirit suffered him not. He knew the mind of the Spirit, so that he did not do that which may have seemed to him the best thing to do. He may have seen a field in Asia all ready for the harvest, but the Lord said, "Go not there." We made a great mistake, thus to go on until we were all prostrated. My husband was told by the physician that his head and spinal system were so affected, that there was but a step between him and death. And Mr. Belden was brought to the verge of the grave by an attack of paralysis the very night he reached home, and no one had the least hope of his recovery.

The Lord permits us to do things, which He sees may teach us lessons of importance He would have us learn ; just as a mother permits a child to do that which may hurt her for the time. I knew one whose little one, just beginning to run about, had a great desire to meddle with the embers. The mother often told her that if she touched them she would be burned. At last one day the mother saw the child creeping towards the fire ; she said nothing, but appeared to be looking another way. The little one, not knowing that the loving eye of her mother was upon her, took up a live coal, which she quickly dropped, and screamed out, "Ma, I'ze burnt!"

"Yes. What did I tell you? Now you have learned the lesson which I tried to teach you, not to touch the coals. Next time you will do better, and find out that mother knows best." The burnt finger was a mistake, but a lesson was learned through this failure which would never be

forgotten by the child. Just in this way do we often learn lessons of importance by failures, which may have come, not through direct disobedience, but through not waiting to find out what the mind of God really is.

My husband was obliged to rest all during the summer and autumn of 1872.

CENTERVILLE, ON CAPE COD,

was the most quiet, out of the way place that could be thought of, and here my husband rested in the hope of recovering from the overwork of the winter and spring campaigns. The air here was very pleasant; the soft sea breezes seemed to lull one to sleep. We found the Congregational minister deeply interested in the subject of sanctification; so we had many delightful meetings in the lecture room of his church, and several drawing-room meetings among the people. In fact it would have been easy for us to have been drawn on into constant work, but the lack of health and strength rendered it quite impossible to do much, although there was this open door. We were reminded of the land of Palestine, which lay desolate, because she did not keep her Sabbaths, until threescore and ten years were fulfilled. Thus the Lord's people must lie fallow, if they drag on with work when God would have them rest. It was, however, while resting here that my husband began his fourth book,

"IN THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT."

This also came out in a series of articles published in "Times of Refreshing," and at the same time, another work was commenced, containing a history of Dr. Cullis' remarkable Faith Work in Boston. Both these books were completed during the winter, after returning to Boston. A friend writes:—

“‘In the Power of the Spirit’ is perhaps less known than any other of Mr. Boardman’s books, but is one of the deepest and most spiritual of any he has written. While yet simple in its depth, it clearly explains the difference between the gift of the Spirit for conversion, and that fuller experience of which he thus speaks: ‘Our Saviour makes this distinction in connection with the promise of the Spirit as an indwelling One, “Who *is with* you, and *shall be in* you.” The Spirit is with us to convince of sin before we are converted, and to regenerate us in the new birth; and He is with us afterwards to work in us everything that is of God. But this is entirely a different thing from His coming in to possess us fully for God as His temple; * purify us to God as His peculiar possession, † purchased by the blood of the Son of God; ‡ fill us with all the fulness of God; § keep us by the power of God; ¶ use us for the glory of God; attend us by the might of God; and preserve us blameless unto the coming of Christ.’ ||”

“And this gift he traces from the time of the Apostles to our own times in the experience of the riper saints whom he quotes. ‘These all testify of themselves that at a certain moment during their Christian course they were suddenly lifted up into Christ, and filled with the Spirit in an experience which stood at the beginning of a higher plane of Christian life and power.’ Again he says: ‘The logic of all this leads to the inevitable conclusion, that the Baptism of the Spirit is not a gift of miraculous powers conferred upon a few, but the gift of the Holy Ghost Himself to us, to dwell in us, provided for every child of God who will receive Him.’ ‘The time must come, will come, when

* 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17; vi. 19, 20. † Tit. ii. 14; 1 Pet. i. 22.

‡ 1 Pet. i. 18, 19. § Eph. iii. 16-19. ¶ 1 Pet. i. 5. || 1 Thess. v. 23.

men will learn that to be abiding in Christ is to be happy ; and to be out of the abiding is to be out of the only true line of happiness for which man was created.' And he goes on to prove we can only attain to the abiding in Christ by the indwelling power of the Holy Ghost. Many a time, speaking of the heavenly atmosphere into which he had been brought by this glorious Baptism of the Spirit, and its adaptation to all our faculties, he would exclaim, with an intense fervour which glowed like a fire in his words : 'It suits me exactly, and I would not be without it for worlds ; it is just as if you put a bird into the air or a fish into the sea. God has put me into the element for which I was created. Oh, beloved, lose your hold of everything else, and drop into God !' "

CHAPTER XII.

THIRD TRIP TO EUROPE—CONFERENCES IN
ENGLAND.

THE spring of 1873 found my husband still suffering from the effects of the prostration of the year before. Again the Lord opened the way for crossing the ocean; and, as the waters at Ems in Germany had before proved so very beneficial to both my husband and myself, he concluded to avail himself of them again, with the hope that he would receive like benefit. In company with Dr. and Mrs. Cullis and others, we went to Ems; but my husband did not recover. This time his hopes were not fully realized, and, wearied with travelling, we were glad to leave the large party of people who had joined us, and return to England in September.

There we found Mr. R. P. Smith had been holding meetings in London during the spring, which were attended with considerable interest and some blessed results. He, too, had been on the continent, and was now to recommence his London meetings. My husband went into this work with Mr. Smith in a more moderate way. And by resting

a day in bed when he was wearied and beginning to be prostrated, he recovered his health, even while still engaged in service. He became convinced that God's plan was that of resting when the system required it, and not struggling to push on when worn down. And this proved most useful to him all through life. But it is truly wonderful that, after he took the Lord Jesus as his Healer, he did not rest a day in bed for four years before he went to glory. Although not largely attended, the interest felt in these meetings, held with Mr. Smith in various places, was such as to lead to a movement among the most remarkable upon record, both in itself and in its fruits.

THE BREAKFASTS.

We quote now from a short account of these years in England, given by Dr. Cullis, and published by him.

"Mr. T. B. Smithies, well known in connection with *The British Workman*, invited Mr. Smith and Mr. Boardman to meet the Primitive Methodist ministers of London at a breakfast at one of their Temperance Hotels. They met. The breakfast over, a hymn was sung, the Scriptures read, prayer offered, and the meeting opened for addresses from Mr. Smith and Mr. Boardman, upon the subject of 'The Higher Christian Life, and Power for Service,' and the conclusion of the whole was a time of consecrating prayer, in which several took part. They sat down at the breakfast about nine in the morning, and separated between twelve and one o'clock in the afternoon, having had two hours and a half or more of the closest and most searching intercourse before God.

"The tide of grateful acknowledgment for blessing received that morning, which flowed in upon Mr. Smithies, was so great, that he at once went on to something greater on

the same lines. Associating himself with Mr. Samuel Morley, and one or two others prominent in the Congregational connection, he invited the two hundred Independent ministers of London, with leading laymen, in divisions of from forty to sixty, to meet Mr. Smith and Mr. Boardman at breakfast in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, Aldersgate Street. Four successive breakfasts followed each other in four successive weeks, with these heads of the congregational Churches of London, and two hours and a half in each were spent with them, as already described with the Primitive Methodists. At the last of the four, Mr. Smithies stated publicly, that never in his life before had the Lord permitted him to do anything that brought him so much delight in his own soul, or so many thanks from others for signal benefits received.

"No sooner was this course completed, than this noble man, in connection with Mr. Tritton, the banker, invited all the Baptist ministers of London, and many laymen, a company of four hundred or more, at one time to breakfast in the Cannon Street Hotel. Another week he invited the still larger number of Wesleyan and New Connection Wesleyan ministers of London, with Sir Francis Lycett to preside, assisted by the President of the Wesleyan Conference and Rev. William Arthur, at the same hotel. And later on, all the London City missionaries and the Christian workers among the soldiers and sailors (six or seven hundred) at the same hotel, with the same object in view.

"Doubtless, even in such sacred soil, some of the seed found place on critical ground, and was carried away by the wicked one; some was choked by the cares and ambitions of ministerial life; and some withered away; but the great day will reveal a wonderful harvest and succession of harvests, greater and greater to the end, from the seed sown

in the hearts of these twelve or fifteen hundred Christian ministers and workers.

"The expense and labour of inviting, arranging, and paying for these eight successive breakfasts was certainly no trifle. Who furnished the money, is known to Mr. Smithies and the Lord ; no appeals were made, nor any complaints heard. All went along, from first to last, like machinery well oiled.

"During the eight successive weeks in which the breakfasts, arranged by Mr. Smithies, occurred, several others, similar to these, were arranged by other persons in their own dwellings, or in halls belonging to them. A large mansion at the West End of London was opened for this purpose, and a good number of the clergy of the Church of England invited to meet Mr. Boardman and Mr. Smith at breakfast. A gentleman at the head of the financial department of the National Post Office invited the ministers of all denominations from Woolwich and its vicinity to a breakfast in a public hall. Admiral Sir C. C. gave an evening meeting, as well as morning breakfast, to a gathering of Church of England, Baptist, Presbyterian, and other ministers of Blackheath for the same purpose. A banker in another part of London invited ministers to meet these brethren at a breakfast. Lord F. also gave a breakfast at Mildmay Conference Hall to a large number of ministers and Christian workers. These were all given for the express purpose of having conversation, and hearing from Mr. Boardman and Mr. Smith about the higher Christian life and power for service, and in most instances the whole morning, until near one o'clock, was given to the direct work of inducing entire consecration to God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

"After these breakfasts were over, meetings were held in

various parts of London and its vicinity, sometimes with Mr. Smith, and often without. One Congregational minister immediately arranged for meetings to be held for a week in his church. They commenced on Sunday night, and on Monday, at noon, in opening the meeting, "Rock of Ages" was given out as the first hymn. The minister led in singing it. He began, but broke down in the first verse for very joy of soul. . . . Jesus had so manifested Himself, that it overpowered him altogether. All present were deeply touched; the Lord had now begun to work blessedly, and the power went on increasing to the end of the week.

"A Baptist pastor, in the same section of London, then united with this Congregational pastor in meetings for another week, which were continued two weeks, and held alternately in the one church, and in the other. And this Baptist minister often stated in public that very large numbers of his people came out into the full liberty and joy of abiding union with Jesus, and that his church was made over new! Other ministers of all denominations invited similar gatherings, two or more in most instances uniting, and everywhere blessing followed. While all this was going forward, two very remarkable conferences were called; one in Mildmay Park Conference Hall, in the North of London, and the other in the Queen's Rooms, Hanover Square, in the West End. Both were attended with power, but the last greatly surpassed the first, not in numbers, but in the sweet and sacred impressiveness of its character. Then followed similar meetings in various parts of England, filling up all their time. Probably the average would not be throughout less than two meetings a day the whole winter and spring.

"Whilst these movements were going forward, the Bishops of London and Ripon united in calling a meeting of the Clergymen of the Church of England in St. Paul's Cathedral,

to arrange for a mission week, that is, a week of continuous evangelistic services every day in the week, in all the churches, a thing never done in London before. The Bishop of London made it his special object to press upon the clergy entire consecration to God, as the indispensable pre-requisite to success, in the great work before them. One of the arguments used by him to induce them to make the consecration was the fact that there was, at that very hour, an assembly of ministers convened at another place, to be addressed by Mr. Pearsall Smith and Mr. Boardman upon that very subject.

BROADLANDS AND OXFORD CONFERENCES.

"Summer came, and with it a meeting which made an impression more profound than any before, called by the Right Hon. Cowper Temple, M.P., the stepson of the late Lord Palmerston. Broadlands, the Palmerston residence, is beautiful. The park, the lawns and gardens, with the river winding its way through, all combine to make it exceedingly lovely, and, although there was a chapel in the grounds near the house, yet the call was for an open-air meeting. No more were invited than could be entertained as guests. Mr. Cowper Temple filled his own large and elegant mansion, and also took an hotel in Romsey near by, and filled that. A number of French, Swiss, German, Belgian, and Dutch pastors were among the guests, and with these, as many English ministers and laymen, including nobles and gentry, as could be accommodated. No doubt the romance of the place and its associations was wonderfully impressive, but above and beyond all this, the power of God, like that in the Pentecostal upper chamber, was very great and many were so signally set free from sin, and fear, and care, and so filled with the fulness of God, that the report of the Broadlands meetings went out far and near.

"Then came the early autumn, and with it the crowning Conference of the year 1874, at Oxford. It lasted eight days. About fifteen hundred people from all parts of the kingdom, besides the people of Oxford themselves, were in attendance. The same pastors from the Continent who were at Broadlands came also to Oxford, and many more with them. The Town Hall, the Corn Exchange, and the Iron Room connected with St. Aldate's (Rev. Mr. Christopher's), were the principal rooms in which the meetings were held, and each of them, if they could speak, would tell of glorious things done in them. Indeed they did speak, day after day they were vocal with the echoes of testimony upon testimony to the wonderful works of God in the souls of the people. Probably never before had been held in that ancient seat of learning such a meeting for power. It was enough to make the martyrs Latimer and Ridley come forth from the dead to give glory to God for the resurrection life and power the risen Saviour was breathing into His people. The Oxford meeting was arranged and presided over by Mr. Pearsall Smith, and shortly after its close he sailed with his wife and children from Liverpool for their home in Philadelphia.

"From Oxford, we went to Dover for a Conference arranged by Rev. G. A. Rogers, vicar of Christ Church, and from there to London. All England now seemed open for the work, and eager for meetings. Invitations came from many places, but the work in London became so engrossing, that only a few could be accepted out of town, and those, in the main, from places so near, that they could be visited between the times of London meetings.

"One of the places visited in this manner, was Milton Abbey, an ancient monastery, and at one time a royal residence. Mornings and afternoons the meetings were held,

some in the library, others in the ancient and beautiful hall of the Abbey, and evenings in the Abbey Church, which had been recently restored by its owner. The clergy and gentry from all the surrounding country came, morning and afternoon, to the consecration meetings, and the villagers to the evangelistic services in the evenings. Broadlands and Romsey together were visited. There was a lunch at Broadlands for Clergymen of the Church of England, and on the second day for Ministers of various denominations.

“In the Town Hall, Romsey, where general meetings were held daily, the people became so earnest and full of the power of God, that it was exceedingly difficult to bring the last to a close, and many were converted and many brought into full trust in Christ in the last moments. Southampton was another place visited, and great good was accomplished there on each occasion.

“We were also invited to Riber Castle, Derbyshire, and there the Lord met us and blessed the meetings in a marvellous manner. One poor man came all the way from Ireland, almost distracted with a sense of his lost condition, filled with fear that he should never find the Saviour. He learned there, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, that the Saviour had been searching for him all the while, and had there found him. Oh, how happy he was!

“Uxbridge, an hour by rail from London, was another place wonderfully moved and renewed by the power of God, during two successive conferences, under the lead of Mr. Boardman. Windsor too, was so moved by a similar conference, that the ministers and people went on with services from day to day, for not less than a week or fortnight afterwards, and the various villages around were soon embraced in the widening circle of the waves of salvation. Slough came in also for a short conference following the one at Windsor.

"But of all the places visited, the manufacturing town of

"CLECKHEATON, YORKSHIRE,

was the most mightily moved by the power of God. Never was a work more signally from God than that. The place was small. Its population did not exceed seven thousand, and consisted mainly of mill-owners and work-people. There were six or seven mills of various sorts in the place. The people themselves had resolved upon a fortnight of daily meetings, comprising a noon prayer-meeting, and a preaching service in the Congregational Church in the evening. A choir of forty or fifty singers was organised, and soon sang with great spirit any or all of Sankey's hymns. They had no promise of help from abroad. Hearing that my husband was at Riber Castle, one who was an entire stranger, appealed to him to come to their help. The Lord had so ordered it, that during the fortnight of their services, Mr. Boardman was to visit Manchester and Blackburn, and one or two other places in Lancashire, for a single meeting in each, and had the first Sunday and Monday free, and as Cleckheaton was within easy reach of Manchester, he consented to go there for the Sunday and Monday.

"Sunday morning the very large and delightful Congregational Church was full in every part. The afternoon service was yet more crowded. It was specially for the young people and children. No one could have failed of feeling the mighty power of God present both morning and afternoon. In the evening the scene was quite beyond the common. The great audience were fairly bowed, and many of them broken down, under the weight of God's presence. Seven hundred or more remained for the after-meeting. The better to deal with them, they were separated into three different meetings. As many earnest inquirers as could get

into a large room below, were invited to follow Mr. Boardman there, while others went into another room to receive instruction from another person, and the rest remained where they were.

"The rooms below filled up immediately; a few home questions were put to them, such as would have been asked of any one of them alone, and they answered by signs; and when the final one was put, 'Will you—do you now accept the Lord Jesus as your Saviour?' a large part of them answered, 'I do.' And then, when those who had accepted Christ were requested to give place to those waiting outside, a hundred or more rose at once and went out, and immediately their places were filled by others. Again the matter was put in the simplest and most direct way possible, and the Holy Ghost seemed to fall on the people with the words, and nearly all present gave testimony to Christ as having saved them there. This is a meagre and imperfect statement of some of that material facts of that day and evening. The last day will declare the sum total of the conversions which took place.

"The next day, a mill-owner, who had been brought into full trust in the blessed Saviour during the Sunday morning service, opened his mill for a special service for his workpeople on Monday, giving them for it the last three-quarters-of-an-hour of the work-time of the day. Then he went from mill to mill, and secured a similar arrangement in all the mills. The Lord went before him in every instance. To his amazement, when he proposed the matter to one mill-owner, wholly unaccustomed to attend any place of worship, he said at once, 'O yes, certainly; I have done it already. My workpeople came to me to know if they might have the use of one of the rooms half-an-hour after closing time, and I said, 'Yes, and half-an-hour before too, and I'll

not dock the time.' 'Admiral Fishbourne joined Mr. Boardman for the meetings in Lancashire, but stayed with him for only one of them and then went to Cleckheaton, and remained there until the Monday following, and the Lord gladdened his heart by scenes, similar to those described, every day to the end.

"Other places out of London were visited, and everywhere the power of God was present to save the unconverted, and to sanctify the Christians. But the work of the winter and spring, until May, was mainly in London itself. In London besides a great many meetings of shorter duration, conferences, averaging about four days each, were held at King's Cross, Vauxhall, Victoria Park, Stoke Newington, Shepherd's Bush, Pimlico, Kensington, and Hammersmith.

"In some respects the most remarkable movement of the whole autumn and winter was that of

"THE CANNON STREET MEETINGS.

Mr. Charles de Selincourt, a manufacturer and merchant of London, and an officer in Mr. Martin's (Congregational) church, Westminster, returned from the Oxford Conference with a heart so full of thanksgiving to God for the wonderful deliverance from his sins and baptism of the Holy Spirit received there, that he longed to do something, anything the Lord would show him, as a thank-offering for the benefits received. He had about five hundred people under him, connected with his factory and warehouse, and under the leading of the Holy Spirit he began at once a work amongst them, which resulted in the conversion of three times more, in two or three weeks, than had been brought to the Lord in all the ten previous years. This, however, only increased his desire to do more.

"In conversation with Mrs. Boardman, he learned she

was asking the Lord for some central small hall for meetings once a week, to which those, wishing instruction from her husband and herself, might be invited from all parts of the kingdom. 'Why will not the Cannon Street Hotel do?' he asked.

"'Oh, that would be too expensive,' was the reply.

"'I will inquire,' said he. He did inquire, and found that the Queen's Rooms, Hanover Square, or any other suitable place, would cost as much, and none of them would be so convenient. Mr. Boardman went with him to see, and finally, not without misgiving about the too great capacity of the 'Great Hall' of the hotel, he assented to Mr. de Selincourt taking it for the four successive Mondays in November, from three to half-past nine o'clock in the evening.

"Mr. de Selincourt undertook all the work of making the meetings known, and inviting guests, and when a friend kindly proposed to share the expense with him, said, 'No, it is my thank-offering.' When he had fairly entered upon the work, he found that the first Monday was Lord Mayor's Day, of all the year the day for confusion in the City! The discovery was too late. Failure was predicted, but there was no drawing back. Prayer was offered that the Lord would glorify Himself by making it a success, all the greater because of the difficulties, and the prayer was answered. It was made a success in every respect. The numbers in attendance surprised everybody, and the power of God's presence filled the hall with glory. The second Monday every available inch of space was filled, and many had to stand, and some to go away; and so also the third and the fourth Mondays.

"The meetings held each Monday were, at three o'clock in the afternoon, a general meeting for addresses. At four o'clock Mrs. Boardman led a ladies' meeting. Five o'clock, tea. At six o'clock, a free conversational meeting.

At seven o'clock, a general meeting. And each day the tide rose from the beginning to the end, and during the whole series blessing and power increased. The final meeting was wonderful. It was devoted mainly to short testimonies of signal blessing received during the meetings.

"A COLONEL CONVERTED.

"Although the meetings were for consecration, from first to last, the Lord also did exceeding abundantly above all that had been asked or thought of, in the unlooked-for conversion of souls. The following is an example. In one of the evening meetings, a Colonel of the army sat listening. Mr. Boardman spoke of a present rest remaining for the people of God ; a rest from burdens and cares, as well as from the dominion and torment of besetting sins. He urged present trust, from the Apostle's words, "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts," repeating and strongly emphasizing the word NOW. This made the Colonel very angry. Before the night was over, however, he had surrendered to God unconditionally, and found peace in believing. Next morning he went with the good news to his nieces, and to his amazement and joy he found that they too had been converted. So mightily did God work.

"The fruits of these meetings on the four Mondays in November, were found in many and far distant places, and continued to come to their knowledge all winter and spring, up to the last days of their sojourn in England."

The year 1875 commenced with a Conference at the Agricultural Hall, which continued during all the month of January. Every day of the week, except Sunday, meetings were held ; in the afternoon for ladies, and in the evening for general conference ; and the Lord only knows what was done during these meetings. They were not large, but the

company gathered there from day to day were greatly blest. At each meeting there were strangers ; many coming for a week or two, until they found the rest they were seeking, and others then took their place.

CHAPTER XIII.

VISIT TO SCOTLAND AND RETURN TO AMERICA.



WE had often thought of sowing some seed in Scotland before sailing for America ; but little did we think of the precious harvest awaiting us both in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Early in May we left London, taking Bolton and Birmingham on the way. Mr. Boardman had been at Bolton before, in March, and the power of God had been manifested in no ordinary degree, so we only stayed there one blessed day, and in Birmingham two days. Our meetings were arranged by Mr. Sampson, a precious man of God, whom we met at Riber Castle ; they were not in a central place, yet the hall was filled ; and seldom, indeed, is the sweetness of subduing grace felt as it was in those meetings. At

EDINBURGH

most of the meetings were held in the Waverley Hall. Prejudice now gave place to confidence, and fruits began to appear. Among the first fruits, and the last also, were conversions, although the main point was to have Christians learn how to abide in Christ, and be filled with the Spirit. The meetings grew daily, and great grace was upon them all.

Queen Street Hall, seating 2,500, was secured for the Sabbath, and filled to the full ; and when the time came for the final meeting on Tuesday evening, the hall was filled an hour in advance, and the meeting commenced before the appointed time. This was a service for giving glory to God for what He had wrought during the week. Some hundreds rose to bear testimony, and many who had not before ventured wholly upon Christ, did so in these closing moments.

The ladies' meetings, held in the afternoon, were also crowned with blessing. The Lord broke down prejudice in a very simple way—in pushing me by His Spirit at the commencement of the first meeting, to repeat

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Curiosity had brought many together, so that the hall was packed. Some had said that we were setters forth of strange doctrine, such as professing sinless perfection, etc. But all this opposition was overruled. Why I felt impelled to repeat this prayer, I did not understand, for I had never opened a meeting in this way ; but it afterwards appeared that, among other charges brought against us, was that of never saying the Lord's Prayer ; and the reason assigned was that we could not use that sentence, "Forgive us our trespasses." People said we thought ourselves free from sin, and could never ask to be forgiven anything.

It was delightful, however, after the meeting, to see the loving-kindness with which these honest-minded Christians greeted me. Six, one after the other, asked who had been telling me that it was reported about us, that we could not say the Lord's Prayer. And when they heard that not a word had been said about it to either Mr. Boardman or me, they felt it was surely the Lord Himself who had put it

into my heart to begin the meeting in this way, and thus to remove prejudice, before commencing to tell out the story of Jesus, our glorious Deliverer. In this simple way were these dear people of God disarmed of their prejudice, and they were prepared to receive the truth, and to listen to the simple experience of what it is to come into resurrection life in Christ Jesus.

In the next meeting I took up the thought of confession, and told the story of the man who stopped for the night at an inn, and was put into the same room with one who, before getting into his bed in another corner of the room, knelt down to pray in a low tone of voice. Most of his prayer was taken up with confession. He asked the Lord to forgive him, if there was any thought of murder in his heart, any malice or ill-will toward any one, etc. The stranger in the other corner heard the words murder and malice, and became alarmed, thinking he was put in the same room with a murderer and, as he supposed, a thief. He watched his opportunity, and when the praying man was asleep, dressed himself and went down stairs, afraid to stay in the same room. While on the one hand the Lord cannot wish us to go through with confessing that of which we are not guilty, yet He does desire instant confession when we see we are wrong in anything. And this led to my relating the Lord's dealing with me when quite a young Christian.

CONFESSION.

It was after I had found Jesus as my indwelling Saviour, ever with me to keep me in the daily walk of life; when I had for weeks enjoyed an uninterrupted rest of soul and a peace that passeth all understanding, that my mind became greatly exercised to go and see a brother in the Methodist Church, and tell him that his pastor was really in

very great want of the necessaries of life. He was a steward in his church, and a rich man, living in the finest house in the place. Many a time had I been pressed to go and see him, to convince him how remiss he was in this matter, but had delayed, until at last I decided that this time I must go. I put it all into the Lord's hands, as I thought, and started to find Mr. M——. It was but a few minutes' walk, and I soon found myself face to face with him. I laid the whole matter before him in the plainest way possible. I told him what I had seen with my own eyes, and of course said much more than was absolutely necessary to say. I was greatly astonished when he went into a rage, and, instead of acknowledging himself in fault, looked angrily at me and said: "You had better go home, and attend to your own affairs. You do not belong to our Church, and have no right to meddle with us. I think it is a great pity you cannot find something better to do than to run round finding fault with your neighbours."

I went home, feeling completely crushed. What could it mean? I felt so sure God had told me to see this brother, and tell him the circumstances; and I sought my chamber that I might pour out my soul to the Lord, and be comforted by Him, for I was in great distress about it. I asked the Lord if I had done wrong in going to Mr. M——, but I had the assurance from my Father that He wished me to go. Then I pleaded to know what was wrong, and very clearly did the Lord show me that my whole difficulty was in not having a real spirit of love. I had not waited for the Lord to speak, but spoke myself, in a reproofing way, which was not in the spirit of Jesus. As the Holy Spirit revealed this, I soon saw it, and that my own earnestness in the matter had stood in the way of the Lord's working.

"Yes, Lord," I said, "I do see it all; I was expecting

too much from what *I* might say, and it was not said in the spirit of love. But what shall I do now?"

"You must go back, my child, and ask Mr. M—— to forgive you for hurting his feelings."

"What!" I said, "must I ask forgiveness from a man who has treated me as he has? Thou knowest, dear Lord, I have never before been spoken to in this way. It is I who have been the abused one; I do not see how I can do it." Still it was pressed in upon me that I must ask his forgiveness for not speaking in a more quiet spirit of love. And, finally, I said, "Lord, make me willing." In one moment I was made willing, and went back as fast as my feet would carry me. I began at once: "Mr. M——, I am very sorry that I hurt your feelings, and I have come to ask you to forgive me."

"Forgive you," he replied, "why, Mrs. Boardman, I have felt as if I was the meanest man living, to treat you as I did; you make me feel so ashamed of myself;" and he wiped the tears from his eyes. "I know," he continued, "what a proud woman you have been; and now I see what the Lord has done in enabling you to do this thing. I believe in *your* kind of sanctification, it is just what the Churches need. Why our people, some of them, who profess to believe they are entirely sanctified (and they always put in the 'entirely'), would not do what you have done, no, not for anything; for they will never admit that they sin in any way. They think 'once cleansed always cleansed,' and it is that sort of thing that has set me against the doctrine of sanctification. Then too, they are no more strict in business matters than I am, and I am not what I should be. I own that I have been neglectful of my minister, so that I felt every word you said to be true, and it cut me to the quick; but it shall not occur again. Do let

us have prayer together, for I feel all broken up, and weak as a baby." We prayed together, and I saw how wonderfully the Lord had blessed our conversation to this brother; while no one knows the blessing it was to myself, or how it brought me to see the subtle ways of self, and how mixed may be our very best acts.

It is only as the Holy Spirit reveals self that the soul can see it. There is ever a vast territory within, to be possessed by our Lord, and He alone sees all the lurking places of this hidden self, and He alone can show us. Is it not more scriptural to be ready to confess, than to imagine ourselves to have come into a state where confession is never necessary? "If we walk in the light, as *He* is in the light, we (Christ and we) have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." When we are walking, going on in the light, He reveals to us that from which we need to be cleansed; and we learn that whatever knowledge we may have gained, and however deep may be our communion with God to-day, it will not suffice for to-morrow; all we have learned is only retained by the exercise of trust or faith in the Lord moment by moment.

IN GLASGOW,

where we went immediately from Edinburgh, the Lord had prepared the way for us in a manner all His own. Mr. William Sloan, who invited us, had married the daughter of the friend in whose drawing room we had held our first meetings in London. He was a member of the Evangelistic Committee under whom the work, begun by Moody and Sankey, had been most efficiently carried on up to that time. Thus we came directly into the current of the great work still in progress.

Mr. Boardman's first meeting in Glasgow illustrates the wonderful way in which the Lord opened the door for us there. It was a "Fellowship meeting" for converts and workers in Ewing Place Church, and was crowded. The subject chosen and announced long before, was "Power for service," of all subjects the one he would have chosen; and in subsequent meetings, many gave thanks to God for the enduement of power, for which their souls had been yearning, received in that meeting. The time of year was not the most favourable, still the meetings were large from the beginning, and not chilled in the least by the absence of many who would gladly have remained for them, if they could have done so.

On the Sabbath afternoon, Mr. Boardman preached in Dr. Andrew Bonar's church, and the subsequent testimonies to blessing received in the service were many; amongst them those of three officers of the church. The door was not opened at all for public testimonies until the final meeting, Tuesday evening, but the hearts of the people had become so full, that the rivers of water began to flow unbidden. Mr. Sloan was the first to tell what the Lord had done for his soul, and his clear, sweet, ringing testimony to deliverance from sins, burdens, and cares, and to the reception of the fulness of God in Christ by the Holy Spirit, produced a profound impression, and was sealed to the liberation of several who afterwards spoke.

This was Monday. Tuesday evening an hour was gained by an earlier commencement, and the moment the meeting was thrown open for personal thanksgiving, and praise for blessing received during the week, the tide set in, and from the beginning to the end it flowed on in an incessant stream. But fruits and incidents of the Lord's work in these Conferences would fill a volume if written out.

RETURN TO AMERICA.

We bade, as we supposed, a final farewell to our loving friends in England, without the least idea of again beholding their faces on this earth. It was a greater trial than before to leave these dear ones, but as the steamer bore us away towards our native land, we were cheered by the thought of a great work lying before us in the United States. Friends had urged our return, feeling the utmost certainty that the Lord wanted us there. And we thought with them that our work in England was completed, and that we were called henceforth to sow seed in our native land.

We were thankful to reach New York once more, for we had encountered a heavy gale on the ocean. Many times before had we seen storms at sea, but this was the most furious: the waves dashed with force against the vessel, as if trying their best to knock it to pieces. The foaming of the waters seemed like the wrath of God. But it was glorious to feel such safety in the presence of Jesus, whom we knew to be always with us, in the storm as well as the calm. We landed on the 10th of June: a very hot day it was, and as we drove up Broadway, we were struck with seeing how busy the people were, trying to keep cool. The heat was such a contrast to anything we had felt in England.

Ten days quite sufficed for staying in New York and its vicinity, and my husband, desiring a few weeks' rest, embraced the opportunity of going to a farm in New Jersey. It was indeed a luxury to be here, far away from the busy throng, amid the green fields and lovely hills that enclose two sides of this beautiful plain. Fresh air, pure water, plenty of unadulterated milk and cream, with an old horse and buggy to jog round the country, were not things to be despised, and loving letters from friends in England soon found their way to us.

Friends at home wrote urging us to attend a large annual temperance gathering at Sea Cliff Grove, and to hold meetings there for teaching the Higher Christian Life. These meetings, held each afternoon, proved a very great refreshment to the hard working Christians who would drop into the little hall for an hour's communion with the Lord, and enjoy the refreshing breezes from the land of Beulah.

The large yearly Camp Meeting, under the management of Dr. Cullis, was held at S. Framingham. Here we found plenty both to do and to hear, and met friends whom we had not seen for many years.

These and various other meetings called us away from our retreat, to which we returned to enjoy again the quiet of the farm life. When my husband was here on the Sabbath, he was sure to have the pleasure of preaching for some pastor in the neighbourhood. Dr. Cullis urged our coming to live in Boston, saying there was much to be done there, but the Lord did not incline our minds to this course. We often wondered what He intended us to do, but we never doubted for a moment that we had been guided by Him, since we had put all into His hands; and we knew that, in His own time and way, He would show us where to locate and what to do.

GUIDANCE.

The autumn came, and we left our quiet resting place and went to Philadelphia. We thought the time had come for us to settle down, and enter upon our winter's work, which we supposed would be that of visiting the churches in various places, stirring up Christians, or it might be something quite different to anything we had planned. Already we had several places in mind, but first of all we must find a house in some central part of New York or Philadelphia, which would answer our purpose as being within reach of the principal railway stations.

We spent a week in Philadelphia in fruitless search for this desired object. Many houses did we see that would do "all but." And the "all buts" came in to prevent our settling in this city at all, as there was always a certain something that deterred us from taking any house which was at all available. We consequently decided that New York was the place in which we were to make our home. Accordingly we went on to that city, full of the expectation that a suitable place would fall into our hands at once; but what was our astonishment to meet with the same difficulty there as in Philadelphia. There was something which prevented our taking any place presented to us. We knew the Lord was in this, quite as much as He had been hitherto in our *finding* places, and well understood we had only to learn His will.

Meanwhile the Lord had made it very clear to my mind, that we were to return to England. He had indeed spoken to me in the night season, and shown me that this was His will. But as it was not very pleasant to think about, I drove the thought from my mind, whenever it came up. Heretofore, when we crossed the ocean, there was some definite object to be gained, some good reason for doing so. But now I could not see why we should go back again, and take such a journey without having any invitation, and without seeing any opening when we should arrive there. I asked the Lord to make me willing to return, and was enabled to give it all over into His hands, and rest fully in His will concerning us. I said not a word to my husband, as I waited for the Lord to show him His mind, as He had done on all previous occasions.

The days went on, and the precious hours of each day were now given to house hunting in Brooklyn, as nothing was found in New York city. At last, after spending a fortnight here with friends, interested in helping us in our

search for a suitable house, my husband began to think the Lord had some other purpose in His mind for us. Therefore I was not at all surprised to hear him say, "Mary, if this arrangement fails, and I do not settle with the house-owner to take this furnished house, I shall fully conclude that the Lord wishes us to return to England."

I said nothing, but how well I knew it would all fall through ! It was not that we were so particular about being suited, but the Lord did not seem to favour our settling upon anything, because He had something He saw to be far better for us, and He must teach us His way by letting us try our own thought first. But this trying to find out His plan was rather different to any past experience, as we had usually found the door open, and were not in the habit of pushing it open ; therefore, it was not to be wondered at that my dear husband seemed rather tried during these days of uncertainty. The Lord has many ways of teaching us ; as much by His providence, or by circumstances, as by His voice within. He says, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind Thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." How may we hear this word ? By having the ear open and stopping to listen. If the voice be behind, then we cannot hear by rushing on ; we must stop, we must bend the ear, to catch the mind of God our Father. We are also guided by the Word of God, but the Holy Spirit must open that Word to us, and make it as real to us as if we heard the Father's voice.

God makes the way very plain, and all the difficulty on our part respecting guidance comes from some lack of understanding God's dealings with us. Samuel had to be taught how to know the voice of God. At first he mistook it for the voice of a man, and ran to Eli, but he was taught

of God, and learned to be guided by the Lord in a very direct and simple way. And so may every child of God.

But to return. The evening came, and the gentleman owning the house which suited us, made his appearance. He had agreed to some conditions with which he now refused to comply, and, therefore, that settled the whole matter, and in a few minutes our return to England was decided upon. There was no use arguing, "Why did the Lord send us home to stay such a short time? Why were we allowed to think that such a great work awaited us in America? Why did He let us settle never to return to England, thinking our work was finished?" All questioning was at once and for ever at an end. The Lord said, "Go back to England," and that was enough. There was no obstacle in the way. Our Father had taken care that we should not lack means sufficient for all travelling expenses, for we were bountifully supplied. "The Lord is good, a Stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him."

CHAPTER XIV.

RETURN TO ENGLAND—WORK IN SWEDEN.

“ ROLLING stone gathers no moss.” This proverb is often repeated ; but God’s ways may be the reverse of this world’s maxims. And the movements of those who are living in obedience to an unseen Guide must appear inexplicable to those, who do not understand the life of faith.

It was a strange look-out to find ourselves again on the ocean, tossing over the waves in the very same way we had done six months before, when going to America. But faith in the One who had told us to go, made the future bright, lighting it up with the presence of Him, whose face is the open window into the glories of heaven. “In Thy presence is fulness of joy.” “Thou hast made known to me the way of life, Thou shalt make me full of joy with Thy countenance.” And thus I believe no journey was ever more illuminated with the Divine presence, because we were shut up to faith alone, and put to the test of trusting God, without knowing beforehand a single step we were to take.

IN ENGLAND.

Here we were once more, having made our seventh voyage over the surging billows in safety. The quaint old town of Gravesend was before us. It looks so much more picturesque from the steamer than it does when treading its streets. It was but a short stay we made here, and we were soon off from this point, moving on up the famous old river Thames. It was in November, the month of all others most favourable for smoke in London, and slowly we penetrated into the heavy cloud in which the city was enshrouded. And what a time it took for our steamer to thread its way amongst the forest of vessels, and get to its own resting place !

Fairly landed, we were all bustle and hurry, and soon wended our way up through the dingy streets of London, until we came to our old neighbourhood, where we at once felt at home. Here were the same warm, loving hearts, all ready to welcome us back, and it was delightful to be with them once more.

We were not long in settling down into our nest, for the Lord had gone before us and pitched our tent. All we had to do was to walk in and take possession of a house in the North of London, which was all ready for us. No time now was spent in house hunting, for we were in the will of God, and He had prepared our habitation. While we were busy making things straight in our hired house, and ere we had time to fully settle down, we were off to Dunstable for a week's meetings. Being pressed to go, we took it as a call from God, and did not dare refuse.

Here in this old town we commenced work in the midst of a severe snowstorm, which but few had the courage to face. It was most difficult to get about. But after the first two days the sun came out ; the Lord smiled upon us, and

the meetings were well attended. Many were refreshed, and the Lord was present to save sinners, as well as to build up saints.

From this time there was no lack of service ; our days and weeks were fully taken up. Conferences were held in Scarborough, Manchester, Nottingham, Sunderland, Glasgow, Camberwell, Uxbridge, and many other places.

MEETINGS IN ROCHESTER SQUARE.

We commenced a weekly meeting in our own house on the first Monday of the year 1877, and have continued it ever since up to the present time, changing the day from Monday to Tuesday. All these years there have been but three breaks, and never a meeting without some strangers present. Even one night when there was a terrific snow-storm, and all traffic ceased, there were four present, two of whom were strangers.

In a few years we found our rooms far too small for the meetings. The house next us, owned by the same person, was to let, and it had a large drawing-room. I said to the owner that I thought the Lord wished us to have this house, and if He did, she would not be able to let it to anyone else, as our Father would make her keep it for us.

She replied, "It is four months yet before your lease is up, and it will not remain vacant any time. It always lets at once." But as three months passed, and the house remained unoccupied, she came to see us and said that if we could let No. 4 (the one we were in), we might have No. 3. We told her that she would not probably let No. 4, the one we were in, until she was willing to let us have the other.

A week before the time for us to move, the owner of the houses came to us to say, that she believed God had something to do with her not being able to let the house, and

that she had made up her mind to allow us to have No. 3, without waiting to let the one we were occupying.

The lease was made out, and the papers signed. The house being transferred to us, the purpose God had in view seemed accomplished; we all saw very clearly the hand of the Lord in this, for that same day a person came and engaged the house we were in. The landlady saw that it was far better to let the Lord have His way. We were grateful to the Lord for enlarging our borders, and we remained in Rochester Square until 1884, when another enlargement was necessary, and we moved into 3, Highbury Place.

The line of teaching in the Tuesday meetings has been, Christ is all in all to meet every need in the daily walk as fully as He meets us at the commencement of our Christian life: the aim is to help each and all those whom the Lord sends. Often unsaved ones have found Jesus as their Saviour; but the special object of the meeting has been to "feed the flock of God."

VISIT TO SWEDEN.

It was in the year 1880 that my husband responded to a pressing invitation from that country to "come over and help" them. This call had been ringing in our ears for twelve months past, but it seemed impossible to leave the work in England. At last in June the way was made plain, and we started. After three days on the North Sea, we landed in the beautiful city of Gothenburg in the midst of a pouring rain. Our friend, Captain R——, met us and took us to his own house, where we were welcomed by a happy mother of eight little ones. These little mites were brought forward to greet us, the mother holding in her arms the baby, who smiled upon us in the happiest way possible to babyhood, and by its bright little face bade us welcome

to the inside of this happy Swedish family. It was such a contrast to the pouring torrents of rain without.

The simple manners and cordial reception quite charmed us, and we felt at home at once, even among strangers speaking another tongue. In a couple of hours the clouds had discharged their freight, and the sun came forth in all his cheering power, lighting up the trees, and making every leaf glisten, as it quivered in the gentle breeze.

Friends in Jesus were here to greet us, and after a Bible-reading in the afternoon, towards evening we went to church. There my husband made his first attempt to speak to people most of whom could not understand a word he said ; but it was quickly made known to them through an interpreter.

One feature strikes a stranger. More than half the women in the congregation had handkerchiefs tied under the chin in place of bonnets. These were of different colours, some were plaid, and some were black silk. The Swedes are much afraid of any innovation in this time-revered custom, which has been handed down from generations past, and the appearance of servants dressed in this simple style is most charming.

Göteborg is beautifully situated, with the river on one side and a range of hills on the other. The dwellings are built in flats, a family occupying one floor. There is a part of the town called the English quarter, where there are fine houses in rows, built in the English style, and most of them occupied by the English.

Our stay in Göteborg was limited to a week, because we were urged to hasten on to Stockholm on account of the lateness of the season, as it was feared the people would have left the city for their country homes. Our friend, Miss Borg, usually known as Aunt Elsa, who was mainly

instrumental in our going to Sweden, had come on to Gothenburg to welcome us, and take us to Stockholm.

We did not travel so rapidly as in England or America, but quite as fast as we wished, since we desired to see the country in passing. On arriving in Stockholm, Aunt Elsa took us to her own home in the outskirts of the city, situated on a rocky hill called "The White Mountains," because of the white smooth bare stone of which it is composed. Her dwelling has the picturesque name of "Hut," "The Hut," as she delights to call it, and here was her

HOME FOR BIBLE-WOMEN,

where they are taught in the Word of God, and, when sufficiently trained for their nursing and Bible work, go forth to spread the glad tidings of salvation wherever a door opens. In a neighbouring house she has an Orphanage, and three others are now established ; also a Home for fallen women near by where many are saved, and devote their lives to doing good. It is usually full.

It proved true that it was late in the season for Stockholm. Most of the people whom we wished to see had gone to the country, and were scattered in different directions. We were, however, soon among friends in their country homes. There are lovely islands along the shores of Sweden, as well as many in the inland lakes, which make a delightful retreat, and there are many country residences upon them amid the cool shade of trees, often looking out upon the water.

We were taken from place to place, as the way opened ; meetings were held daily, sometimes two on one day, and the people seemed ready to listen, and, what was still better, to receive into their hearts that which they heard with their outward ears. The work went steadily on, the Lord opened

doors, and during all the months of my husband's stay in Sweden his work was so arranged for him from day to day, that everything fitted in like mosaic work.

The weeks flew rapidly by while we went together from place to place among these dear, loving people of God, and the time came all too quickly when we had expected to be back in London. It was evident that my husband's work in Sweden was not done, and that he must prolong his stay. Therefore I left him in Stockholm the first of September, and went to Jönköping on my way back to England, accompanied by a dear sister in the Lord who is now in glory. While here I received the following letters from my husband, which will give a vivid picture of the days he spent in Sweden :—

“The Hut, Stockholm, Sept. 6, 1880.

“My darling Wife,

“We are here again, back from Enköping, Miss H——'s town. Saturday morning, before going, I had the most precious time I have had in Sweden, speaking at the Home. Then a five hours' charming steamboat ride, reaching Enköping at half-past seven, and a meeting the same evening in the school-room of Miss H——'s house.

“The Lord worked in His own way. Many seemed to be blessed, although I did not feel as fully at home as I have done usually.

“A very sober, solid Evangelist, who came with us on the boat, was present, and told Aunt Elsa that he had all he could do to keep from springing up and shouting, in the joy of seeing that *all the promises were his very own*. That same day Miss A——, an old fellow-teacher of my hostess, came from a place two hours' sail beyond Enköping to hear about this full salvation; and she too, made the promises her own, and came into full liberty. Miss H——'s

sister from the far north was also with us, and has gone back to her home filled with joy in fully believing what God has said. She has a school of 100 or more, and one of her teachers who was here said: 'I know now, I see as never before, how all God says to His children is true, and to be *accepted by me*. I am filled with praise to God.'

"Aunt Elsa, after quite four hours' work yesterday as translator, is decidedly better to-day in head and foot, and stronger in the Lord. Praise His dear Name for this. How wonderfully we see His hand in all this!

"Another incident I must tell you is that of a captain of a steamer, a good Christian, but under a sense of condemnation because he 'does so little, and is so half-hearted in all he does' for the Lord. This dear man hailed the glad tidings of the fulness of joy in Jesus as a personal Saviour, and made a full surrender of all he had—his boat, himself, and, best of all, his failings—over to the Lord; and came into a glorious liberty and freedom from all that oppressed him. It would have rejoiced your heart to have seen his joy in entering into this full salvation.

"And now good-bye for this time. You will hear again in a few days.

"I am, yours with all my heart,

"W. E. BOARDMAN."

"The Hut, 28, Nya Gatan,

"Sept. 11th.

"My precious Wife,

"This morning brings me your longed for letter of yesterday, and gives me the first hour free for writing to you since my last. How wonderfully the Lord leads! How blessedly He opens and no man shuts!

"Captain A—— is very bright; he told me that he had heard of you through his sister, and it was all such good

news, etc. He said, 'This is the happiest day of my whole life.' This was much for him to say; his days have been so happy since the hour when Lord Radstock answered his question, 'How shall I keep this great happiness?'—by holding up a pencil between his thumb and finger and asking, 'Who keeps this pencil from falling? So the Lord shall keep you.' This simple illustration was blessed to him.

"THE LAWYER'S WIFE.

"Yesterday and the day before were quite wonderful days in my little history here. The day before we went three quarters of an hour out by rail. In a letter to E——, Mrs. U—— said, 'Come and help me to keep my joy.' Her husband is a lawyer, believes in no God, no Christ, no hereafter! He loves his wife deeply, yet is enraged that she loves the Lord, and thinks her somewhat out of her mind. She, too, loves him very tenderly, and deals with him in all open-heartedness.

"They have six sons, and have had two daughters; the first daughter the Lord took in order to bring the mother to Himself. At the time of her birth the Lord commenced His work in the mother's heart, and convicted her of sin. Then the Lord gave her another daughter, and the father taking her in his arms, and looking piteously upon her, said, 'Poor thing; if you were only a boy! ah, then you might be saved from fanaticism. But you are a girl, and it is impossible you should be saved! You will be the victim of your poor mother's religion!' The Lord soon took the little one to glory, with Himself. She was the darling idol of both father and mother. It almost killed him, but it brought her to entire consecration, and to receive the fulness of the blessing of Christ, while as yet she had never heard such a thing was to be enjoyed upon earth.

Think what a delight to her to find E—— and others enjoying this life also ! So she has had her friends—friends of Christ, and her husband has had his friends—friends of the world ! She is a wonderful housekeeper, and has spared no pains in preparing great dinners for his friends ; but, O what a delight to prepare for her friends on Thursday ! We had no less than three Bible meetings in the afternoon and evening, one before dinner—two after dinner.

“To-day, the 13th, I will finish this letter to you, as I have more to tell you about Mrs. U——. She attends to everything, not only in the house, but in the garden as well, and has quantities of fruit of all kinds when other people have none. She keeps four servants, and it is said they do as much, under her management, as eleven usually do, and yet they are not overworked. And this is because she has taken the Lord as her Wisdom, as her Counsellor. She asks and receives everything from Him ; here is the secret of it all. The gardens are scientifically laid out, and the arrangement is something marvellous, when everyone knows she has had instruction from no one but the Lord Himself.

“They were obliged to bring water from a distance in wagons. They had tried many times to find a spring, but whenever they found one it dried up. At last Mrs. U—— took it to the Lord, and He showed her where water could be found ; so she persuaded her husband to dig in a spot where certain bushes were growing that never grow without water, and here they found an unfailing spring.

“The people thought Mrs. U—— was lifted up so high that she would soon have to come down, and wondered how she could be so happy with such opposition from her husband. He is drawing off the two eldest sons, and tries to keep them from being saved, but she trusts in Jesus, and

faith in Him, for the sons and for all else, keeps her above everything that could depress. Her husband's friends say, 'Oh, we have seen only gloomy Christians before, but now we see you so happy, we shall become Christians that we may be happy too.'

"The Lord is teaching and humbling me, making me glad in a deeper sense of my own nothingness and His all-sufficiency. Good-bye, God bless you, and bless you; yea, seven times over, even with all His fulness, so as to enable you to meet Him fully in His loving purposes."

"Sept. 13th, 1880.

"My precious Wife,

"A last word before breakfast ere you leave Sweden for our home in London, where I suppose you feel you ought to be, as soon as you can leave your work in Gothenburg. It is not a pleasant thing to think that the North Sea is so soon to be between us, and it is far from delightful to let you go alone; but it is a delight to do the Lord's will, and to know that He cares for you more than I can, and that He will be with you. . . Aunt Elsa sends much love. Happily, letters, like hearts, may be full of love to as many as love likes; and one does not crowd out the other, but makes room for it. Give my love to all the dear ones as you meet them when you get home.

"They will rejoice with us if you tell them that, more and more the Lord is opening wide the door to His testimony in this capital of Sweden. He brought together a chapelful yesterday morning, and gave a large meeting in the open air in the afternoon, and again in the evening another opportunity, with much power of the Spirit.

"The Lord brought out many, in an after meeting which I left to be conducted by others, while I went to the large

chapel, which was filled, people standing in the aisles. What the Lord did among these earnest listeners He alone knows. One of the officers of this church showed me a copy of 'The Higher Christian Life,' published by Morgan and Scott. Said he had received great blessing from reading it, and he wanted to have it scattered over the kingdom. He is getting it translated.

"Well, here I am again at Mr. H——'s. I was carried through the three meetings yesterday, and brought to 'The Hut' at nine in the evening, feeling as fresh and free as when I began. The Lord is the 'Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace,' and of the *increase* of His government and peace there is no end. So I find it. So His zeal makes it. I am a 'Know-nothing' as to the time when I am to return to London. 'I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows; yes, He knows.' And we shall know in due time. Write as soon as you get home, and as often as you can. I am looking for a letter from you, though we may not be at the 'White Mountains' again before Friday. We go to Waxholm again for Wednesday and Thursday, and probably shall remain here over to-morrow, and drive across to where we can meet a boat on Wednesday for Waxholm.

"One who speaks English waited after the meeting to speak to me. He has an estate not far from Stockholm, and has left it in care of another, and is here, on his way to London. His object, as he said, was 'spiritual refreshing.' He was in our meeting in another chapel two nights ago and heard me speak about the man who gave up the key to the Lord, and let Him come in and clean out, and set in order His own house, and take up His abode in it with the Father and the Spirit. He said, 'That hit the nail on the head.' He took our London address, and said he should

come to our Tuesday meeting in London. His face beamed with joy ; he said the refreshing he was longing for had begun in his heart so much sooner than he expected. O what a different Christian he will be now that the gloom has gone, and the former life of ups and downs has given place to a steady abiding in the love of Jesus ! Give much love to all ; pray that all my faults and failings may be plainly shown me, and grace given to take in Jesus—the Power—to rest upon me, that I may glorify God. I pray for you ; the Lord quicken.

“ Your loving husband,

“ W. E. BOARDMAN.”

“ September 18th.

“ My precious Wife,

“ Thanks for your letter. The Lord is very gracious to me ! O so precious ! no tongue can tell His love for us ! I am kept ; covered and carried all the day long. He gives the word, and opens ears to listen and hearts to receive. Very marked signs of good were visible in the meeting at Mr. H——’s, the address was listened to, and the truth received. In the evening we had a most remarkable scene. No meeting had been arranged. The people in considerable numbers gathered in the drawing-room, and two or three united in requesting the privilege of asking questions. I gladly sat down, with dear E—— as my tongue. Two or three questions were asked at once, and I answered them one at a time. Then Dr. T——,

AN OLD MISSIONARY,

who has been in India and Turkey, a very learned man, who reads many languages, and speaks twenty—asked a long question. The purport was this—‘ Is it not true that many struggle long under conviction ? And does not the Lord

leave them in darkness and sorrow, weighed down with their sins, before He reveals Himself to them ?’

“I answered ‘Yes. But are we therefore to tell others He *will* do so! Did the Apostles deal thus with those under conviction when they cried out, “Men and brethren, what shall we do” to be saved? Did the Apostles answer them, “Be patient, you will have to wait a long time and suffer a great deal. You have been very wicked, and if you wait long enough, and suffer deeply enough, the Lord may, somewhere in the future, accept you and bring you out into the light of His favour?”’

“‘Oh, no! No, no!’ was the response on all sides; most heartily of all from the good Doctor.

“‘No.’ I said, ‘The answer was, “Repent and be baptized . . . in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins.” And is that all? No! “And ye shall receive the Holy Ghost,” and as many as gladly received the word were baptized, and the promise was fulfilled to them.’

“‘Yes, oh, yes,’ responded many.

“‘Then shall not we say to all who enquire, “Turn at once to Jesus, confess Him, believe on Him, accept the fact, that He will fill you with His Spirit, and let yourselves go into His hands?”’

“‘O yes, yes, yes,’ was the answer again.

“‘Why is it distressed ones remain in darkness?’ I asked. ‘Is it not because they keep on thinking of themselves and their sins, and faults, and failings, instead of turning to Jesus, who alone can save them from all?’

“‘Yes, yes.’

“‘Then what we should do is to turn at once to Jesus in our need, and find in Him our supply according to God’s riches in Jesus; should we not?’

“‘Yes, yes, yes.’

"Then I said, 'My heart yearns to tell everybody just this, and have them turn at once to Jesus and find all in Him.' This is a bare sketch. When I had done, there came from all sides, as if by one consent, the request to be led to the Lord in prayer to leave all with Him and receive all in Him. It was a wonderful moment.

"A scene almost as impressive came also on Thursday evening, in Waxholm, which I have not time now to describe.

"But *your* letter is very precious. I am so thankful to our loving Lord for all His care, and that He keeps you longer in Gothenburg.

"Your loving husband,

"W. E. B."

I was detained at Jönköping, where I had gone on my way home, very much longer than I expected, for the Lord opened doors in this lovely part of Sweden. As I was staying some miles out of Jönköping, we had many fine drives into the town by the side of the beautiful lake, at the head of which is the Home for Cripples. This is quite a little community in itself, having several cottages, and a mission hall and school room. And a good work it is, that of caring for and nursing these poor, helpless, little ones.

The time came for me to go on my way towards home, and at the right moment the Lord in His loving-kindness provided for me one who was going to Gothenburg, a child of God who had been blessed in the meetings, and seemed pleased to afford me the benefit of her English during the journey. Here again, I was detained as many weeks as I had expected to remain days. The Lord opened doors for service, and the first of October found me still in this city.

The following letters were received from my husband during my stay in Gothenburg :—

“Sept. 20th, 1880.

“My dear Wife,

“A lady came this morning before the time, not knowing that we were to have a meeting. E—— introduced us, and asked her to stay, and she accepted the invitation. Directly I was talking to her closely about her own personal state, and she was opening her heart as freely to me as if she had come on purpose. She was all at sea ; doubting whether she was a Christian, sometimes doubting whether Christ is the Son of God, and many like things ; then again believing and having peace. Very bright, very clever, very quick ; hard to keep to the point ; flying off at a tangent—yet coming back at call. Finally she said, ‘I am astonished at myself ! I never did such a thing before ! Here I am talking out all my heart to you, one I have never seen before. Strange, too, how I came, or was led here at this time.’ She seemed to see my aim, and said, ‘You present Christ as a full Saviour, all in all *in* you, as He is *for* you.’ Then, while I was reading and speaking in the evening, I saw her, O, so intent ! sometimes covering her eyes in prayer, sometimes looking as if she would penetrate the deepest depths. And when the meeting was closed she thanked me, and said, ‘I see it all.’

“‘Do you *take* it all ?’ She reddened, but finally said ‘Yes,’ and went away. E—— told me afterwards that she is in an official position in the Deaconess Institute, and has been a foreign missionary ; and that she had much wished us to meet, but had not brought it about, and would have felt very sorry had I gone home without seeing her ; so was glad the Lord had, in His own way, brought her here.

“Sunday. The morning meeting was packed, and people

standing. I do find it so blessed to carry no burden of any kind ; to have such a Saviour, O so precious, so loving ! I am so free and happy in Him. And He carries me on day by day ; I am covered as well as carried ; it is joy unspeakable. Although Sunday was rather a crowded day, and I got no rest, yet I was carried all the day through, and borne up by the Lord.

“Stockholm, Sept. 22nd.

“On Monday I called with Aunt Elsa upon Pastor B——, who has a large Lutheran Church, built after the pattern of Spurgeon’s Tabernacle. I found him at home, just free from the bustle of the opening of a large school, which he has besides his church and congregation. He was very cordial indeed. In the evening I had a nice large drawing-room meeting at Mrs. L——’s, who opened her house at Aunt Elsa’s request. Many friends and two pastors were there. The Lord gave the word, very simple, full, and clear, and brought out, by questions, precious things that would not otherwise have been given. The Spirit was upon us in power. On the way home to the ‘Hut’ one was introduced to me who speaks English, and she began at once to say, ‘I would gladly give myself wholly to Jesus if I knew how.’ I said, ‘If you should now let yourself go, and let yourself alone in the hands of Jesus, would He take you, and take the whole care of you?’ She answered, ‘Yes.’ ‘Then will you do it?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Do you do it?’ ‘Yes.’

“‘Then He has you now, and has all the care of you?’ ‘Yes.’

“‘And you have Him as your own full Saviour?’ ‘Yes.’ And in the gaslight I could see that her face was already lighted up. She has an ungodly husband, and has the more need of the keeping power of Jesus. I am to see her again to-morrow, D.V.

"And I do praise God that He has in Gothenburg such a precious circle of those who love Him, and love to glorify Him. The rod of His strength is to go forth more and more from that circle, through all the united kingdom. I see a bright day rising upon Scandinavia, and upon Finland as well.

"Love to each of the dear ones in Gothenburg, and to the precious ones in London, whom I long to see again. My whole heart to my precious wife, from her loving husband, "W. E. BOARDMAN."

"Sept. 25th. So it will be eight weeks to-night since we moored in the 'Bele,' in the port of Gothenburg! How swiftly the time has flown away! It seems a dream. I have just come in from the morning's work at the Home for the fallen. Amongst others, Miss P——, the Principal of the beautiful Home where we dined one day, was present, and was brought very clearly into full trust in a moment, while I was praying at the close. I prayed that if there were one heart in our little assembly yet unopened to Jesus for His incoming as a Saviour from sin, the Lord would open it, and come in and fill it, and fit it for Himself, and keep it as His own home for ever. She said, 'That is me, the Lord hears this united prayer and comes in. I am His, and He is mine.' Then shortly after came the temptation: 'Ah, it will all come to nothing, you will be the same as ever.' But she said, 'That is Satan; Lord take care of it; Thou wilt,' and she is at rest.

"As soon as we had risen, she came and told me through my ears, who is also my tongue (Aunt Elsa), all about it. So it seems clear that another precious Home is to be blessed by having its head under Christ, in full union with Him as her Head, and Head over all things in the Home.

"Last night the Lord filled the Seamen's Chapel more full than on any previous week-day evening, and gave a message about Christian Warfare as one waged against us by Satan, to prevent our practically and experimentally accepting and abiding in the wonderful inheritance we have in God, and the inheritance, yet more wonderful in its riches in glory, which God has in us through our union with Jesus as His body, His habitation, and His bride. He gave the message with much ease to me, and with much power upon the people. Yesterday morning He was with us here in power during the service in the Home, and afterwards in conversation He brought one of the very best of the Bible women to take the Lord as her Physician. She had had bronchial difficulty of long standing, much aggravated by last winter's residence in the Island of Gothland in the Baltic; also a chronic trouble with one of her legs, which swelled so that she had great difficulty in walking. She took Christ as her Healer as well as her Keeper in health. The Lord gave her immediate and full relief from all care of it, and filled her with His Holy Spirit, while we were praying with and anointing her in the name of the Lord.

"Then we had a hard fight of faith over another of the Bible women. She was strong in self, and that was her great weakness; and she has tried her strength and found it fail her so often that she has despaired of herself, and made up her mind she was not fit to be a Bible woman at all, and never could be; that she could never speak to people, had nothing to say, and was tongue-tied. I put before her the privilege of trusting Jesus, and the certainty that He would be with her in all He would call her to do; and also the consequences of not giving up her will to Him, and the danger of taking her own way in drawing aside from the

work to which He had called her. She still persisted in saying, 'It is no use, I shall be the same as ever.'

"I then gave up saying anything more, and left her in the hands of the Lord.

"She rose to go as if her mind was fully made up, but suddenly she stopped. Aunt Elsa spoke to her, putting her hands lovingly upon her shoulder. She broke down, and said, 'Yes, I see I must say No, or Yes, and it shall be Yes.' The struggle with her was the struggle of death to self. The Lord got the victory, and she sobbed, 'Yes Lord, yes; Thine wholly. Thy way, not mine.'

"I think I wrote you before about Thursday morning. The evening was given to a Bible reading at Mr. A. B——'s. My subject was Christ with us, our Head in all the affairs of life; with every ship at sea as its invisible Captain; with every sailor as his Head; in every school the Principal over each teacher and pupil; in every house Head of the household and each one in it, etc., etc. I endeavoured to show the contrast between affairs conducted by faith in Him, and those conducted by mere human heads, and *how* we are to give Christ His place as Head over all things. Pastor F——, who is one of the most lovely of all the older Lutheran clergymen, said several very bright things after I had finished; amongst others, 'Two heads to one body, that is not a very good thing!' Then he added in explanation, 'One head in religion and another in business.' This gives you something of the history of the busy hours since my last in reversed order, last first, and first last.

"This morning a card came from Mrs. T——, saying that the Pastor of the Lutheran Church, in which Lord Radstock spoke so often in English without an interpreter, has returned, and most gladly offers his Church for services, both with and without a translator. Aunt Elsa has greatly desired this and

waited for it, and now has gone at once to see both Mrs. S—— and the Pastor to arrange. Affairs so turn that I do not now see how I can return to London until the middle of November. The Lord makes me perfectly restful in the daily work, as fresh at night as in the morning.

“ Lovingly your husband,

“ W. E. BOARDMAN.”

“ Oct. 4th. I received your letter with its last words written at Captain R——’s, just before you left these shores for our tent in London. The Captain’s sister has just been here, and told us that she had a letter from her brother the day you left, telling us that you had a meeting every day the last week in Gothenburg.

“ NOT UNDER LAW, BUT UNDER GRACE.”

“ The Lord is favouring us greatly. There are many glad hearts and bright faces, more and more from day to day. I must tell you a singular thing. One, whom I do not know at all, came to the meetings, and was greatly wrought upon by the Spirit. One night I gave an account of the great blessing that came upon Mr. Freeman, at the Agricultural Hall, London, through turning from saying, ‘ O wretched man that I am,’ to saying, ‘ Thank God through our Lord Jesus Christ,’ so passing out of the experience of the seventh of Romans into that of the eighth. This lady went away in great distress, saying, ‘ Must I then give up the seventh of Romans and come into the eighth ! No, I cannot.’ And she wept bitterly at the thought that she must give up what she had cherished as being the highest form of Christian life, and the real experience of the Apostle Paul. She said this was a severe trial to her, because she had thought it the most meritorious humility possible, to be for ever busy with her own inability to do that which her heart longed

to do; and it filled her with anguish to give up all the satisfaction she had received from cherishing these ideas. Just then she heard that a good man, who had been a comfort to her fifteen years before when she was first awakened, had come to town. She went immediately to see him in her distress, and asked him, 'Must I give up the seventh of Romans and come into the eighth?' 'O no, no! my child, no; you may live in the seventh all your life, and never come into the eighth. I will pray for you that you may never come out into the eighth.'

"Her tears were stayed, she was comforted as he prayed with her, and she went home strong in her old faith; so she thought. But she could not stay away from the meetings, and one night last week I spoke from 'God is love;' and the dear Lord revealed Himself to her; all her difficulties vanished away in a moment at the coming into her heart of the Holy Spirit, and she went away with a shining face, saying to one of the Bible women as she passed out, 'I never heard anything like this before.' Evidently she was out of Romans vii., under grace, not under law.

"The last was a very busy week, and a very blessed one. Each day two meetings, and one day three; and yesterday was the crowning day in the work hitherto. In the morning I spoke in the hall recently re-opened; the same as the previous Sunday morning, very full, and the Lord was with us. In the evening in the Bethlehem Church, built after Spurgeon's tabernacle in form, the largest place in Stockholm, full from top to bottom. And the Lord gave by me the clearest, fullest, testimony that I have ever yet given of His fulness, and of our completeness in Him; with much direct dealing with the unconverted and with Christians. Praise His holy name! It was He, not I, who did it. With you I see more clearly than

ever, that it is not 'I,' but 'He,' who gives the word and uses it.

"Oct. 6. Only think of it! Five days more and I shall have reached my threescore and ten; and here I am in Sweden, speaking publicly twice or thrice a day, and talking much between, and thinking nothing of walking from North to South of this outstretched city. Fresh every evening, not merely every morning. Surely I am proving that though the youths faint, they that wait on the Lord exchange their strength, and more than renew their youth."

MY RETURN TO LONDON.

The time came for me to return home, and with a heart trusting alone in Jesus, I bade farewell to the dear loving Swedes who accompanied me to the steamer, and parted with the one who had been my interpreter during the last days there. I had such a sense of loneliness as would have taken complete possession of me, had not the Lord delivered, for I had left my dear husband, and must now go through the new experience of being on the sea without him. And not only without his loving care, but without any one with whom I could converse during the three days while crossing to London. The Lord saved me from sea-sickness, and was so very tender and loving in His care of me that my heart did rejoice in Him, as for hours I lay in my berth looking out of the port hole upon the water over which I was being borne.

Our meetings were recommenced the first Tuesday after my return home, and were carried on during the two months of my husband's absence, the Lord Himself sustaining the gatherings week by week by His own presence. He proved faithful to His own Word of promise, and blessed us each week according to our faith in Him.

THE BURGLARY.

One blessed Sabbath evening, as I was returning from the house of God with a friend who was staying with me, we entered the sitting-room of our house and saw spoons, forks, and other things taken out of the sideboard and scattered over the carpet. The silver articles had been culled out, the rest left in disorder.

"Thieves! thieves!" I exclaimed, and sank back into a chair, almost breathless, at the thought that my Father had forgotten to be gracious. I could not imagine that He could allow this to happen. All was His, and I had taken it for granted that such a thing would never occur to one who was so fully consecrated, and trusting in the Lord.

"Did you put the house specially into the Lord's hands when you went out this evening?" asked my friend.

"No; but it was all His, and I supposed He would take care of His own property. I don't care at all for what they have taken, but that the Lord should have allowed it, that is what hurts me."

My friend, who was bold and fearless, went in search of the thieves. I should have done that once myself; and indeed at the age of twelve, had frightened away one who had entered the front door, and was stealthily making his way towards the pantry where the silver was kept. I called to my father, and the thief went much faster than he came; but the natural strength and heroism of a child of God will not avail, when hard thoughts towards Him are indulged in. It was a trifling thing to have the thieves break in, but it was no small thing that I should feel my Father had not intended it all for good to me.

One night I was thinking it over as I lay on my bed, and still feeling how strange it was on the Lord's part, when my Father revealed to me how wrong my spirit was, and how

different to Christ's when He forgave the thief on the cross. I had not been praying for and pitying these thieves, or if I had it was in a formal way. He also showed me that He allowed His own sacred vessels to be carried away out of His temple, and to be used by very wicked men in their bacchanalian feasts. I was humbled in the dust. I saw how self, rather than the spirit of Jesus had acted in me. And after all the thieves has taken but little, for in a little drawer were sixteen pounds they were not allowed to touch. Within two inches of it they had dropped a bit of candle, but the hand of God protected the money, which had been left there by mistake. It had been brought down stairs the day before to pay the house rent, the landlady having sent word she should call on Saturday, but she did not come, and I had forgotten it.

CHAPTER XV.

FURTHER WORK IN SWEDEN—LETTERS.



THE following letters were received after my return to London, during the remaining months of my husband's sojourn in Sweden :

"The Hut, Stockholm,

"October 11th, 1880.

"My dear Wife,

"I have just drawn away from the company left in the sitting room, that is from the precious ones of the two Homes. They have been giving me here the surprise of a Swedish birthday festival, which is quite new to me. I was awakened by the breaking forth of a song in the sitting room, soon after daylight, sung by several voices together, and followed by another and yet another. At last I was summoned, and found the dining table arranged in birthday dress. In the centre was an Oleander reaching up to the hanging lamp, around it smaller shrubs and flowers, making a fine pyramid, covering a large space in the centre, besides an ornamental border to the table-cover of ivy-vine in semi-circular curves, leaving spaces for the plates, all arranged with great skill and taste.

“‘What does this mean,’ I said in bewilderment.

“‘This is our Swedish custom.’

“‘About what?—I do not understand.’

“‘Why, for a birthday!’ Then it came to me, ‘Yes, yes, this is indeed my seventieth birthday! My cup runneth over.’ On side tables were coffee cups, cakes, biscuits, etc., and in a semi-circle in one corner, stood the Bible women and others, with their hymn-books, ready to sing. So another song greeted me, followed by a cup of coffee and another song. Then all gathered around me, and each presented a chromo card with texts and flowers on one side, and some greeting for me on the other. Then came Baron O——, who joined the birthday party. Then Mrs. S—— and her friend, with beautiful mementos, as you will see when we meet. Mr. S—— and Mrs. S——, Mr. and Mrs. T—— all came forward with their tokens of love. Then followed an hour with the Bible women, and after that a birthday breakfast, finishing up with prayer and song. Thus passed off the happy Swedish birthday festival.

“Now I must tell you about Sunday. The evening meeting was at Mr. W——’s chapel. I dined with them. They feared the meeting would be small, some failure about publishing the notices, the new place, etc., etc. But when the time came the house was full, gallery and all, and some standing. Many came from the North end, notwithstanding the long way and high hill. And the word from the Lord was with power. One of the most singular instances of blessing is that of Mr. W—— himself, which happened not in the chapel, but here at the Bible women’s Home. I felt constrained one morning to try and set two of the Bible women free about Baptism, and took the matter up freely, as it lies in the Scripture. Mr. W—— came in to morning prayers, while I was talking and opening up the Scriptures

upon the subject. He sat in the little ante-room, so I did not know he was there. He had come to invite me to speak again at his chapel, and overheard my talk about freedom, specially in the matter of baptism; and the Lord used it to set him at liberty and fill his soul. Verily, the Lord's ways are not our ways. It was the last thing I should have talked about, had I known that he, a Baptist minister, was listening. Yet that was the Lord's way for giving him the fulness of blessing. Surely He is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working!

"Oct. 12. I had supposed, when I wrote yesterday morning, that my Swedish birth-day festival was over. Indeed, I was told that according to Swedish custom it was a morning affair, at least so I understood it. But one can never be sure that they have a full understanding of any custom, of a country in which they are strangers. I had no thought of anything more, than seeing and speaking to a few friends in their drawing-room later on in the day. We were ushered in, and I was almost bewildered. In front, as we entered, stood a large easy chair, tastefully but simply decorated, under the canopy of a large and beautiful Oleander. In the centre a table, also beautifully decorated with plants and flowers, and upon it several parcels—one large and one small one quite conspicuous amongst them. And opposite it, against the wall, hung a transparency, quite rustic and simple, in brown paper, with rustic letters shining through

GOODNESS.

70 YEARS.

MERCY.

“You may judge how touching it was, and what a rush of memories it brought in upon me of the goodness and mercy which have followed me all the days of my life, with an overwhelming sense of my own unworthiness!

“Nådhammar, October 16th.—You were just getting a little rest and comfort from the Lord, after the shock of the robbery of the house the evening before, while I was in the midst of all the Swedish demonstration of affection in the celebration of my birthday. I see *and feel* how the shock affected you, and I praise the Lord that He showed you how His hand stayed the hand of the poor wretched victims of Satan, and hid from them the most valuable things, and so gave you comfort in Him. O, I do so pity them! Who can tell whether, through this miserable act of theirs, the Lord, in His own wonderful counsel and excellent working, will not save them? Stranger things have happened, greater wonders have been wrought by the Lord.

“We left the station fairly white with waving handkerchiefs, according to Swedish custom, and arrived here at about 5 o'clock for dinner, meeting several friends.

“Mrs. L——, the wife of one of the principal men of Bethlehem Church, was a great invalid for years, and was healed in answer to prayer by Lord Radstock. Before quite helpless; now quite well. However, the crowning day was Wednesday, my last day in the work in Stockholm. It was a day added because of the urgent request of the Methodist minister to give them an evening. At first I declined, saying to myself, ‘I ought to be at Nådhammar, revising books that day.’ So also I said to E——.

“She asked, ‘Have you enquired of the Lord?’ I said, ‘No, not directly.’ This checked me, and I let the answer wait over night. In the night the Lord showed me clearly

that the answer I had given E—— to give the minister was not from Him.

“Our meeting last night was very full, and the Lord was with us. These last days of the work in Sweden have been in the power of the Spirit, and in the ease also and comfort of the Spirit, beyond any in all my life before. Praised be the Lord ! Hallelujah !

“Kumla, October 23rd. . We, that is, Mr. and Mrs. T—— and I, left E—— and Mrs. L—— at Mölnbo station the morning of the 21st. They brought us there in a snowstorm, the ground all covered and the air full, yet we were snug as could be in the comfortable ‘bridal carriage,’ as it has been called, because it has been honoured by carrying six different brides at as many different times, to go away on their bridal journeys. They returned to Nådhammar ; we came on to Halsberg. Pastor F—— and his wife were there to meet us. A good dinner and a little rest refreshed me for the evening, when we had one of the best meetings we have had since I came to this land. The meeting-house was full, a great many standing. The Lord gave the word in demonstration of the Spirit, and in power.

“When the benediction had been given, the congregation remained standing for awhile. Then the people came crowding as much as they could, without confusion, toward the desk. There I stood, leaning over the rail, taking the hands of all comers, young and old, giving to each such words as the Lord gave me. The whole scene touched my heart very deeply. Results are with the Lord. After supper we came on here—seven miles—and were in bed soon after eleven.

“In the morning, at 7.30, we had a service in this house. At one p.m., a great assembly in the large parish church of

Kumla—the first parish church I have preached in. The Stockholm churches in which I have spoken are independent churches without parishes, like Marcus Rainsford's in London. This is a parish church, with 6000 people belonging to it. There was marvellous stillness, showing the deepest attention from the first word to the last. And many came here afterwards. Indeed, all the afternoon and evening were occupied in question and answer, and conversation about the wonderful things of God.

A NEW NAME.

"I arose at six this morning, refreshed. At 7.30 before breakfast, we had an hour's service here in the house again, and all seemed deeply touched. A number of those present were before unsaved. One of them, who was about to leave, whose name has been Samuelsson, told Pastor F—— he wanted a new name. (Swedes have a right to take a new name.) The Pastor said, 'Well, you are to be a new man, take the name of 'Nyman'' (Newman), and he did so.

"Örebro, Sunday, Oct. 26th. I have been here now a little more than two days, and have had three public meetings in a beautiful chapel, and four meetings in private houses, and I must confess that last night, after the meeting in the chapel, I was a little overdone. This morning, however, I am somewhat rested and refreshed. The doors here are not all open yet, and I cannot stay till they do open. Our meetings here on Sunday were very full; in the evening a large number standing, and O so still! There is much interest, but the walls are not yet broken down. Jericho stood it out till the seventh day; Örebro ought to fall at the Lord's feet in less time.

"Oct. 27th. Our meeting at the Baroness ——'s was

capital. The Lord also, within an hour or so after I wrote to you, opened wide the door amongst the State Church people. Two Pastors and others of them were at the Baroness', very cordial; one of them had read 'Gladness,' or 'Joy in Jesus,' as it is in Swedish. The Lord sent a State Church Pastor here from Stockholm, and it was through his warm words to the people that the key was turned, and the door opened wide among the Lutherans. The two Pastors I met last night are lovely, and I trust they will accept Jesus in the fulness of blessing, and become the banner-men here. There is an open ear for the testimony, and many seemed gladly to receive it.

"Borrow no anxiety about me: the Lord is my Healer and my Keeper. Pray for me. Pray for Gothenberg especially.

"Oct. 28th. At Baron S——'s. After writing yesterday I found myself without an envelope, or a moment's time to get one. Now we are another stage on the journey. The two meetings yesterday were full, and in the power of the Spirit. On going to dine with Mr. and Mrs. L——, I found Mrs. L—— all broken down, sobbing, and pouring out her tears and her heart, the moment I spoke to her. Whilst speaking with her, Mr. L—— and two of her sisters also showed that their hearts were moved the same way. 'Indeed,' he said, 'we all feel alike.' They listened while I talked with the wife, and she seemed at last to leave all with Jesus. I am to see them again on Monday.

"Early on Friday morning we took a goods train for a station, at which we arrived about nine; and had an hour and a half, plenty of time for breakfast. Then we came on by a mail train to Gothenburg, where we were met by Captain R——, Mr. W——, and others, with a warm welcome. Friday evening, a reading at Captain R——'s, at which I met

some of your dear friends. I spent Saturday morning revising the 'Higher Life'; dined at Mr. H——'s. Sunday morning, preached for Pastor F——, the Lord graciously holding, leading, and using me, and holding the people in most intense attention.

"Miss R—— was here, and opened her heart to me, saying, 'How can I come into this peace?'

"I said, 'It is *peace* then you seek?'—'Yes.'

"'But it is *Jesus* you want; *He* is the blessing.' Then I said, 'Do you believe He loves us as the Father loves Him?'—'Yes.'

"'Then you believe He loves *you* with all His heart?'

"'No, I cannot say that.'

"'But is it not so?' Then I gave her His own words.

"'Oh, yes; but it was to His disciples He said that.'

"'True; but did He not pray also for all those who shall believe on His name through their word?'—'Yes.'

"'That they may be one with Him, and that the world may believe that the Father loves them, even as He loves the Son?' 'Yes.'

"'True; He loves you as He loves the Son. You have believed on Him through their word?' 'Yes.'

"'Will you then let Him love you with all His heart, and be to you all His love will make Him?' 'Yes.'

"'Then you take *Him*, not merely His gifts?'—'Yes.'

"Her joy glistened through her tears. So I trust she is now, by faith, letting Jesus be all in all. . . .

"Nov. 3rd, Kumla, Tuesday. I called at Baroness T——'s to pray with and anoint her little daughter, who has for eight years been ill in her bones, all over her body, especially in her legs. The dear child said, 'When my sisters come home from school I shall rise and go to meet them.' Her mother left her on the sofa on which she had been laid, and

went with us, out through the drawing room and hall, to the gate of the front garden. When she returned, there stood her precious child in the door to receive her, with glad heart and shining face. She had said to me of her own accord, 'I shall be the Lord's own child now.' Her mother came to the station at 1.45 to see us off, and was so full of joy in the Lord.

"There were many glad hearts and happy faces at the station, and a whole carriage-full came on in the next train after us to Halsberg, where we had another meeting, packed as before, many standing, and no small stir among the people. . . .

"Blessing increases. It has been greater at Örebro than at Stockholm, taking into account the shortness of the time; two Sundays only, and three days of the week spent in the northern trip to Wedewåg, Linde, and Copparberg. The Lord is very gracious, and strengthens me so that the work is as easy as breathing, and a great delight.

"I have very joyous letters from those who have been brought out into the glorious liberty wherein the children of God are made free, and it is a blessed privilege to be used to light up the hearts of His people here in dear Sweden. Praise His name!

"Nov. 8th, 1880. Since my last, each day has been filled full. Wednesday, we came to Manistad, pleasantly situated upon the border of the largest of the Swedish lakes. It was dark and raining when we arrived there, but a warm welcome awaited us from Miss C—— and her helpers, in the Home for Idiots. A crowded and happy meeting in the hall closed the day.

"Thursday morning, after a nice early breakfast, Miss C—— and her helpers gathered round us for a little talk. Miss C—— had already taken Mr. T—— out for a half-

hour's walk and talk, and had told him that she was longing inexpressibly for the fulness of the blessing of Christ. He, however, had not told me, but it was apparent without telling. She could not keep her tears back, and seemed moved deeply by the Spirit. One of her helpers is one of E——'s Bible women, who came to the Home in Stockholm while I was there, and, in a conversation with me, was led out into the fulness. She was, O so happy! and so glad also to have Christ thus presented. She had brought with her from E——'s, 'Gladness in Jesus' in her heart, as well as the book. Through the book a teacher had already found rest, and had a shining face. They all seem stirred to the depths. So the work has commenced in another of Sweden's Faith Homes, and will not stop.

"Miss C—— told us that a little boy had already, at six o'clock that evening, told his mother all I had said the night before in the meeting. Bidding them farewell, we came on (Thursday) to Köfde, and were met at the station by Mr. P——, an earnest Baptist Pastor, who was imprisoned for preaching Christ. Here again at Köfde he has been fined 100 crowns, and forbidden to preach. He preaches on however, and the people love to hear him. He seems free from all ill-will, and says nothing against his persecutors, but works on for the Lord, and allows the law to take its course. He tells the officers to do their duty; he does not blame them. His wife has written several beautiful hymns.

"Halmstad, Nov. 15th. Very much has transpired since I last wrote. I was then in uncertainty whether the Lord would take me home to my tent in London, or whether I was to come on here. Mr. T—— found himself free and also glad to come, and so we are here, and our visit nearly over. The Hand that took us up and set us down here, is about

to take us onward further south to Helsingborg and Landskrona. . . .

"In Gothenburg we had a great deal to praise the Lord for before leaving. . . . In one of the drawing-room meetings a brother showed too plainly the opposition of his heart. But the next evening, Tuesday, our meeting was in the Mission Hall, and many went away rejoicing. I put myself, and this brother, and all into the hands of the Lord, and He led me so to speak, that at the close the brother followed me into the room where I had left my hat and coat, embraced me warmly, and said, 'I have spoken against this teaching, yes, too much; I see it is all Christ—not self, and I rejoice.'

"After a little supper at Captain R——'s we went on board the steamboat, and slept there at the wharf, until with the break of day we steamed out to sea, and had nine hours of it, not very rough, stopping once in the way, and arriving here at about 4 p.m. A warm welcome awaited us, and blessed work. . . .

"The Lord seems to be using 'Gladness in Jesus' here, as He did 'The Higher Life' in America and England; many are battling against it and being conquered. A man came with his wife fourteen miles, and remained here from Friday till Monday. H—— used to read to them parts of 'Gladness' before it was published here. The wife, from the first, was delighted with what she heard, but her husband stormed against it. Every little while he got up, strode out of the room saying, 'He's a Methodist! He's a Methodist!' and then came back to hear more. At last he went away by himself, dropped on his knees before the Lord, and said, 'O God, am I fighting against Thy truth? O forgive me,' and broke down, and the light broke in upon him yesterday."

“Helsingborg, Nov. 20th. Here we are at the narrowest point of the strait between Sweden and Denmark, where it is only a mile and a half wide. Just across, on the Danish side, stands the old Fort jutting out into the sea, which used to levy a toll upon all passing vessels ; now it is a fort without guns. It still has jaws, but its teeth are drawn, and it cannot even bark at the multitude of sails and steamers going out and into the Baltic. To day we came past the island where Tycho Brahé, the renowned astronomer, had his observatory underground two centuries ago. Now the only observatories on the island are windmills !

“An urgent inquiry came here from Denmark saying, ‘Can you come to us? We greatly need you.’ The answer had to be, ‘Not this time ; another time if the Lord will.’ ”

“Malmö, Nov. 27th. Your letter posted Monday the 15th is the last I have heard from you. I am sure the Lord’s grace was sufficient for you on Tuesday, and that He gave you better meetings than you would have had if you had not had occasion to trust Him more fully than usual.

“God is still dealing wonderfully with me. In Helsingborg the interest grew. The numbers attending were large and increasing to the end. In Landskrona, the interest from the first was greater, and it grew yet more abundantly. Our last evening there, the night before last, was quite beyond the common. At 7 p.m. I spoke three-quarters of an hour ; then we had a general tea, and very many crowded around me to ask how to receive fulness of blessing—the mission house was full. After tea all seated themselves, and liberty was given for questions ; and it was used. Not a moment was lost, but when it had come to be almost midnight, I felt constrained to say, ‘We must close,’ and we did ; but the people would, so far as I could see, have remained all night. One very bright teacher followed with us to the friend’s

house where we were lodging, as I supposed, to have prayer for healing, but no, it was to have prayer for rest. She found it, and we had no sleep till nearly 1 a.m. ! . . .

"One man, a slave to sin, who was our fellow-traveller on the boat, presented himself at the close of the first meeting here. He had come by rail, a four hours' journey, and praised the Lord that he was healed, and he has gone home rejoicing in Him who makes 'free indeed.' Yesterday we came by way of Copenhagen, and had nearly an hour to look about. This has been my only opportunity of setting foot upon Danish land. The modern part of the town is bright, quite Parisian, without the gilding. But I am told on all sides that there is great need of the Gospel there.

"Malmö, Nov. 30th. Our work is all but finished. The Lord has done, and is doing, wonderful things here. Praise His holy name ! The meetings have been very large from the first, and the interest growing. Sunday night the crowd was great. After the sermon, I gave liberty to any who wished conversation to remain. This I had done first the night before, and so many remained that I had to speak to them in a body. Sunday night we took a different course. There are a number of faithful workers here, and they all went to work personally with the anxious ones, while about me, wherever I went, many gathered to hear. Though I only spoke with one at a time, many listened. It was not easy to dismiss them, even when it was too late to remain longer.

Wednesday, 1 p.m. We came on to Lund, where I preached to a very full and wonderfully attentive congregation in the Methodist Hall. The minister who invited me is a remarkable man: he was one of the Royal Opera musicians, but was converted, and has become a humble, laborious preacher, living in the simplest possible manner, and happy as a king—which he is—and a priest, too, to God.

He is in the fulness of blessing. We shall hear from him soon about the work in Lund.

“Gothenburg, Saturday, Dec. 11th 1880. Here I am still. Friday was a busy day, Mrs. R—— let a number of sick and sad ones know that I would tell them something from the Bible about Jesus as the Healer; and her drawing-room was quite filled at the appointed hour, with a number more sitting in the little bedroom on the one side, and in the children's room on the other.

“When I had put the matter before them and closed, one after another came forward for prayer and anointing until twelve, or perhaps more, had presented themselves. Then, when there were no more to be prayed for, and we had given thanks and risen to separate, one whom I had not noticed, poor, sick and lame, who had been prayed for the evening before, came up to where many were standing, and told us that the Lord had done great things for her both in body and soul, whereof she was glad. It was a surprise, and all were astonished to see her who had been so lame, walking about and praising God.

“The first one presented for prayer and anointing was N—— R——'s little baby. C—— K—— had told her that a little baby had been prayed for in Halmstad when I was there, and all its pains taken away, so that it slept quietly all night from that time, though it had not slept before, except for a little while at a time. This induced N—— to present her little one, and she fully expected it to be healed, and to sleep quietly. Great therefore was her surprise, and terrible the trial of her faith, when she found the baby much more unrestful than before. She had not seen that she stood in her infant child's place, and that it must be *her* faith in the Lord that should be answered by Him. She trusted in *my* faith, and so put my faith between

her and the Lord. The trial served to show her, in answer to her prayer for light, very much about faith that she had not known before.

“Letters to others and to me have come from Halmstad and Lykan saying that the blessing there is great and growing! Hardness is melting away where it has been long growing, and there is great joy there. Mr. T—— has been here from *Helsingborg*, and told us that the blessing there is great. Mr. F—— has been here from *Landskrona*, and says it is wonderful there.

“And now once more, for a few days only, farewell. Praise the Lord for all His grace, so abounding to one so unworthy! I rejoice greatly in the signal tokens of His favour to you, in giving you such decided instances of blessing upon those who come to the meetings.

“Give my dear love to all the precious ones. I long to meet them again. I long to be with you in the sweet home the Lord has given us. God bless you abundantly. He will. Your loving Husband,

“W. E. BOARDMAN.”

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

(Contributed by Mrs. M. Baxter.)

OME of the steps which had brought Mr. Boardman to know, receive, and teach God's revelation of Himself as "The Lord that healeth thee" (Ex. xv. 26), are given in his book bearing the same title. As with most Evangelists and Christian teachers, who follow the Lord wholly, instances of healing had occurred in his work, in answer to prayer; signally his own case, and that of Father Aiken.

He thus mentions his own case. "My temporary abode was in Pontiac, Michigan, where I was working in connection with the S. S. Union. The distances were great, the snow deep, exposure unavoidable, and often long continued. I took a heavy cold, inflammation of the lungs followed, and brought me within a hair's breadth of death . . . Eternity seemed very near; the veil between earth and the glory of the saved, earth and the perdition of the lost, seemed attenuated to gauze. I could see through to discern, not persons and figures, but

realities . . . Then, in the stillness of the night, when all was hushed, the question came to me, not in an audible voice, but in silent words in my own heart. 'Will you die and be taken to glory, or will you live and glorify God on earth?'

"The answer to this was as silent as the question, yet in words as distinct, 'I would not choose; choose Thou for me.'

"Moments passed; I know not how many or how few; sufficient however to review my life in the light of eternity. If all should be written that was shown me in that hour, it would fill a volume! Oh, how real, the transcendent glory awaiting those in Christ, the very glory of Christ Himself in whom they are one with the Father! Oh how real, and how awful the eternal punishment from the presence of God and the glory of His power, of those who reject Christ! Then the grace of Christ towards His own, and particularly towards me, so utterly unworthy; how inexpressibly deep and tender His love and pity for those who are rejecting Him! . . . In the light of these great realities, how meagre seemed the little I had ever done to save the lost or to build up the saved in Christ! And there came into my heart silent words as before, 'If I may live and so glorify God, let me live; if not, let me die.' In these moments the pain and discomfort of my body were entirely forgotten, and when they had passed, the pain, the fever, and the oppression had gone with them never to return.

"When the doctor came the next morning and examined me, he said, 'Capital! You will soon be up. You need no more medicine. Good nursing and good food is what you want now.' Very soon I left my bed, went out, of doors, and was engaged in my work again."

But he further writes thus—"In all this I failed at the time

to see the Lord as my Healer ; though full of joy in Him, and of praise to His name as my Saviour, my blindness to His glory as the Healer continued years after that, and it was only when He began to open my eyes to see Jehovah-Rophi, that I came to see it was He Himself who had healed me at that time."

During Mr. Boardman's last visit to America, before he finally settled in England in December, 1875, he saw much of Dr. Cullis. He says, "Soon after arriving in New York, then my home, I went to Boston, and spent several days with Dr. Cullis, speaking twice each day in connection with his work. Meanwhile, Dr. Cullis had become convinced that the promise in James v. 14, 15, is for us, at the present time—'Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders . . . let them pray . . . and the prayer of faith shall save the sick.' He was quite full of the matter ; for it had opened up to him a glorious relation of Christ to His Church, and a precious, permanent heritage of His Church in Him, which he had not seen before. I was quite prepared, through what I had seen and heard in London, to agree with him in this. His faith, however, rested largely on the promise in James with its accompanying instructions ; mine took form rather from Psalm ciii."

"THE LORD THAT HEALETH THEM."

Meanwhile this truth continued to make advances in England. Articles on "Faith-healing," as it was then called, appeared in several religious papers. Meetings for healing were held by several well-known Christian workers. Books on the subject—large and small—were written, and some widely distributed ; and all this had more or less influence on Mr. Boardman's mind, and prepared him for the precious testimony to God's full salvation, which he was privileged to bear during the closing years of his precious and most fruitful life.

Early in the year 1880, at a holiness conference in the West End of London, it was my privilege to sit one day at breakfast between Pastor Stockmayer and Mr. Boardman. To my great delight, the latter began to ask questions about God's way of healing in connection with Christ's redemption work, and a most earnest and helpful conversation followed, in which the Pastor showed how in the death and resurrection of Christ—accepted personally by us—we have pardon, sanctification, and physical healing. And then it transpired that Mr. Boardman was, at the very time, engaged in writing a book on Healing, of which he gave a comprehensive and interesting sketch.

It will be remembered that during Mr. Boardman's visit to Sweden, some precious cases of healing had taken place amidst a work of great spiritual blessing. The letters which he wrote from thence were read by Mrs. Boardman in the weekly holiness meetings, and naturally aroused great interest. The visit of Dr. Cullis to England, in the following spring, increased and deepened this interest, many being blessed and healed at that time.

The publication of "The Lord that Healeth Thee," fairly launched Mr. Boardman as a teacher of divine healing. The subject came naturally into the Tuesday evening meetings, generally, however, having only a subordinate place:

It was at this time that Miss Murray (one of my associates in the work of God on the Continent) and I first attended the meetings at Rochester Square. They were made a great help to us both, and we found there, not only a constant stream of spiritual blessing and testimony, from many delivered from the power of sin and awakened to a life of victory and rest in the Lord, but also, from time to time, cases of healing.

"One evening, half an hour after the Tuesday meeting

began, we heard an unusual clump, clump, clump in the passage, drawing all eyes to the door, when, lo and behold, a foot was seen, followed by a leg, stretched out horizontally at an angle of ten degrees upwards. Then appeared the person of the man to whom the foot and leg belonged, making his way on the other foot by the aid of a crutch and stick. When he sat down amongst the people the same leg and foot were still suspended in the air, resting on the top of his crutch.

"This man was Joseph Moody. By his own statement, it appeared that for six years past he had suffered so much in his leg and foot as to be unable for his employment, and he could only obtain a precarious living by selling sweets, etc., in the streets. His case had interested medical men, but they had been unable to help him. His great toe had been amputated, but during his last visit to London, Sir James Paget told him that his foot and his leg itself might be taken off, but the disease remain untouched. A physician, who was in the room with us, examined the leg, and found it only skin and bone.

"In response to his request, earnest prayer was offered, and he was anointed when the meeting was over, and to our great joy the leg which had been for six years in a horizontal position, came down, and—though with much pain—he could walk round the room. He remained a fortnight in London, and at the end of the third meeting went down the street literally 'leaping, and walking, and praising God!'"

Mr. Boardman's already large correspondence was much increased by inquirers who sought physical healing, and very large numbers have been healed in their own homes, by simply trusting the Lord, as they were directed to do in his letters to them. He seemed peculiarly led of the Spirit in detecting the hindrances to full liberty of soul and body, and

invariably pointed to Christ Himself as being the Remedy for every evil. The following are examples of his letters ; the first addressed to a minister of the Gospel, who had been anointed by him for healing of the body :—

“ March 17th, 1884.

“ My dear Mr. S——,

“ Many thanks for your letter of Saturday. Praise the Lord for all the way He is leading you. I see He is breaking up the thoughts and ways that are not from Himself, but gendered by the precedents of the past, and by the present prevalent sentiments in and out of the Church. He is breaking up in order to set you free, as the Son only can make us free, by the perfect law of liberty, which is the power of life in Christ Jesus, dwelling in us.

“ The great need of the Kingdom to-day, is men and women so perfectly in the hands of the Lord Himself that He can use them in the unhindered fulness of His power, in the work which He alone can do in the world. Men and women so in the Spirit, so filled, so led, so used by the Spirit, that He can use them as the Father used the Son, and as the Son used His apostles ; that He might use them in defeating the devil in the souls and bodies of all who are willing to hear and heed the Word, the proclamation of Christ to them as their perfect Redeemer, Saviour, Liberator, dwelling in them to do His work, and to live His life in and by them.

“ I am glad you are coming to London. There are days awaiting us here, and work before us which will satisfy the deepest, truest longings of our best moments and highest aspirations ; nay, that will satisfy God's own heart.

“ It is spring time with me ; glory to Him who is my Life. It will be so with you shortly ; your winter is about over. The sun is coming northward. Look up ; let all

go ; start anew. Let yourself go into the hands of your Maker, your Redeemer, your Saviour, your Healer, your Head. Give Him, for the remainder of your days on earth, the coveted privilege of having you so in hand that He can do with you what He did with the fishermen of Galilee, and with Saul of Tarsus.

“He shall have the privilege with me, and shall prove what He can do with a youth of seventy-four, but how much more He can do with one like you, in the morning of life !

“Truly yours in Him,

“W. E. BOARDMAN.”

The following is to a dwarf in answer to a request for prayer that God would make him as tall and straight as other men, because he felt so mortified by the remarks occasioned by his appearance :—

“Bethshan, May 1st, 1882.

“My dear Brother in Christ,

“I received your letter on the 25th of April, and have been moved and taught much through it. My sympathies were deeply touched, and I was driven to the Lord for special light ; and, thanks to His blessed Name, He has not withheld it. In the light He gives me, I see for you a privilege so wonderful, that very few on earth have had it set before them.

“Two things are possible to the Lord in your case. He can give you a new start in growth, and increase of stature and proportions to the full ideal of a perfect manhood in body, as easily as He can wave the branch of a tree by the wind ; or He can use you for His glory and for the benefit and salvation of men, *as you are* in stature and proportions, more wonderfully than would be possible if you were made perfect in stature and form. You will see at a glance that if, *as you are*, you should be given up to the Lord, as the

Apostles and such men as Stephen and Philip were, be filled with the Holy Spirit as they were,—so as to forget your personal appearance, or remember it only to glory in the singularity which would attract so many to see and hear you—what a power it would be to draw crowds to listen as you should tell them of Christ and His glory.

“Multitudes would flock to hear you, who would not go to hear any other living man. God has, as I see by your letter, given you natural gifts and educational advantages. You are able to think clearly, and express yourself plainly, perspicuously, and concisely. And your very sensitiveness, too, as well as other things, shows that you have a heart which the Lord can turn wholly to Himself, and fill with His love, and enlarge to take in His fulness, in no ordinary measure. All you need is to have the fulness of the Holy Spirit given you and received by you, as He was given and received in Apostolic times (yes, and is now !), to have the promise of our gracious Lord fulfilled to you, that rivers of living water—the water of life, the living truth as it is in Christ in the power of the Spirit—should flow forth from your soul, blessing multitudes with the fulness of the blessing of Christ (John vii. 38 ; Rom. xv. 29). The promise of the fulness of the Spirit as a free gift to *you* is clear and explicit. The Apostle Peter’s words are conclusive, “The promise is unto *you*, and to your children, and to *all that are afar off*, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.” That includes you.

“Now I am free to say that though I am content with my comparatively obscure lot and work, as a servant of our glorious Lord, yet if the choice were given me whether to be made perfect in stature and form, and used as fully as the Lord could use me, or to be made as singular in stature and form as you describe yourself, and

be 'filled with the Holy Ghost and with faith;' so as to rise above all care as to what people would think of me, while yet, they in multitudes would be drawn to hear me pour forth in the power of the Spirit the glorious things of God,—I should not be long in choosing. If only God may be glorified, and the perishing saved and enriched with all the fulness of God, let me be little and despised among men. The glory of God and the glory He gives, is the only glory that will last, or that is worth having or even asking.

"I know that what I am putting before you is awfully crucifying to the flesh; but it is a crucifixion that, at the very uttermost, lasts no longer than the few hours our Lord hung dying on the cross, with possibly the preparatory hours of Gethsemane of agony,—while giving yourself up as a living sacrifice to be crucified with Christ. And a few hours' ignominy in the crucial thought of standing before multitudes, gathered to hear you, because you are only four feet high, and feeling the scorn and insult they might heap upon you. But that would soon be over and gone. You would be practically, actually, experimentally crucified with Christ as you now are positively and judicially. And then, too, you would be really risen with Christ, and Christ your Life would be living in you. And you would be so filled with His fulness, revealed in you by the Holy Spirit given you by Him, and received by you through faith, that all that now seems so terrible, so unendurable, would be nothing; nay more, would be a glory, because of its attractive advantages to bring men to you, and give you their eyes and their ears for the Gospel of the grace of God, and their hearts for the God of all grace and for His Son Jesus Christ.

"Oh! what a grand opportunity He has placed before

you! Be it so, that it is a crucifixion to begin with. Did not Christ Himself say to the Father, 'Father, glorify Thy name,' knowing what He said,—that it meant Gethsemane, the Judgment Hall, and Calvary. To which the Father responded in a thunder-like voice from above, 'I have both glorified it and will glorify it again.' This before the crucifixion. Then when it had been done and He was risen from the dead, did He not say to the two on the way to Emmaus, 'Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into His *glory*?' Ah! Yes, He did endure the crucifixion, despising the shame, counting it all joy, for the glory that should follow to God and for man.

"Do not shrink—do not waste time and prolong agony. Just give yourself up to the Lord—your body as it is—a living sacrifice, sacred to God, your reasonable service, and let Him have you in His own hands to mould you in heart and mind and will to suit Himself, and to make *all HE can* of you for His own glory and the good of man: and let *yourself alone in His hands*, that He may be free to do it.

"Accept Him as indwelling in your heart and filling your body, soul, and spirit, and the agony will be over, and the glory will follow. The Lord bless you and use you gloriously.

"Lovingly and truly yours,

"W. E. BOARDMAN."

Some months before the opening of Bethshan, I had written to Mr. Boardman asking him how it was that while I trusted the Lord, as I thought fully, for healing, weaknesses still remained. The following is taken from his answer:—

"The solution of the practical problem of your own you present to me, I seem to see. This I know, you are complete in Him. In Him is all the fulness of God, *yours*. Your

completeness or fulness is *in Him in you*. Heretofore you have taken it in bits; very largely, certainly, as compared with most of us, for you have been far in advance of me in seeing and trusting our Lord as the Healer, and so in presenting healing to others in His name through faith. I confess this to my shame, for I have been saved, and have known my Saviour, I suppose, from since before you were born. And, indeed, I have known Him as my Saviour from my own conscious sins as long as you have known your right hand from your left, yet, oh, so slow to believe in Him, as complete for body as well as for soul! He forgives, but I may well hide my face as last and least, because of this slowness of heart. And He so worthy of honour, praise, and power as the Healer! But do you know *He is more than this*? He is *the Life*, the *All* of life for *body* as well as *soul*, *complete*. In Him *dwelleth* all fulness; we are filled full in Him. He is the Vine-stock of Life for the whole creation, Head over all as the First Born, by whom and for whom were all things made, and in whom all things hold together.

“Fulness, absolute fulness of life dwells in Him alone; and in us, only as He dwells in us by faith. Fulness of life is fulness of health. Disease is incompatible with fulness of life. His presence in us, welcomed by faith as our fulness of life, and so of health, is really the expulsive power that rebukes and expels disease. The same is true of *strength*. ‘God is my strength,’ says the Psalmist; ‘and He maketh my way perfect.’ Samson was strong when the Spirit of God came upon him, but weak like another man when left without the strength of God in him. We are created and redeemed to be the *habitation* of God by the Spirit, temples of the Spirit in our bodies, and besought by the tender yearnings of God’s own heart to present *our bodies* to Him,

holy, wholly, sacredly His—our reasonable service, that we may really be not conformed to this world, but transfigured in mind, that we may prove what is *that good, acceptable, and perfect will of God*, made actually complete in Him. Our completeness in Him cannot be actualized until our faith welcomes Him in whom dwells the *All-fulness*, as our Fulness of life and health in the body, as well as in the soul. As long as we take healing *from* Him bit by bit, bits will yet be lacking. As long as we take strength from Him bit by bit, bits of infirmities will remain. He took our infirmities truly as our sicknesses, and both as truly as our sins, and then in Matthew's sense, as well as Isaiah's sense, as the Bearer first, and then the Taker-away—the Expulsor as well. He is the great Expulsor of 'the world, the flesh (self) and the Devil,' and that by His own continual presence in us, in His own fulness, the Fulness of God. And so He is the Expulsor of sin, sickness, weakness, and all that can oppress, whether in spirit, soul, or body.

“This reveals clearly His reason for not *healing us once for all* when we trust in Him to heal us. We look for and take healing *from* Him, and not *in* Him, and so have healing, but not *Him*—Healer, Health, Strength, Life, and All, *in us*, Himself All in all. His purpose for us is so much higher, fuller, better, more glorious than our faith sees and accepts, that we get bits from Him, instead of Himself, the Fulness of all in us, welcomed evermore, trusted in always as All in all. Is it not so? As heaven is high above earth, so high are His ways for us above our ways, and His thoughts above our thoughts, and fulness, completeness in healing, health, strength, as well as in spiritual blessing, can only be ours through an uplift by the Spirit, out of our ways and thoughts into His ways and thoughts. And the prominent work of the Spirit is just this—to uplift us into

Christ, and unfold *Him* in *all* His fulness, the Fulness of God in us."

The following is a letter regarding one mentally afflicted who was shortly afterwards fully restored :—

" 3, Rochester Square,

" Dec. 14th, 1882.

" My dear Mr. B——,

" Many, many thanks for your letter, so full and clear in its details concerning your precious daughter.

" It is very evident that our gracious Lord in His infinite wisdom and love is working in her, all unconsciously to herself, and will never cease until she is perfectly set free from herself, and thoroughly established in Himself.

" More and more clearly I see the Lord's way in such cases generally, and more and more the light the Lord gave concerning her in particular, is increased and confirmed since the day of your call upon me here. I see, in the light the Lord gives me, the principle of His dealings exemplified in the three most remarkable instances of which the Bible gives us the details in sufficient fulness to show how He works it out to the end. First, that He is now in, and well on in the process of really and for ever crucifying in her, *selfhood* (the 'flesh' to use the Apostle Paul's word for it), preparatory to revealing Himself in her as All in all, her Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption. And next that this preparatory work has already been in so far completed, that though she *talks* hopelessness, she really yearns for, and expects deliverance. The deliverance is not far off, and the delay will not be one moment longer than the Lord in His boundless love and wisdom sees to be indispensable to the perfection and perpetuity of the work.

" Your wisdom, and that of your dear wife and son-in-law, is to *roll over to the Lord* all your care and fear, and

to begin praising Him that it is in His hands, and that He will do all, and will guide all who have anything to do in the matter, in the very best and shortest way, to make the deliverance and the future all right, and bright for His glory ; in making her the channel of blessing to very many, and also in making the trial and the outcome a greater good to you, each and all, than you can ask or think.

“Miss W——, whose case was so very like that of your daughter, was with us yesterday afternoon, bright as a sunbeam, as she soon will be. The Lord is faithful, and will soon do *in* her what He has already done perfectly, in taking and bearing all, *for* her. Lovingly and truly yours, all and each, in Jesus. W. E. BOARDMAN.”

BETHSHAN.

As the Tuesday meetings in Rochester Square grew in numbers and interest, persons from a distance came and took lodgings in the neighbourhood. These were often invalids, and again and again the thought occurred to me : “Why not open a house for their accommodation ?” One day I was pressed to speak of this to Mr. Boardman, and found that for more than a month past he and Mrs. Boardman had been praying the Lord for this very thing. This led to the opening and furnishing of Bethshan by Miss Murray and me, with Miss Murray as house-mother, in May, 1882 ; Mr. and Mrs. Boardman continuing to reside and hold their meetings at Rochester Square, but always giving much help and counsel in the work. Mr. Boardman presided at the Sunday evening meetings, and the weekly meeting for healing on Wednesday afternoons at Bethshan.

An announcement in the *Christian Herald* and in the *Christian* was sufficient to fill the house. The Lord was

with us, and several remarkable and blessed cases of healing took place immediately, and many of those who have been healed are now earnest and successful winners of souls.

It is almost universally the case, that those who take Jesus for their Healer come into great spiritual blessing, and a nearness and reality of intercourse with Him, beyond what they have known before. There is something of sacred awe, as well as child-like joy, when the hardened lungs expand with the breathing of Jesus through them ; when the horrible, offensive, cancerous discharge ceases, and the yellow complexion becomes pink and healthy ; when the limb, dried and withered to skin and bone, with neither feeling nor power, begins to throb with new life, and once again bears the body to which it has been for years but a troublesome appendage. The whole being bows in adoration, and cries, "It is the Lord !"

The first house opened as "Bethshan" (Heb., House of Rest) proving too small, Miss Murray purchased the present house, 10, Drayton Park, and Miss E. Sisson, of New London, Connecticut, who had been seven years a missionary in India, joined us in the work. The house was altered to admit of a hall for meetings, but in a few weeks after the opening this overflowed, and, in dependence on God alone, we built the present Bethshan Hall to seat 600.

Here, week by week, Mr. Boardman in his precious messages led to the person of Jesus. Often in the meetings, which he conducted with all liberty of the Spirit, questions would be asked, and the answer was almost always in some way an unfolding of Jesus. "How may I know that it is God's *will* to heal me?" would be often asked.

"What would He do if He were here in bodily presence amongst us? Was it not always His *joy* to do His Father's

will in healing the sick? Is He not the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever?" would be in substance the answer.

Or again the question would come, "How may I know that I have faith to be healed?"

"It is not your faith which is to do the work: Jesus is the Healer. '*I am the Lord that healeth thee.*' Will you let Him have you to heal your faith first of all, and then to have all the care of you, faith and all? He yearns to do it for you."

Or again, one in deep mental depression would tell out all his agony of trouble, and say he felt he was lost, there was no hope for him, he could not even say his desire for God was real, he had sinned past hope. "Then, brother, this is the very hour of your deliverance, you shall be set free *now*. Jesus is here to do it; He delights to do it, and He will do it for *you*." Often have we seen those who entered the Hall in utter despair, go out again with shining faces, for the Son had made them free.

In many of the meetings for healing there would be nothing for the eye to see, but always a precious stream of testimony to blessing received, especially during the anointing service which follows the "healing" meeting on Wednesdays at Bethshan. And frequently have we seen glorious manifestations of the power of God before our eyes. We have seen hands, crippled with rheumatism, relaxed and supple; some who came in deaf, enabled to hear every word; some blind, able to see; lame ones, who have cast away their crutches and walked.

At the same hour as this anointing service, Mrs. Boardman holds in the old Hall a meeting for enquirers, especially enquirers after the power of Christ in the life of the children of God. God only knows how many burdened and perplexed ones have here found Jesus to be all in all to them, and

have learned to let go themselves and their cares to Him who, with Almighty hand and with a love which passeth knowledge, careth for them.

At Bethshan dear Mr. Boardman was both the father and the pastor of the work. While he never assumed any position of authority, it was very precious to those of us who had any part in this work to have his counsel, which we knew was always sought and obtained from God, and it was such a rest to know that, when we could not get the clue to any difficulty, this loved and revered father, while meeting us in sympathy on our level, would always lead us to God's point of view. The love of God was the very atmosphere which he breathed, and it shone in heaven's light upon his face. Hundreds have said, "I cannot look on Mr. Boardman's face without its doing me good." One dear friend remarked, after a meeting in which our dear father had been attempting to bring out in words something of God which was too big for utterance, "It is very blessed to see a man who is already in heaven. One cannot pretend to understand all he says, but it is beautiful to be near a man who is in heaven." And yet he was the most approachable man we ever met. It was always a joy to see him; his happy, restful face brought God near, and his knock at the door always meant cheer. He seemed never to have any troubles of his own; he would sometimes wish that the troubles of others were his, that he might cast them all on Him who careth for us.

Our dear sick ones always loved to have a talk with him, for he ever hoped for those whom everyone else despaired of, and an interview with him was always a strength and cheer; often, very often, an entirely new acquaintance with God. He was wonderfully patient, as we who worked with him had cause to know, and we felt that he and God were

at one about everything which he said to us. It was a privilege, too precious to put in words, that we should have been bound with him in our work, and it is only the intimate and unspeakably tender way in which our God has filled this place to us since his death, which makes a selfish grief impossible.

CHAPTER XVII

THE LAST DAYS.



It would not be possible to tell how often the thought has been uttered, since the departure of my husband to glory, that "To be in his presence was like being in the atmosphere of heaven." The last years of his life, his face shone with a lustre not of earth ; the expression of his countenance beamed with the sunlight and joy of heaven, and this became more and more settled until he passed into glory.

Before he was forty years of age, a woman living in sin, who scarcely believed there was a God, was convinced, not only of the existence of God, but of a future state of blessedness, by seeing the face of my husband as he passed her house. She knew the hour he usually went to his little study, connected with the place of worship, and would go to the window, as she told me, and stand waiting for him to pass, that she might catch a glimpse of heaven, for said she, "It did me so much good even to think of such a place, where the like of him lived."

And yet the glory of this holy of holies did not unfit him

for the most common-place duties of life—if anything our Father wishes us to do can be called common-place.

The last day he walked on this earth was Wednesday, January 27th, the day of the meeting at Bethshan, which commences at three p.m., and lasts till nearly seven, with only an interval for tea. As this was rather a long service, he usually kept in the open air in the morning; and this morning was full of busy duties. He went some little distance to obtain things needed: he preferred doing the marketing for our little household, and quite enjoyed walking several miles each day, which he did without apparent fatigue. There are very few who enjoy social life at the age of seventy-five as he did; few who retain such youthful vigour; but he seemed to grow young in feeling these last years, and his bodily strength was renewed after he learned to take the Lord as Healer of the body. Whenever threatened with a bilious attack he looked directly to the Lord, and was delivered.

The provision made for us in these last years was very wonderful. The Lord in His own loving way gave us quite a family of precious ones, who called themselves daughterkins, and us fatherkin and motherkin. Three of these are associated together in the work at Bethshan, while the four others are indirectly connected with it. There are other friends also who say they esteem it a privilege to be in this family relationship, who were exceedingly loving and kind during my husband's life, and now are a very great comfort to me, doing all in their power to cheer my pilgrimage while on the way to glory.

The following bit, taken from a letter written by my husband to one of these daughterkins, shows the versatility of his mind. "Did I ever tell you of the day-dream of my boyhood. It was this, that I had arrived at a patriarchal age and position in life; was owner of a wide domain of prairie

land in America, rich in this world's goods and honours, dwelling at home amongst my own people, surrounded by my own children and grandchildren, and with a great retinue of dependents, in the midst of multitudes of loving friends and neighbours; happy in all that, and perfectly satisfied with my position in the world. Now how perfectly my boyhood's day-dream is finding its fulfilment in the very reverse of all this. A tenting place amidst the four millions of the world's great metropolis, without chick or child of my own, or an inch of land to my name; the world, as far as they know my aim and dependence in life, thinking down upon it as an old man's day dream, and yet, and yet—having a whole lot of the precious ones of the earth (not earthly), adopting me with my dear wife, and by their kind words and loving hearts and hands, making me as happy as any patriarch could well be in such a world as ours."

Not only has the Lord so preciousy provided these dear daughterkins, but in His tender love, He has given one to be like a son, who willingly devoted his time in attending to all the business details of which I was utterly ignorant. My husband frequently visited Mr. Sole, at Harrow, in the year 1883, and during a long illness, often supplied his pulpit. In speaking of these visits, Mr. Sole says "God was brought very consciously near, and I was always enriched in heart and strengthened in body every time your husband was with me."

Little did I know at that time what a boon God was providing for me, when I said to my precious husband as he was going out to Harrow to see Mr. Sole, "It seems to me you spend much time and take great trouble with this one man." I so well remember my husband's reply, as he said "Yes, my dear, that is so, but he is worth all the time I give him, and I don't grudge one minute of it."

In 1884, Mr. Sole removed to London, and he writes, "Every day Mr. Boardman allowed me to call, and often, when I have felt utterly prostrate, he has prayed for me, and I have been raised up. What he was to me in my life for eighteen months, only God knows; when the end of his most precious life came, and only then, did I realize how much he had been to me. God be thanked for leading me to know him, through whose instrumentality I have been led to see Jesus as my Healer and Sanctifier."

During the last year of my husband's life he was often filled with the "*joy of the Lord*," as he expressed it. He tried to put his thoughts of this joy into words at our Tuesday meeting. We saw his face lighted with beams of sunshine from the Sun of Glory, but words utterly failed to convey the brightness of this inner light. It was not possible for this foretaste of the glory in which he now revels to be conveyed through any human channel. He seldom spoke of going home, he seemed to live in heaven here, so that even during his last illness he was occupied with the glorious present indwelling of God in his soul, and was so desirous that others should know this glorious rest and more abundant life in God, that he did not recognise his work here as completed.

The following account was written for our friends by Miss Murray. It was published in "*Thy Healer*."

"On January 27th, after a very blessed Wednesday meeting, in which our beloved father in Christ had spoken most precious words on becoming 'as little children,' he was struck with paralysis during the night, and entirely lost the use of his right side. After prayer and anointing, he recovered his consciousness, and in great measure his speech, and within two hours he was speaking of a book which he had been reading before retiring to rest. During

the week he was spared to us his mind was as vigorous and clear as ever, his interest in all the work at Bethshan was as keen as ever, he kept count of all the meetings held, and whoever came in after a meeting was asked all the details. Very blessed it was to see how deeply his soul was steeped in God, how cloudless and unbroken was the communion—his spiritual being so entirely responsive to Him. The sick room was full of the presence of God. One thing was very remarkable. He never seemed conscious that he was paralysed, or was in the smallest degree occupied with his physical condition; he never *saw* his illness, he never *saw* death, he only saw *God* and God's faithfulness, and he rested on the certainty that all was for blessing.

“And so on February 4th, he passed from among us into the glory which had been so near to him all through his life. Often of late the veil between him and it seemed so thin we seemed almost to catch its reflection on his face and in his words. To him to live was Christ, and yet, *to die was gain*. Gain to him in the glorious possibilities of service within the veil, untrammelled by the limitations of the body; and in the increased capacity for knowing God. And even to us all, so intimately associated with him in his blessed work, and to the Church of God, there is gain in this death. We have learnt what God is, and what He can do, as never before; and a glorious witness has been added to the completeness of the victory we have in Christ over death and the grave, and to the truth of the words, ‘If a man keep My saying, he shall never see death.’

‘DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY,’

‘that mortality might be swallowed up of life.’

“The children of Israel had been watching Moses as he

went, full of vigour, up the mountain, and then he turned some corner, and they saw him no more. Then came the Word of the Lord, 'Moses My servant is dead ; now therefore'—*therefore*, just because Moses My servant is dead, just because *I* am henceforth going to be to thee and thy people more than Moses ever was or could be—'now therefore, arise, go over this Jordan, thou and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them' (Josh. i. 1, 2).

"As I walked in the middle of the night down Holloway Road, after hearing the summons, 'Please come at once, for Mr. Boardman is very ill'—as I walked on, not knowing what I should meet when I entered, God spoke to me. He gave me a blessed assurance that all that had happened, and all that was about to happen, should be for the blessing and enrichment of His work and His workers. And so, through the days of watching, while I still saw nothing clearly, whether this blessing and enrichment were to come through life or death, I was kept in perfect peace, resting on the Lord. I will not now dwell on the loss to myself personally, though it represents almost all I have ever known of an earthly father's love, nor on the loss to us in the work, great, well-nigh overwhelming as it is, for the Lord has caused a word to ring in my ears, and I feel I must pass it on to you. 'Now *therefore* arise ;'—not sit still and mourn—but "*arise*, go over this Jordan, thou and *all* this people ;' that means every one of us who are left behind. God's word to each one of us is, 'Arise—go over. Go out on His promises, for 'Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you.'"

Miss Sisson, who knew us many years ago in America, was also permitted to be much in his room during the last days of my husband's life, and she has added her testimony, as one who felt the atmosphere of his presence, and the

breathing of his words, not only in the sick room, but during the years she has been associated with him at Bethshan. She writes as follows :—

“It had been a cherished idea with our dear father in the Lord, all his life long, to educate young people for the work of the Lord. He desired from the beginning that Bethshan should be a training school for Christian workers. God never brought this thought to pass quite as it had taken shape in his mind, yet how emphatically the thought was given by God, and was executed by Him, the lives of all those associated with Mr. Boardman in the work through those last precious years, will for ever testify. What a training school Bethshan became to us through our association with him !

“Knowledge of *the heart of God* toward suffering humanity was the lesson which all his teaching ever deepened in us. His own soul basked in the sunlight of heaven's glory. His Bible was illuminated, and its every word told him in some new way of the joy of God in making right earth's wrongs. No evil seemed gigantic enough to throw a shadow over the sunshine in which he stood, for he consciously dwelt in the presence of God ; the Sun ever between him and every evil. He *yearned* to make the needy ones before him see the Lord he saw, and frequently, in the meeting, pausing at the end of some precious proclamation of grace, his face all a glow with a love too deep for words, he simply stood and looked things unutterable. In that heaven-freighted silence, I have sometimes seen light from above fall into hearts ; ‘they saw the Lord’ and were healed. His *spirit* had interpreted to them the Spirit of the Lord. And not only were the sin-bound or sick ones helped, but we workers were shamed out of our narrow, feeble, hesitating thoughts into some truer appreciation of

our God, and of the length, and breadth, and instantaneousness of His salvation.

"The atmosphere surrounding our precious father in Christ, became increasingly transparent and heaven-full, as the earthly end drew near. None of those permitted to pass in and out of his chamber that last week, when the body lay partially paralysed, will ever forget the privilege. The remark of one was the impression of all, 'He is full of God. This room is part of heaven!'

"Whenever we spoke with him, we found a glad, tender interest in all around, with even a vein of gentle humour in his words; but left undisturbed, like an undrawn bow, he immediately returned to his centre—'Christ Himself.' Even when his mind wandered, as it did once or twice at the very last, the happy spirit's utterances through it were like the droppings of pearls from a broken string—whispered murmurs of 'glory,' 'reigning,' 'robes ready,' 'ascension,' 'the King,' were accompanied with flashes of bright light, playing over the sweet countenance. And thus he passed from our vision, leaving a long train of light behind; our heritage of Christ in him. And thus we came down from the mount 'seeing no man save Jesus only.'"

A very short sketch of the blessed address given by the Rev. C. Graham, at our house, 3, Highbury Place, on the occasion of the funeral, is here given:—

"*As a Christian*, I have known few to equal, fewer still to excel, our venerable and venerated friend—might I not say our father in Christ? Between forty and fifty years, like Enoch, he walked with God. Deep and abiding was his communion with the Lord. His Christian life was a life of victory. He believed in God for victory over his threefold enemy, and he had it. With Paul he could say, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'

“But our departed friend did more than trust the Lord for victory over sin; he trusted Him also for power for service, and he had that power pre-eminently. Have we not felt how he prayed in the Spirit, and spoke in the Spirit? With what unwearying diligence he pursued his blessed service! In the spirit and demeanour he showed, there shone out the meekness and gentleness of his blessed Master. No godly soul could be in his company without being edified. His very countenance gave expression to the grace that was within him.

“I would speak of him again *as a teacher*. Two things deeply impressed me in his teaching. First, his soundness in the truth. I mean more than that he firmly held the foundation doctrines of Christianity, and that in his creed he was thoroughly evangelical; I mean besides, that in his teaching on the normal Christian life, he kept strictly to the Word of God, and by it he sustained his statements. The second thing that impressed me in his teaching was his clear spiritual perception. This was apparent in his bringing out the deep, spiritual truth of the Word. It was strikingly apparent when he dealt with Christian experience, in meeting the soul's difficulties, and in exposing the subtle and plausible temptations of our great spiritual foe. Truly he was here pre-eminently ‘a father in Israel.’ He gave us the mind of Christ. Who can tell the number of souls stimulated and encouraged by his counsels and addresses; the numbers led to entire consecration to God, and to the exercise of faith for continual victory over besetting sin and temptation; or the numbers delivered from the snares and nets in which the enemy of souls had taken and entangled them?

“*As a writer*, he wrote and published a considerable number of books; yet I am persuaded, from conversation

I had with him, that he never wrote a book but to meet, what he believed to be, a need of Christians, and also when he believed the Lord had given him a message for them. This is true, likewise, of his many articles which have appeared in magazines and periodicals. From these products of his pen scores of thousands have received spiritual blessing, and I myself am one of the number. His pen was consecrated to God, as was also himself, and all he possessed ; and God greatly used all for His glory. Wherever the English language is spoken, his books have gone, and have been made a blessing. God permitted him to continue his labours up to the very end of his life. And I am persuaded that his holy life will yet reproduce itself in many, who, in their turn, will be blessings to others. Let us thank God for that pure and holy life ; and let us follow him as he followed Christ."

In the Highgate Cemetery Chapel, the Rev. E. W. Moore read the Service. The Chapel was crowded, and at the close of the lesson he spoke from the words, "To live is Christ." He said, "I feel they are words eminently fitted to describe the life of the honoured servant of God, whose departure from among us we mourn this day.

"We who had the privilege of knowing Mr. Boardman, must have felt that the thoughts suggested by this wonderful expression were fulfilled in him. The Cross of Christ was his birth-place ; the character of Christ was his example ; the indwelling of Christ, his power ; the personal Christ, his joy ; the presence of Christ, his home ; and the glory of Christ, the end and object for which he lived ! Of him, as of Enoch, it might be safely and simply affirmed, that he walked with God, and that he was not, for God took him.

"I have often been struck by the testimony that was borne

by the life, as well as the lips, of our departed brother to the reality of the blessed privilege of abiding in Christ, which it was his life work to set forth. Often has my own faith been encouraged by the calm, consistent, and continuous witness to Christ's faithfulness which Mr. Boardman's life afforded."

This following testimony from one* who says he did not fully accept *all* my husband's views, is so very true and unvarnished that we are happy to give it a place in this book :—

"We felt a sincere sorrow as we saw the announcement of the removal from among us of W. E. Boardman. A beautiful soul was his; transparent as a sunbeam, and adorned with the Spirit of his Master. He first became known, many years ago, as the author of 'The Higher Christian Life,' a book which presented in a popular form, though not with entire clearness of doctrinal statement, the truth concerning entire sanctification. The method of the book was new, and resulted from a happy inspiration. Instead of placing before his readers theological views on holiness, Mr. Boardman began with facts of Christian experience, and reasoned from those facts, giving the various theories which prevailed in the Churches. The idea was novel, the incidents were attractively told, and the book became wonderfully popular. It is not too much to say that it has brought to the minds of thousands of Christian people the first real hope of a life of purity, victory, and settled assurance. 'Gladness in Jesus,' 'In the Power of the Spirit,' 'The Lord that Healeth Thee,' and other works followed; all having the same characteristics,—simplicity of style, deep spirituality, and attractive setting forth of

* J. E. Page. Editor of "The King's Highway."

personal incident. He seemed to be always producing. At one time he contributed to our pages, and the *American Times of Refreshing* has continually had articles from his pen. Of late he was drawn to give himself more especially to 'faith-healing' teaching, but holiness of heart and life never held a second place in his system. It was always *holiness first*.

"We met him at Oxford for the first time many years ago, and 'took sweet counsel together.' How well we remember those meetings of the great convention! He was not very prominent in the meetings; we thought younger and less experienced men were too much put forward then; but he did much valuable work in dealing with individuals. We remember a walk we had together, in which he told us that during the week nearly sixty persons had visited him at his lodgings, seeking spiritual counsel. He said that as each one told his case, he was mentally telling it to the Lord and asking light; and in almost every instance the person went away assured and peaceful. We exchanged letters now and again, and towards the end of 1884 the two editors of this journal spent a happy evening with him at Highbury Place. How pleasant was the conversation over tea! And better still the season of prayer in the drawing-room afterwards. Christ was so manifest, that we felt, as we returned, something as the disciples who said, 'We have seen the Lord,' and the effect of that interview was not soon lost.

"Here is an extract of a letter he wrote us some time ago, in reply to one asking some questions as to Divine healing:—

"'It is indeed a living tower of strength to know Jesus as Lord and Christ; our Heaven, our Life and Strength for the whole being. Thank God, I do so know Him! I am

at this moment conscious of the reality that He is more to me, physically, than all the vigour of youth or early manhood; and I am enjoying brighter and better days, doing more with less fatigue than when we first met. One week from to-day will complete my threescore and thirteen, and put me upon my seventy-fourth year; and the past fortnight has been so filled up with public and personal work that ten years ago it would have exhausted me, and I should have been constrained to sit down, or lie down, and get restoration. But, blessed be His holy Name! I am as fresh to-day, through exchange with Him, as when the increase of pressure began. I tell you this as a witness for Jesus, not as a boaster of myself. Left to myself, I should have been worn out, dead, and buried long before now.'

"It is not well to call men saints while they are alive, but he was one, as all who knew him recognised; and now we may accord him the title. A beautiful specimen of the Divine workmanship was W. E. Boardman! We thank God that we ever knew him, and were permitted to hold a place in his regard. We pray for grace to follow him, though a long distance behind, and hope one day to see him, 'shining as the stars for ever.'"

The following conversation between Capt. Dennis and my dear husband, was given at one of our Tuesday meetings, and he has kindly acceded to my request to write it out:—

"My dear Mrs. Boardman,

"The circumstance to which I referred a few evenings since was as follows:—Mr. Boardman and I were walking along the Whetstone Road. The subject of our conversation had been Gal. v. 25, 'If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.' It was a beautiful day; the sun shining brightly; the sky a clear, deep blue, and the few clouds which were in it were so tinged with the sun's

rays that they looked like frosted silver. The birds were singing, a light wind cooled the air and just moved the branches of the trees, and the air itself was scented with the perfume of the fields and flowers. I remarked to him on the beauty of the scene before us. 'Yes !' said he. 'And just as we are living in this, we should live in God. Just as we are breathing this beautiful, fresh, invigorating air, so should we draw in the Life of God with every breath, and thus "live in Him."' I said, 'What do you understand by "walking in the Spirit"?' He replied, 'Just as we are walking along this road—step by step. We are not to make one plunge, as it were, and there let it end ; neither are we to stand here, and then make one long bound to right over there, missing all the intervening space ; but we are to "*walk*" in the Spirit—step by step—just as we are to "*live*" in Him—breath by breath. We must place our hand in His, and let Him take us where He pleases, and thus we shall be "*led*" of the Spirit. It is His to lead us, and all we have to do is to commit ourselves entirely to His guidance, and just keep step with Him.'

"The other circumstance of which I spoke was as follows:—You and Mr. Boardman were coming to Barnet with me in the train, the carriage being quite full of gentlemen returning from the city. A few days afterwards, a gentleman, an entire stranger, accosted me with, 'Excuse me, sir, but may I ask, Was that gentleman whom I saw with you the other day an American minister?' I said, 'Yes ; that was Mr. Boardman.' 'Was that Mr. Boardman !' he said, 'I have often heard of him, but have never before seen him. What a wonderfully peaceful face he has ! I do not think I ever in my life saw a man with so peaceful a look on his face.' I said, 'It is remarkable you should say that, for this peacefulness is the great, distinguishing trait of his character.'

‘Not at all remarkable,’ he replied. ‘No one accustomed to dealing with men, and judging their characters could possibly miss it. I never in all my experience saw a man whose face was so peaceful, and betokened a mind so thoroughly at rest as that of Mr. Boardman.’”

It has seemed to me a privilege to insert parts of letters received from dear friends, but my difficulty is where to stop. I can only give place to short extracts from a few, so I take scraps from those best known to the world.

This first extract is from Mr. Bartlett, of Highgate:—

“Your beloved husband was godly and faithful above any servant of God whom it has been my privilege to know, and I feel that in his decease ‘a prince and a great man’ has departed from our midst. Gladly and gratefully we gathered around him to learn from him the way of God more perfectly, and to be led, by his loving words of child-like faith, and spiritual intuition, to draw more and more fully from the unsearchable riches and all sufficiency of that Saviour, whom he knew so intimately, loved so perfectly, and trusted so implicitly. To myself and my family, who owe so much to him as a spiritual teacher, and who had the precious privilege of seeing and knowing so much of his beautiful, restful, and victorious life, the world (humanly speaking), must henceforth seem much poorer.”

From the Rev. S. B. Figgis, of Brighton:—

“My dear Mrs. Boardman,

“I cannot let the week quite close without a line to say with what emotion I read, two days ago, that God had taken to the house of the saints, your saintly husband. My mind goes back, over twenty years ago, to the time when his book was put into my hands by an official of position in Dublin Castle. I little knew then

what privilege I should have of meeting and knowing the beloved author. The whole Church of Christ is under obligation to him. We glorify God in him, for assuredly, if anyone was made blameless and beautiful in all Christian conversation and godliness, it was he. I remember his meekness at Nottingham and other places. Indeed he was always a lesson to us all. Yours in the sympathy of Jesus."

From W. Green, Esq., of Highgate:—

"Allow me to have the great satisfaction of bearing my testimony to the effect your dear late husband's teaching had upon my own life. His life always testified to the power of a living Christ, drawing people to Jesus. Mr. Boardman's book, 'In the Power of the Spirit,' was very much blessed to me some time ago, and its teaching is living in me and through me to-day. I very much wish the whole of his works could be issued in a suitable form, and presented gratis to the religious teachers of to-day; it would be a fitting memorial to his memory."

From Rev. W. Haslam:—

"Dear Mrs. Boardman,

"I consider that your dear husband was the first standard-bearer on the subject of the Higher Life twenty-seven years ago. I rejoiced in his first book, and found it a great help in clearing up my own views of the subject; I had been battling in experience for four or five years, but could never explain it until I read his book."

From Miss Barclay, Bermondsey:—

"Dearest Motherkin,

"I must say a few words to express my appreciation of Mr. Boardman's fatherliness, which has left the deepest impress of the gentle, tender wisdom with which he ever met my inquiries, and the counsel, always so

rich in heavenly truth, that seemed to leave the question asked for ever settled, and gave me conceptions of the Fatherhood of God beyond what I had ever known before. There is one verse which more fully conveys my feelings than any words of my own, 'He being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.' And we, 'looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.' None of us can ever forget what that rapt look was, when filled with the fervour of the Spirit, he seemed to be gazing into things unseen by us, and he would try in vain to convey to us the immeasurable glories he beheld. Surely, as he neared the horizon line, the veil grew thinner that hung between him and the eternal, until it faded, and he, without the consciousness of dying, found himself upon the further shore.

"To us, who had the joy of being called his children, the loss can never be replaced; he was our leader, our teacher, our counsellor. My own heart still finds its only utterance in the cry of Elisha, 'My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!'"

From the Rev. C. A. Fox, Eaton Square:—

"I had always the deepest regard and affection for dear Mr. Boardman; the beauty of his Christian character greatly affected me. The singular unselfishness and deep humility, as of one habitually in the presence of his Divine Master, coupled with profound spiritual insight, and a lucid discernment of deeper truth, shed about him the subdued halo of God's own consecration. May we follow him as he followed Christ."

CONCLUSION.

Very wonderful have been the dealings of the Lord with

me since the departure of my precious husband. When I first saw him stricken down, apparently passing away, I was in such agony that all I could say was, "Jesus! Jesus!" until there came the assurance that my dear one was to be raised up. I became full of this one thought, so as to exult in what God was going to do. I never felt more convinced of anything in my life than that God had permitted my precious one to be taken down with a disease that two eminent physicians pronounced fatal, on purpose that He might show forth His glory, as in the case of Lazarus. The dear Lord permitted me to be thus carried away with this thought for the time being, because He saw that otherwise I might be crushed. And in allowing it, I was kept up and prepared for what followed.

So I went on till the Sabbath, a day never to be forgotten. The Lord took me aside, and said, "I want you to go far deeper down into God than ever before; down out of yourself, and into God." And I said, "That is what I want, Lord." And He said, "I want you to know more of the glory of God's will, and of the joy of God's will; your joy must be on a far deeper foundation than that of seeing your husband raised up from this attack. And I will take you there if you will let Me; if you will yield your will and choice in the matter wholly to Me, I will bring you to where you can rejoice in My will." I said, "Yes, Lord." And then He showed me the wonderful joy of Christ, all the way throughout His life, in doing the Father's will. And that will of the Father was not so much doing great and mighty works which everybody saw, as it was the heart inhabiting God; dwelling in Him. All the time he let Himself be moved by the Father, whether it was in public work, or alone in the daily routine of life. And so He showed me how the deep joy of the soul,—a far deeper joy than we could have in any other

way,—was the joy of His will; the joy of accepting, of choosing with Him. Nothing can touch this joy. Then He brought me to rejoice in His will in a wonderful way, a way that I never could have imagined possible, and I saw the glory of His will. I saw how grand, how sublime it was; how, if the earth was filled with it, it was all we wanted for the Millennial glory!

These days of separation from everything below, while my dear one was kept here, were full of very precious teaching. I had much to learn, for troublesome thoughts still pressed in upon me; thoughts as to why this should be—my dear one cut off in health and vigour, while enjoying everything in life? He enjoyed the daily duties, he enjoyed his food, walking out, doing the little errands; he enjoyed everything. So I thought, “It seems so strange that this thing should come so suddenly.” The Lord wanted to take this out of me, and He did. He said, “I want you to praise Me for the *way* I am taking. I want you to praise Me that I am taking him in robust health and strength.” I said the *word*, “Praise,” but thought, “How *can* I praise? If Thou dost put praise into my heart I can praise, but I cannot without. Thou canst do all things, I can do nothing.”

Then the Lord said, “If you knew what I know, you could not help praising Me for what I have done, for the way I have done it, and for the very steps all the way along, and you could not help praising Me for all the way I am leading *you*.” Then I said “Lord, if Thou wilt put the praise in my heart I can praise Thee, I will accept Thy gift of praise; and I do praise Thee that Thou hast taken my precious one in the midst of health, while he enjoyed life. I do praise Thee because Thou seest why it is best, and Thou wilt be more glorified by taking him in this way, than in any other. Thou seest how blessed

and glorious will be that death, and Thou hast the right to do as seemeth best with Thine own." From that hour God has filled me with praise in Himself, for doing just what He did, and as He did ; and He has come into my soul in a way I never knew before, and all questionings are gone.

It was after my loved one had breathed his last, as I stood looking upon that dear face, thinking of the solemn mystery that had separated him from all connection with anything below, that the Lord spoke again distinctly to my soul, and said that just as He had united us on February 21st, 1837, and made us one in heart and soul, and kept us one all the way through, just so He would now separate me from that body, so dear to me, and make my union with Himself as my Husband as complete as had been that union in 1837. I said "Yes, Lord ; I can do nothing, Thou must do it all." And He did. He became Adviser, Counsellor, Leader in all the material things that concern me and go to make up the details of daily life. There is a marvellous mystery in this oneness with an unseen Being who has gained ascendancy over the mind, and taken possession of the affections, so that the life becomes one with His, and it is "we," "us," and "our," all the way on life's journey.

Those who knew the oneness of heart and union of thought which held my dear husband's life and mine in one, know something of what a marvellous work God has done in me, and will, with me, praise Him for all He is still doing.

How wonderful that the greatest possible sorrow becomes, when we choose with God, His opportunity for the most glorious manifestation of Himself, present in us to take the place of all He removes.

I see too, clearly, why my precious husband was detained

here a week after the sentence of death was upon him. He saw no disease, he did not look at death, he saw only the glory of God. And he was kept here to teach those who were with him lessons of deepest worth, and especially to show me how I could obey the command, given to me as it was to the prophet Ezekiel, "Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke. Yet neither shalt thou mourn or weep, neither shall thy tears run down." It was during this week the Lord taught me how to obey this command. Ezekiel was not to eat the "bread of man;" he was to be fed with celestial food, the manna that cometh down from heaven. This is the secret,—the power of Jesus to supply the heart's hunger, and reign supreme over the affections, desires, and inclinations. I can testify to the keeping power of God. He told me that I should never know widowhood, and He is true to His word.

And how is it, now that seven months have passed away since my precious husband went to glory? Have there been no temptations to be overcome?—no thoughts of my great loss pressed in upon me? Was that work of separation a real work wrought once for all? I say, 'Yes, it was; but like all other blessed revelations of God to the soul, it can only be maintained by faith in Jesus; not by reliance on a work wrought in me, although there was a wonderful work wrought in my heart, which remains as true to me as the day when the Lord said He would separate me. But how is it maintained? Not by my counting on the work as done once for all; death to self is *maintained* by *continuous* faith in God. My affections were not destroyed, nor was I turned to stone. No, a *Living* Heart came to take the place of him who was gone. It is an overcoming love and overcoming power; the love and power of Another, even Jesus. Not a vain

suppression of sorrow and grief, but a glorious liberty from self; not a liberty given once for all, but a blessed liberty in which I am kept by the constant exercise of faith in Jesus.' When the sorrow comes up, when the temptation presses in upon me, then by instant trust in Jesus, instant deliverance comes.

Christ, the Holy Bridegroom of our souls, teaches me how to keep up the reckoning that *He* is my Husband, living, *abiding*, with me, who has given me the assurance that I shall never know widowhood. The fight to the end is the fight of FAITH. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." "Now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death. For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—*Phil.* i. 20, 21.

THE END.

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